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"It has often occurred to me that an appropriate vignette for all the volumes of our war literature would be a Southern woman sitting like a fate at her distaff, spinning out warp and woof of the destinies of the young republic. A darker doom, if possible, must have befallen the god-like venture, but for that moral heroism, that unflagging Spirit doing its ceaseless work in Southern homes, while Southern soldiers faced the battles' breath."

MISS MARY J. S. UPSHUR.



SOUTHLAND WRITERS.



iii

SOUTHLAND WRITERS.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

LIVING FEMALE WRITERS OF THE SOUTH.

With Extracts from their Writings.

BY

IDA RAYMOND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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DEDICATION

In Memory

OF

MY BROTHER,

Who was killed April 24, 1862.



vii



CONTENTS

VOLUME I.

KENTUCKY.

	PAGE
MRS. CATHARINE ANN WARFIELD.....	25
ELIZA ANN DUPUY.....	87
ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.....	100
AGNES LEONARD.....	115
SALLIE M. BRYAN.....	135
MRS. JANE T. H. CROSS.....	149
MISS NELLY MARSHALL.....	163
FLORENCE ANDERSON.....	168
MRS. CHAPMAN COLEMAN AND DAUGHTERS.....	180
S. ROCHESTER FORD.....	182
MISS ALLIE TORBETT.....	192
MRS. MARIE T. DAVIESS.....	197

LOUISIANA.

SARAH A. DORSEY.....	205
MRS. MARIE BUSHNELL WILLIAMS.....	224
ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.....	241
JULIA PLEASANTS CRESWELL.....	255
M. SOPHIE HOMES.....	268
ELIZA LOFTON PUGH.....	294
MRS. ELIZA ELLIOTT HARPER.....	298
MARY WALSLINGHAM CREAN.....	310

	PAGE
MRS. JOSEPHINE R. HOSKINS.....	322
SUSAN BLANCHARD ELDER.....	334
MRS. M. B. HAY.....	346
GERTRUDE A. CANFIELD.....	352
ELLEN A. MORIARTY.....	360
MRS. E. M. KEPLINGER.....	364
MRS. LOUISE CLACK.....	378
MRS. GIDEON TOWNSEND.....	381

GEORGIA.

MRS. MARY E. TUCKER.....	393
MISS MARGIE P. SWAIN.....	403
KATE A. DU BOSE.....	411
LOULA KENDALL ROGERS.....	413
EMMA MOFFETT WYNNE.....	419
MRS. MARY C. BIGBY.....	425
ANNIE R. BLOUNT.....	432
MARIA JOURDAN WESTMORELAND.....	447
MISS MARIA LOU EVE.....	455
MISS KATE C. WAKELEE.....	459
CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.....	466
MRS. BETTIE M. ZIMMERMAN.....	480
MRS. SALLIE M. MARTIN.....	483
CLARA LE CLERC.....	487
MRS. BESSIE W. WILLIAMS.....	494
LOUISE MANHIEM.....	496
MRS. REBECCA JACOBUS.....	504
MRS. MARY A. McCRIMMON.....	508
MRS. AGNES JEAN STIBBES.....	510
MISS FANNY ANDREWS.....	512





PREFACE.

TO gather into one galaxy the stars of our literary horizon has not been an easy or a simple task. In the preparation of this volume I have given prominence to those writers who were contributors to "Confederate journals," and have omitted mention of well-known authors, whom we gladly claim as of our "Southland," but of whom the world knoweth as much as we could tell: Miss Maria I. McIntosh, Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, "Marian Harland," are of this number.

I believe there is much brilliant intellect in our land, which kind encouragement from our people will develop nobly, and judicious criticism will mould into fairest proportions. The day is not far distant when the literature of the South will be a power acknowledged in the thought of the world—when the once fallow field of Southern authorship shall bloom, like our physical soil, with fragrantest laurel and brightest roses.

Deprived of the aid of many co-laborers, it would have been almost impossible for me to have created this volume.

Often, when weary, and nearly despairing in my complex task, kindly words and sweet encouragement have nerved me to my work.

IDA RAYMOND.



INTRODUCTION.

IN this brief Introduction to "Southland Writers," the writer will preface what he has to say with an illustration. Among the adjuncts to human pomp which proceed from man's artistic faculties, and from the labor of his hands, there is a certain tapestry known as the Gobelin tapestry. The workman engaged upon this tapestry stands behind the warp already illustrated with the device to be worked out, and from this hidden position he gradually evolves beneath his nimble fingers the shapes of beauty which, when completed, shall give assurance, in their marvellous loveliness, of the craft of his hands. The looker-on at this development of a beautiful fancy may not behold the patient worker, who, concealed from his gaze, and unknown to him, for many weary months, perhaps years indeed, has labored sedulously to illuminate the dull warp with the exquisite figures which arouse the observer's admiration. But on a given day, let us suppose, the labor is finished, and forth from the obscurity wherein he has fashioned his rare creations comes the toiler at the loom.

If my illustration have not failed in its purpose, the reader of the briefly outlined lives, to which the ensuing pages are devoted, will gain some knowledge, hitherto possibly hidden, of certain workers at another craft than that of the looms of Gobelin. He will learn something of the personal history and attributes of many of our cultured countrywomen, who have heretofore, like the tapestry weaver behind his warp, dexterously veiled them-

selves to the general public in the garb of assumed names, while giving to that same public, for its admiration and applause, the results in poetry and prose of their bright fancy and cultivated minds. To make known whatever may be legitimately interesting in the histories and literary performances of the living female writers of the South is the purpose of "Southland Writers."

Many of the ladies whose brief biographies are contained in this volume enjoy an enduring reputation, not confined to the country's limits; others are making a record which shall not be less enduring; while others still, hardly beyond the Rubicon of literature, give a brilliant promise of their future capabilities. Many whose names should have been included in this galaxy have, alas! been called from among the living.

In a retrospective glance at the history of literature in the South, it may seem strange that, with quick intellects and exuberant fancy, with a country rich in its promptings and in the subjects which it offers for a display of the novelist's and the poet's powers, with a refined and intelligent reading population to which to appeal, those who would fain have been the high-priests and votaries of a literature which would have done honor to the South should have failed to establish in that section a distinctive literature at least equal, in its works and influence, to that of the North. This curious anomaly has often been made the subject of comment. There are many natural causes which may, perhaps, reasonably account for this failure. The greater population of the North would naturally supply the greater number of readers; and where the competition and demand are greater, there may we expect the greater results in books, and, consequently, a more extended sphere of successful authorship. But the means adopted by Northern publishers to bring out the intellect of that section has been the main cause of the literary enterprise of the North. That day has happily gone by which saw the children of genius bearing about with them from publisher to publisher, like uneasy burdens, the noble products of their learning and imagination — which saw the author the publisher's humble servant, who danced attendance at the shrine of the money-power, or illuminated with his presence

the antechambers of pretentious lordlings, the dispensers of patronage, while the inspired writings which were destined to enlighten and to exalt were suffered to lie in the dust of neglect. The publishers of the North, or those of them who occupy a responsible or dignified position, understanding this changed condition of affairs, have always paid liberally for what they have published; and it is not at all strange that around these sources of pecuniary profit should have gathered, from time to time, men and women whose genius needed but this fostering care to insure their development into the higher estate of authors of world-wide fame.

While this has been the case with the North, how has it been with the South? Candor compels the declaration that, as a general rule, Southern publishers have, in too many cases, been prone to follow the system of non-recognition of the claims of the author, which went out of fashion elsewhere with the close of the eighteenth century. Magazines and periodicals without number have been published in the South — have continued for a while, and when, finally, so to say, found out, have perished miserably. Their epitaph may well be written: Died of an indisposition to disburse, and of an infliction of immature intellect.

It has been unfortunately true, on the other hand, that the projectors of literary enterprises of this kind in the South have rarely entered upon the publication of their ventures with a capital sufficiently large to outlive the obstacles and difficulties which almost invariably attend every new literary undertaking. They have in most instances relied for reputation upon the cheap notoriety given by the casual notices, generally of a stereotyped laudatory character, of the newspaper press, and have hoped, under the promise of future remuneration, if successful, to secure the co-operation of recognized intellects in their attempt to establish their publications. Failing in the end in this, they have hastened their downfall and weakened themselves by admitting to their pages the crude efforts of ambitious youthful aspirants, who, whatever might be the suggestive ability and the promise of future excellence they display, are immeasurably better adapted to fulfilling

the mission of the "ambitious youth who fired the Ephesian dome" than that of "the pious fool who built it."

There is another class of publications, which, deserving of all support, and constant in the effort to deserve it, has also in past years failed to secure a permanency in the South. For the failure of these, a stern impartiality must hold the Southern people themselves accountable. Uniting ability, a commendable enterprise, and all necessary energy in the system upon which they were conducted, the fault of their discontinuance lies at the door of the people which should have fostered them, and not at that of their own shortcomings.

Inasmuch as periodical literature may be said to be the humanities of letters, so must he who would graduate in the full glory of recognized authorship be assured, in order to attain his degree, this preparatory course. There are some self-reliant, self-conscious intellects, it is true, who, if the opportunity be given them, may attain at a single stride that meed of fame and recognition which slower capacities require years to achieve. But these examples are exceptional. There are, too, in the South, to-day, scholars and romancists, philosophers and poets, who have never spoken, and the assertion of whose greatness, forever unannounced in written words, shall die with them. Possibly, if to these silent men and women the avenues should be opened, there would enter into the temple a troop, the peers of the chiefest there. But as poverty is almost inevitably — but why, it would be hard to say — the appanage, if not the heritage of genius, their faces are turned away from the pursuit of the beautiful to the baser aims of a work-a-day life, and the unsung song, the learned dissertation, the graphic delineation of life, locality, and character, take no more tangible shape than vague imagining and dreamful thought. These, indeed, are the paladins — in some respects, perhaps, the *fainéants* — whom the lack of remunerative compensation deters from adding to the pantheon of our arts.

In contrasting the literary opportunities of the North and of the South, respectively, and in examining the results which spring from the existence of these opportunities, it must be remembered

that the standard periodicals of the former section are generally conducted by book publishers, who, from the nature of their occupation, and from their successful and well-established business relations, and their great publishing conveniences, not to speak of the capital at their command, are enabled not only to publish magazines of a handsome and pleasing appearance, but to pay liberally, and to attract to them the most distinguished authors of either section of the country. With all these advantages in its favor, it is not at all strange that the North should, in a great measure, have monopolized the world's attention in a contemplation of American literature, and have stamped the impress of its peculiar creeds upon the minds of the thinkers of other lands. It would have been far better for the hopes of the South that its literature should have had one single worthy exponent, successfully maintained, than that it should lament fifty failures. Could it have been possible to have joined in the past, in the conduct of one magazine of a high order, the capital that has been frittered away in fifty attempted enterprises, Southern letters would be far more flourishing than they are to-day. As is the case in all human ventures and experiments, the struggle for the intellectual palm has been subject to the chances afforded by the possession of dollars. The presence of money on the one hand, and the absence of it on the other, have availed, in the case of the former, to establish and to build up; and, in the case of the latter, to consign to an early oblivion. That this is the principal cause for the anomalous condition of Southern literature, none, I fancy, will deny. The problem — to introduce a system of equivalents, which was a favorite way of reasoning with our friend Micawber — may stand thus: Given, a certain number of dollars and a certain amount of brain — result, Success; given, a certain amount of brain and no dollars — result, Failure.

We are all familiar with the lesson which is taught us in the homely adage: Never judge by appearances. For my part, and especially as regards the appearance of printed matter, I am not disposed to submit without question to the implied logic of the old saw. In the course of a life not altogether unobservant of

men, their motives and governing impulses, I have seen — and I am quite sure the fact has presented itself to the attention of others as well — an amazing degree of impudence and coarseness kept within bounds and under exemplary subjection by the consciousness, on the part of the possessor of these characteristics, that he wore upon his back a fine, indeed, a fashionable coat. I have seen at times in public places, public conveyances, houses of public entertainment, and so on, certain parties whose hands, I knew, were ready to fly into their neighbors' faces, and whose tongues, I felt assured, were with difficulty restrained from addressing opprobrious language to anybody who might offer, but who, because they were attired in proper garbs, labored with success through the *rôle* of peaceable and law-abiding citizens. Granted that these individuals were ruffians; but they were ruffians who were conscious of the necessity of preserving wherewith they had invested themselves in donning a fashionable hat, and of maintaining that suggestion of respectability and good manners which attached to their trowsers. Your well-dressed vulgarian, sent out for the world's inspection from the shop of a competent tailor, is rarely without his good points, and generally inspires confidence in the timid beholder. It is chiefly your slouching, shabby, unwholesome-looking fellow who glories in his coarseness, and who is the object of suspicion and distrust wherever he goes. In like manner — and this digression has been introduced for the sake of the deduction that appearances are not altogether deceptive — the sympathy and confidence of most readers naturally go with a handsome, bright-looking, clearly-printed magazine or other periodical, and, as naturally, are repelled by attributes the reverse of these. In the matter of magazines, at least, people almost invariably *do* judge by appearances; and unfortunately, the literary publications of the South in the past, owing to the restrictions which have been mentioned, have not failed to suffer, in an æsthetical point of view, by contrast with those of the North. It may be truly said, however, that in this respect a great improvement is perceptible in our existing Southern periodicals. The auguries of a brilliant literary future for the South are more marked than ever before.

The war-period, extending from 1861 to 1865, gave a strong impetus to Southern literature. A great deal of the offerings at the shrine in those days was, of course, in keeping with the spirit which the enthusiasm of the hour had evoked. But better than this manifestation of mental activity on the part of writers was the impulse given to the publishers. As it was understood that the South should enter upon its own manufactures of all kinds, authors and publishers were equally urged to labor to supply the demand for new literary food, the blockade having proven an effectual barrier to introduction of literature from Europe or the North in sufficient quantities. The result was that many new literary enterprises saw the light, and, seemingly, entered gayly upon prosperous careers. The majority of these periodicals were published in Richmond, which, as being the seat of government, and the Mecca whereto the faithful, coming from all quarters, flocked, was assumed to be, also, the principal home of the literary amenities. Here were gathered the "Southern Literary Messenger" and the "Age," (monthly magazines,) and the "Magnolia Weekly," the "Illustrated News," and the "Southern Punch," (weeklies,) the two last smacking strongly in their titles of the British capital. The magazines—the former too well known to need further reference, the latter a new magazine, semi-eclectic in its character—were devoted to literature, with departments allotted to editorials and the news of the month. Of the three weekly publications, the "Magnolia Weekly" was more particularly of a literary cast. The "Illustrated News" gave, together with literary matter, portraits of Confederate celebrities, and, occasionally, in its comic department, touched off the follies of the day. The "Southern Punch," called after the London "Punch," was generally of a humorous turn, and sought to use the same weapon as its namesake—satire represented in the cartoon—to avert some threatened, or to right some accomplished wrong, and was at times critical in its comments on men and things.

In addition to these Richmond publications, there were three or four other literary weeklies in other parts of the Confederacy, of which, however, one only—the "Southern Field and Fireside," published first at Augusta, Georgia, and afterward at Raleigh,

North Carolina — was noticeable for age and reputation. About the time of Sherman's irruption into Georgia, and the closer gathering of the Federal arms around Richmond, a new magazine — Smith & Barrow's "Monthly Magazine," published by the proprietors of the "Magnolia Weekly" — made its appearance. Only the first number of this magazine was issued, as nearly everybody connected with the press in that interval, unless specially exempted from military service by some one of the dozen or more sprigs of authority who then played their pranks in the devoted city, was duly marched, at regular stages of a week or ten days, to the trenches around the capital, where, under pretence of checking imaginary raids, he was kept, sometimes for weeks, to the great detriment of that freedom of the press which is the American's jealously-guarded birthright, and which should never, under any circumstances — no, never! — be invaded. Of this first number of the magazine, but few copies ever reached subscribers, as, owing to the interrupted communications in every direction, it was found impossible to despatch the copies to their destinations. No. 1, Vol. I., therefore, remained upon the shelves; and, in the great conflagration that wedded the Confederate capital to ruin, became ashes in the flames that destroyed the office of the "Magnolia Weekly," and all that it contained.

All the publications mentioned above paid for accepted articles. But owing to the great depreciation of the currency which ensued with time, what was fair pay in the beginning became execrably bad pay in the end. The publishers were cramped for means, as their expenses for every material that they used were enormous. The figures that ruled in those days for the merest necessities of life, as well as for the necessities of business, were almost fabulous. A paper dollar was the financial unit from which all notations of a monetary character commenced. But while this was so with the generality of articles that were sold in stores and factories, exhibiting an average advance of two thousand per cent. in prices, newspapers and literary periodicals increased in price about eight hundred per cent. It will thus be seen that a loaf of bread, which ordinarily cost five cents in silver, was sold for one dollar in paper money, whereas a magazine, of which the price in ordinary times

was twenty-five cents, was disposed of at two dollars in currency. Apply Mr. Micawber's mode of reasoning to this exhibit in the matter of the publications, and the result is manifest. As a melancholy sequel to the calamities of publishers at that period, it may be mentioned that not one of the periodicals referred to is now in existence.

If the literary ventures of the war did not, perhaps, put money into the publishers' purses, or did not profit, pecuniarily, the writers who contributed to them, they at least gave the opportunities for several of these writers to make themselves known. In this way, many of the ladies whose names appear in "Southland Writers" first came prominently before the public as contributors to the "Magnolia Weekly," and to others of the publications named. It was thus that the lack of new literature spurred the native ability of the South to action, and gave to letters the magic of new and hitherto unknown names.

In closing this brief review of some of the past phases of the literature of the South, it is proper that I should not omit to do present justice to the lady—"Ida Raymond"—who, under many disadvantages, and at the cost of much time and great labor, has gathered together in this volume, from all parts of the country, the records, literary and personal, of the female writers of the South. It is a beautiful tribute, indeed, to Southern literature that is here offered at the shrine. And as the task has been self-sacrificing, and attended with many anxieties and difficulties, so is the noble purpose which actuated it worthy of the work and of the charity that dictated it. It seems peculiarly fitting, indeed, that the promptings of a woman's heart and the record of woman's work should combine to lend their assistance to supplying the wants of the orphan. Like one of those argosies which long ago sailed the Spanish main, burdened with its treasures from golden Mexico, "Southland Writers" enters upon a wide sea, freighted with its riches of trustful hopes and delicate fancies. To all good men and women it appeals, to insure it a prosperous voyage and a bountiful recompense, for the sake of the fatherless.

CHARLES DIMITRY.

VIRGINIA, *January*, 1869.



KENTUCKY.





THE SOUTHLAND WRITERS.

MRS. CATHARINE ANN WARFIELD.

“Genius does what it *must*, and Talent does what it can.”

THESE words of Mr. Lytton sprung involuntarily to our lips when we turned away from the hospitable door of Beechmoor, on the occasion of a recent visit to its gifted mistress. She stood at the door, looking wistfully after our departing carriage, and we watched the calm, gracious, matronly figure, with its well-poised, haughty head, until the last wave of the beautiful white hand was shut from our eyes by the thick groups of spruce and firs which stud the borders of the carriage-drive. The grass was fresh and dewy, glittering with water diamonds, and the tufts of pink and white peonies, the fragrant lilies and early spring roses grouped upon the lawn, filled the morning air with perfumes. As we passed through the gate, the breeze wafted to us a strong breath from the trestled honeysuckle and jasmines that overhung, canopied, and completely curtained in the back porch which adjoined Mrs. Warfield's apartments. It was a sigh of farewell from a spot where we had passed two happy months, — a period for remembrance, when, like the hero Gottreich, of Jean Paul's little tale, we come to make up our “Remembrances of the best hours of Life, for the hour of Death,” — when we, too, mean to cheer “ourselves” at our last hour with the views of

a happy life, and to look back from the glow of evening to the brightness of the morning of our youth;—then we will recall our visit to Beechmoor, and the friendship of its mistress. We will remember the hours of frank intercourse and honest communion of heart and soul passed under the shade of those clambering jasmine vines. So few people in this world are thoroughly true,—so few are thoroughly refined,—so few are thoroughly sympathetic,—so few are thoroughly educated. The author of “The Household of Bouverie” is all of these. It was like awakening from a beautiful dream to go away from that deep inner life, with the continual intoxication of that soulful society, back into the bustling, fretting, hurrying world of travel;—to look away from the soft dark-gray eyes, radiating emanations from a spirit so warm and so strong,—eyes so full of vitality, both mental and sensuous,—into the hard, rapid, eager eyes of money-changers and souls engrossed in thoughts of traffic and material life. During this visit we learned many facts connected with our subject.

Charles Percy, a captain of the British army, was one of the early colonists of Louisiana. He married his third wife, a lady of Opelousas. His descendants are numerous in Mississippi and Louisiana.

Charles Percy was a man of cultivation, taste, and refinement, but of a melancholy nature, which, after the death of his third son, Charles, settled into the gloom of mania. He committed suicide by drowning himself in the creek now bearing his name near Bayou Sara. His wife survived him for several years—bringing up her family of three daughters and one son with discretion and wisdom. The son, Colonel Thomas George Percy, is still remembered by many persons who knew him, as a model of courtesy and elegance—a perfect Sir Charles Grandison—a man without fear, and truly without reproach. Colonel Percy was a graduate of Princeton College, New Jersey, and, like his father, a man of exquisite taste and cultivation. The sisters who lived to womanhood were Catharine and Sarah; Catharine married Dr. Samuel Brown, who resided finally in Philadelphia. The brother of Dr. Brown was Minister to the Court of France during the girlhood of our heroine.

Sarah Percy was married first to Colonel John Ellis, a man of wealth and influence at Natchez, Miss. After his death, she married Nathaniel A. Ware, a lawyer from South Carolina,—a man of profound learning and well versed in science, particularly in Botany, but a

man full of eccentricities and naturally very shy and reserved in character. His domestic trials rendered him bitter and outwardly morose, even to his friends, sometimes even to his children. He was a philosopher of the school of Voltaire, a fine scholar, with a pungent, acrid wit, and cool sarcasm, which made him both feared and respected by those brought into collision with him. He lived to be old, and died of yellow-fever, near Galveston, Texas, where he had invested his means very extensively in lands. He was a handsome man, his features marked,—his nose aquiline, his mouth small and compressed, his eyes of a bright blue, his complexion pure and fair as a young girl's, his cheeks freshly colored, his brow white as a lily,—a very venerable-looking man, with long, thin, white locks falling on his neck; his forehead was very high, very prominent, and very narrow. He wrote two works on Political Economy, which made some reputation for him among the class of men who take interest in such reasonings. He was a man of mark, though not much beloved—out of his own family circle. He wrote also a "*geographical*" novel. His wife, who was very young when left a widow by Colonel Ellis, had borne Major Ware two daughters, Catharine and Eleanor; but at the birth of the latter, family proclivity inherited from her father declared itself, and the charming, attractive young woman never recovered her reason, from the delirium of puerperal fever. Major and Mrs. Ware were then living near Natchez. There was the loudest expression of sympathy and regret on the part of her many friends, by whom Mrs. Ware was greatly beloved, but after trying every medical suggestion that the South could afford, Major Ware was compelled to take his suffering wife to Philadelphia for better advice;—her two children by her first marriage were already there. Her son was at college at Princeton, N. J.; her daughter, Mary Ellis, the wife of Dr. Rene La Roche, of Philadelphia.

Now the father had to take charge of his two helpless little girls, so sadly deprived of their mother's tender care. He was passionately devoted to his little daughters, never content to have them away from him; and he did the best he could for them. They had wealth and friends, but it was lonely for the little things, wandering about from place to place, as their father's wretchedness led him to do, in his restless, weary life,—never long separated from the stern, peculiar scholar, whom they could not comprehend, except in his intense tenderness and earnest anxiety to bring them up as lovely, refined ladies should be educated. He permitted their elder sister, (a very gentle

lady,) at that time a leading belle in society in Philadelphia, to retain the children for a while. But he could not bear the separation, so he took them back to himself; their faithful Scotch nurse, Janet, guarding them with the love, truth, and jealous fidelity of her people, in all their wanderings. Janet was very strict with the children. She taught them to speak the truth, to be obedient and tidy, to fear God. Janet had a very pleasant voice in singing, and she taught them to sing old Scotch and English ballads. She taught them to sew, and was very good to them.

There was only eighteen months difference between the sisters; Catharine was the elder, but Eleanor was so bright, so clever, and so active, that she always took the lead, wherever they might happen to be. They were nearly of one size. Eleanor was a beautiful child; Catharine's face was not so regular in feature, and she had not her sister's brilliant complexion. Catharine had the Percy eye, dark-gray with black lash; she was like her mother, dark-haired and brunette. Eleanor was a picture to see; her eyes were as blue as heaven, her features statuesque, her hair black, with a purple tinge. Catharine was shy, sensitive, easily abashed, and readily provoked to tears — a sad, pensive child; Eleanor was self-reliant, gay, dancing like a sun-beam. So Catharine readily yielded the *pas* to her younger sister, and believed more devoutly than any one else in Eleanor's superiority, both physical and mental. She retained through life the same feeling of homage to her sister, and still believes Eleanor to have been more gifted than herself. These children had a singular training. Their father taught them a good deal himself, and he always provided them with the best masters, when he would sometimes make a prolonged halt in Philadelphia or elsewhere, for the purpose of their better instruction. They had a good many strange experiences. Their principal governess was a Mrs. Mortimer, an English lady, for whom they always expressed great affection. Some winters they spent in their native South; some summers they would be in Florida, some in the North. Then Ellen was placed at school at Madame Lygoni's, in Philadelphia. Catharine would not go to school; she ran away and returned to her sister's house, which was only a few squares from the school. Madame came soon after in great agitation, in search of the truant, but the girl hid herself in a wood-closet, and wept so unrestrainedly when discovered, that the dismayed friends had to give up the point, and Major Ware had to take her back again to himself.

He rented a suite of rooms now, and supplied her with books and masters. Then he went through a careful course of reading with her in English classics and in French ; teaching her to scan English prosody, and furnishing her, thus, with most invaluable and rare learning. Eleanor came to them every Saturday. She learned everything with facility ; she played delightfully on her small harp, that her father had ordered from Erard, made expressly for her use. She danced like a fairy ; talked French like a native. She was a bright, beautiful, inevitable child. Catharine shrunk timidly from the world, into which, however, she was frequently forced to go. Her elder sister's house was the centre of a gay and fashionable circle ; the reunions at Madame Lygoni's and Dr. La Roche's were frequented by the most distinguished persons, both native and foreign. Madame Lygoni, an emigré from St. Domingo, was a marchioness of France by birth, and at that time there was a very brilliant circle of French exiles in and near Philadelphia. All strangers brought letters to her, and to her nephew, Dr. La Roche. Mrs. La Roche was a great favorite in this circle, and so Catharine and Eleanor were obliged to see much of the fashion and gayety of Philadelphia. Eleanor liked it very much ; she was always a little queen in society, kind and warm-hearted, generous, but *tant soit peu* capricious, and rather tyrannical, perhaps, over her more timid sister. Catharine advised Eleanor. The love between these sisters was peculiar and beautiful. They absolutely seemed to have but one soul. Their intercourse was as frank and unreserved as that of a penitent and father confessor. They never had a thought or an emotion from each other in all their lives. Their hearts were absolutely bare to each other's gaze, — they hid not even weaknesses from each other. Nothing could be more perfect than the confidence and friendship between them. This endured till death severed the sisters ; and Eleanor's departure to the better life has left a void in the heart and life of her sister which has never been filled. The wound has never closed in Catharine's heart. She has never had any other friend like "Eleanor," — no love of husband, nor child, nor friend, has ever compensated her for the loss of the friend of her childhood — her sister "Ellen." The oneness of sympathy was wonderful. They did everything together. At an early age, they began to write little tales and poems together. Catharine married early, and "Ellen" was necessarily separated a good deal from her ; but they vowed to spend at least some months together every year, and they

wrote to each other nearly every day. We have had some of these letters in our hands — some of "Ellen's" later letters to her sister. Never were penned such graphic word-pictures, descriptive of thought and every passing shade of feeling, as these letters are.

After her marriage, Mrs. Warfield went to France for a year; Major Ware went too, taking Eleanor. Dr. and Mrs. La Roche were already living there. The brother, Thomas G. Ellis, to whom the sisters were most ardently attached, had married in Natchez, and had assumed the charge of his afflicted mother, who still lived, sunk in quiet, hopeless melancholy.

After spending some time abroad, where they had every advantage of society, the families returned to America. Major Ware brought Eleanor to her brother in Natchez. The other daughters, Mrs. La Roche from Philadelphia, and Catharine Warfield from Lexington, Ky., paid occasional visits to their brother and their mother, who, alas! never was able to recognize them. Mrs. Ware retained her health, and some remains of former beauty. Her hair, though snow-white, still swept almost to the floor as she stood erect; her hands and arms were models for a sculptor; she noticed very little; sometimes would open a book, but never read any; sometimes would take down her guitar, which hung suspended by its blue riband, and would strike a few discordant notes, — she once played it skilfully; or she would take a strawberry and draw admirably outlines of roses and clustering leaves, on the white walls of her apartment; but if pencils and paint were placed on her table, she never used them. She never recognized her husband, and he rarely ever saw her. She manifested a dim recognition of her son, and she was fond of her little grand-daughter, named for her, known now in the literary world as "FILIA," (author of "Recollections of Henry W. Allen," etc.,) but she did not know her as her *grandchild*. She would weep sometimes for her baby "Ellen," but would repulse the caresses of her weeping daughter, who would often try to make her mother understand who she was. These attempts, however, only distressed the poor lady, and so they were obliged to abandon all hope of any change in the gloom which overshadowed this beautiful nature. But although the chambers above had its suite — appointed fitly for this sad inmate, — the parlors below in Mr. Ellis's house were gay, and generally full of company.

Eleanor married Mr. Lee; it is not necessary here to speak of her life, except so far as it is connected with her sister's. The brother

died suddenly in his thirty-first year. His sisters grieved sorely. Their mother had died the year previous. A few hours before her death, her reason returned to her.

Catharine lived a quiet, domestic life, absorbed in the rearing of her family of six children, in Lexington, some years, and afterward near it, on a farm she purchased for the sake of country air. She had cause for unhappiness in many ways. She devoted herself to her children; her only recreation was in her pen. She and Eleanor had always kept up their habit of writing poems and other matter. It was instinct with them. Their father, getting possession of some of their poems, had a volume published in 1845,—"Poems by Two Sisters of the West." These were received with some favor by the public. Then another volume was published,—*"The Indian Chamber, and other Tales."* The sisters were gratified by the receptions of their writings, and had planned out a number of tales and poems to be collated, when suddenly Eleanor died at Natchez, in her thirtieth year. It was very piteous! When told by her weeping niece, according to solemn promise made that she would inform her aunt "if danger was near," her first words were, "Oh, what a blow for Catharine!" Her last thoughts, after bidding farewell to her husband and her four little children, were for her sister—far away in Lexington. She charged her niece and her husband with messages of loving words and consolation for *Catharine*; then gave directions for her funeral, received extreme unction from the hands of Bishop Chanche, (the family were Roman Catholics,) and died tranquilly. The news of Eleanor's death prostrated Catharine, both physically and mentally. She was now alone—her elder half-sister, Mrs. La Roche, was dead after great suffering—her brother was dead—and now Eleanor.—She was frantic in her grief; there never has been any consolation for her save in the hope of Immortality and the restitution of those whom she still loves and longs for. Her father died! Blow after blow had stricken her into the dust. She abandoned even her pen—it "*reminded her of Eleanor.*" Years after her sister's death, her niece, who had supported "Ellen's" dying head upon her bosom,—the eldest daughter of her only brother,—visited her. There was much weeping and much talking of the beloved dead; and then the niece opened the closed drawer which contained the manuscripts of the two sisters, and prevailed upon Catharine to review some of them with her. Thus the pen, so long unused, was taken up again, and shortly after, Mrs.

Warfield published "THE HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERIE"—one of the most remarkable novels ever written by an American woman. It may challenge comparison with any novel, American or English, in originality, style, and diction.

The portrait of Erastus Bouverie is as original and peculiar as that of Goethe's Mephistopheles. Indeed, it is only with the works of great masters that one can think of comparing this book. It is a vain attempt to review it or do justice to its merits in such a brief article as this. It is a work that will *endure*, and will grow in the favor of scholars. Of living female authors, we can only class Mrs. Warfield with George Sand and George Eliot. She holds her pen with like mastery; her conceptions are Shakspearean. The only American author whom she at all resembles in diction, is Hawthorne. Many pages of the "Household of Bouverie" might be interleaved with his without detection of difference of style in the writers. It is perhaps a fault in this book to have put the "Diary of Camilla" as an appendix. It should have been inserted in the body of the book;—but this Diary, in itself, is quite perfect. Mrs. Warfield is always Southern in opinion; and so her writings have had sectional prejudice to contend against. Herself a slave-owner and possessor of large landed interests in Texas—birth, instinct, education, sympathy, and interest bind her to the fortunes of her own people. She has been unfortunate, like all the rest of the South, and has lost very heavily in the recent war. Her spirited war-lyrics were frequently on the lips and stirred the pulse of the Confederate soldiers. Her love of country, like all the rest of her sensations, is a *passion*. She has no transient nor frivolous emotions; there is nothing light or ephemeral about Mrs. Warfield. She feels profoundly, or not at all. Matters that fret and disturb, or interest lighter natures, do not move her. She passes over them with calm, icy indifference. The majority of people bore her; though she is kind to all of God's creatures, few interest her much. She lives almost like a recluse. There are a few friends who visit her constantly, who esteem it a high privilege to be the recipients of her graceful hospitality. She is a very Arab in her ideas of the duties connected with bread and salt. But her friends are few; even they are admitted only to intimacy—never to familiarity. She preserves always a certain reserve and decorum of life, if we can phrase it so, in speaking of such a very simple and unaffected manner as hers is. She is always conscious of her *own value* in God's universe, in the

presence of humanity; though she kneels low enough before the Creator. This gives her an equipoise and tranquillity of manner, which is soothing and full of repose. One feels how strong she is, and yet so gentle,—a strong, fertile, tropical nature, never weak, rarely cold, always creative, and emanating sensuous vitality at every breath. She delights, physically, in light, warmth, and perfumes. The temperature of her apartments is kept always at an almost equatorial grade of warmth; any but semi-tropical beings would be oppressed by such an atmosphere as seems almost absolutely necessary for her existence. Cold is to her the synonym of death and utter despair. She is like the Greeks in her detestation of cold and darkness. She is very impressible to atmospheric influences—being “akin with Nature.” She feels the electricity in the air long before the thunder-storm bursts, and suffers until the lightnings flash out and the rain breaks through the clouds charged with electric fluid.

Mrs. Warfield is very susceptible to all magnetic force, and often experiences pain from this sensitiveness, though it is likewise often provocative of great pleasure. She is eminently and broadly sympathetic, has a patience, generosity, and forbearance almost unequalled; pities weakness, and has charity and an excusing word for a criminal, even when she bitterly condemns a crime; yet her prejudices sometimes are very strong, and she can hate almost as much as Dr. Johnson said he liked people to do. Her sarcasm is withering, scathing, annihilating; her wit, keen, brilliant, polished, lithe, and skilful as the curved scymitar of Saladin. She wields no battle-axe, but her victims never breathe again after one of her seemingly careless death-strokes. We have never known any one bold enough to strike her shield a second time in these tourneys; but it is really very charming to witness such “cunning of fence,” and one enjoys the rencontres greatly, as a spectator.

Her voice is singularly pleasant in speaking—full, soft, low, and vibrating—with a wonderful chromatic scale in its flexible tones. The sounds alone compel one’s attention; like the playing of an instrument of music, the register and tone is delightful to the ear. She reads finely, and one of the greatest pleasures in frank companionship with her, is a habit she has frequently, in the pauses of conversation, of turning to her table, upon which always lies a number of books, and taking up a favorite volume, either of prose or poetry, without any exordium, beginning to read portions from it, making exquisite com-

ments and criticisms as she reads. We recall hours spent in that way over Praed, Lowell, and others, which were delightful.

Mrs. Warfield is a thorough English scholar—has all the early writers, classic or secondary, at her fingers' ends—knows all the English dramatists really and literally *par cœur*. She loves English—ranks it higher than any other language. She likes Anglo-Saxon words,—and she likes the long Latin I, or the Saxon diphthong “ei,” to be pronounced broadly; she dislikes the euphonic softening of those letters, which is provincial in the South, where there has been a mixture of the Romance tongues, so that the Southern ear revolts at and softens the obnoxious vowels wherever it can. If she read Latin, Mrs. Warfield would hold tenaciously to the Oxford pronunciation. She is a critical French scholar, and is a fine pianist, and has set some of her own songs to music of her own composition. She plays the piano sometimes for her guests with great taste and expression. She is careful and particular in housekeeping.

There is freshness, breadth of color, and warmth about her in everything. She is rather below the medium height, five feet three inches in stature, now inclining to embonpoint. She moves quietly and glidingly, with noiseless tread; her hands are studies for an artist,—very beautiful. Her head is set rather haughtily upon her shoulders—she is very erect—and it is rather tossed back as she moves. Her head is well shaped, looks larger than it really is, from the heavy mass of very black hair, now slightly streaked with gray, which seems as if it would bow her head with its weight. She usually wears, in spite of this great mass of tresses, a small point, à la Marie Stuart, of lace, black or white. Her eyes are dark-gray, shadowed by black lashes; her brow is beautiful; nose, straight, fine, and delicate, with dilating nostrils. Mouth is large and very mobile,—it is her most expressive feature,—but not regularly handsome; her chin is rather heavy, showing strong vitality and physical power, though not coarse, nor square. Her appearance is striking and attractive; genius is stamped in every lineament, and sorrow too. Her life has not been happy,—neither are her writings. She is by nature a dramatist, and a great tragic writer. She is not to be judged by the small tastes and petty rules of ordinary minds. She belongs, by birth-right, to the highest order of human genius, and has set at the feet of the masters who have sung powerfully of the “guilt, the crimes, and the misery of humanity, as well as of the eternal beneficence and glorious compassion of God.”

Mrs. Warfield is never commonplace — neither is she always pleasing. She indulges little in fancy, — her imagination is wonderful, — her pictures sometimes seem to have a lurid glow, but they are rarely artistic, and have a strange fascination, though occasionally *nearly* melo-dramatic. She is never extravagant, nor exaggerated, holding her passion in rein always; this belongs to the retinue of her nature. Her flights are always assured and steady — one never feels alarmed about them; she sails like an eagle, — does not skim like a swallow, but will swoop down when she is ready, with a perfect precision. She handles her pen always *en maitre*. Her books will bear study and close criticism, — they are lessons of art; her periods have that beautiful rhythm which marks the sentences of the noblest writers, and yet she writes with ease; there is no effort visible, indeed there is no effort ever in her writings! She writes without exhaustion; frequently without any need for review or correction; page after page is traced by her rapid pen, and flung aside without further care. She has written all her life, — so that she does not prepare a book, or has not yet done so, for any special publication; — she puts her hand in her drawer of manuscripts and pulls out a pile, and selects a book, a poem, or a tale, as may be needed. She never sits down to manufacture a book — she writes because she *must*. “Genius does what it *must*, and Talent does what it can.”

We do not think that Mrs. Warfield's power has been fully developed to the public — the extent and variety of her pen is yet unknown. She has in MSS. volumes equal, if not superior, to the “Household of Bouverie,” yet entirely dissimilar. Some day they will all be placed before the public — then Mrs. Warfield will take her right position in the world of letters.

There is one marked peculiarity in Mrs. Warfield's writings. It is their perfect — we will not say purity, for it is a higher quality — it is the perfect chastity of mature womanhood. Amour with her is always firmly constrained, controlled by womanly modesty, subordinated to duty and to womanly pride. The truest, highest, noblest instincts of womanhood are those developed in her characters; she never disparages, degrades, or defames her own sex. Her women are not perfections; — they are not icy; — they are sensuous, capable of passion, emotional, not above trial or temptation, but they are true and pure. The character of Camilla Bouverie teaches the happiest lessons of noble womanhood: women ought to become better after receiving

such an ideal; and so of Miriam Hartz — of Bertie. How different this conception of Bertie's is from what would have been a French conception of a young girl's developing nature. What snow-flakes with a rosy flush over them, are those sisters of Bertie, and the mother, and Cecelia, and Lilian! worthy grand-daughter of Camilla Bouverie! Only a woman of noblest conceptions and finest instincts could have imagined these characters — a woman who revered herself and *her sex*. Even in the heroine of the "ROMANCE OF THE GREEN SEAL," though there seems to have been a shallowness of nature and some obliquity of moral sight, the instincts were pure. Mrs. Warfield has published no mere love story; not that she could not have written it — her poems have passion enough, — but that she did not choose to write it, and her taste shrinks from exposure and flaring analysis of a passion she believes congruous only with youth. Dreams are over with her; — the experiences of life have been very sad and very bitter.

"Beauseincourt" was suggested by some incidents which occurred during a visit to Florida, in Mrs. Warfield's early childhood, which made a deep impression on her susceptible nature. The character of Marcelline is drawn from actual fact, as well as the fearful death of Colonel La Vigne — even to the having his eye picked out by vultures, as he lay dead three days in the swamp. Eleanor had intended making this story up into form, and it was rather a fond fancy upon her sister's part, which induced her to do it, after Eleanor's death.

Mrs. Warfield has a volume of "Tales of the Weird and Wonderful," written by her sister and herself — in manuscript, which are very remarkable. Her own tale of "The Planet Lustra" will compare with anything of E. A. Poe's, in imaginative power; and her sister's "Tale of the Pearl-Trader" is very beautiful. We hope Mrs. Warfield may be induced to print these stories. Another novel, called "ANGOISSE," is very fine; and another called "Hester Howard's Temptation" interested us deeply. She has also a novel in verse, nearly finished, in the style of "Aurora Leigh." She has written numbers of tales, sketches, poems; some have been printed in newspapers, magazines, etc., and many she has still in manuscript.

Mrs. Warfield has been reproached for presenting such analyses of crime and criminals, as she has seemed to prefer as studies of art, in her two published novels. If we had the space, we would copy fairly

and reiterate what Bulwer has already so well said in his "Word to the Public" written as an appendix to his "Lucretia."

"Thus it will be perceived that in *all* the classic, tragic, prose-pictures, preceding our own age, criminals have afforded the prominent characters, and crime the essential material.

"The tragic fiction is conceived—it has taken growth—it may be destined, amid the comparative neglect of the stage, to supply the lessons which the tragic drama has, for a while, abandoned. Do not fetter its wanderings from free search after truth through the mazes of society, and amid all the contrasts of nature. If it is to be a voice to the heart, an interpreter of the secrets of life, you cannot withhold from it the broadest experience of the struggle between good and evil, happiness and woe.

"*'Hunc igitur terrorem animi, tone brasque necesse est.'*

"Terror and compassion are the sources of the tragic writer's effects; the destructive or pernicious power of intellect corrupted into guilt, affords him the natural means of creating terror for the evil, and compassion for its victims."

Thus argues one of the great masters of modern fiction,—and, reasoning from *his* premises, one can recognize great moral teachings in the incidents which cluster around Erastus Bouverie, and Prosper La Vigne. Intellect without moral goodness is nothing worth,—a love all selfish is a blasting fire, baleful to itself and all within the circle of its influence. Is there no lesson taught in that portrait sketched in with Occagna-like power, of that brilliant, bad, selfish man, Erastus Bouverie?

Is there not a Brahminical love of life in all its forms, and a stern reiteration of the cry against Cain—in Prosper La Vigne's story? Those books teach morals that underlie all humanity and teach the lessons *grandly*, if not charmingly.

Mrs. Warfield can sing syrens' songs when she chooses. In these two books she has preferred to strike in men's ears, the startling clang of the iron fasces of the Lictors leading the way into the Hall of Judgment.

"BEAUSEINCOURT" is her latest publication,—that book is simply an episode of a larger work, entitled, originally, "The retrospect of Miriam Montfort," which was considered too long for the Press—and therefore mutilated by having the beginning and the end summarily cut off. Mrs. Warfield intended to work these fragments up into another volume, but we doubt whether her failing health will permit her to carry out this infusorial scheme. We have read the

work, as it was originally composed, and have no hesitation in saying, that Mrs. Warfield did herself great injustice in this decapitation of her book. She composes usually in the form of the English three-volume novel; the truth is, she is not American, either in her genius, tastes, or knowledge of literature. She is neither fast nor superficial; sensational she is, because she is dramatic by nature, and *is* a Poet writing prose. Like Gœthe, with her every emotion, every incident finds its vent in rhyme, and to one whom she honors sufficiently to allow of entrance into her inner life, the glancing over her books of MSS. poems is a revelation of her entire life. It is very probable that the extent of her ability may never be known during her mortal life. "They learn in suffering what they teach in song,"—and at her door the god of silence stands ever with his finger on his lip; honored and worshipped, no irreverent hand will be allowed to lift the veil which falls before the inner life. In a poem (never published) written on the occasion of the death of her sister, Mrs. La Roche, she says:—

"Rest! thou art weary! the strife has been
Too wild, too dark for the soul within.
Stern was the trial, hard the proof—
Thy fate was spun from a mystic woof;
But the fever anguish hath left thy breast,
And thou art ransomed! So—take thy rest!

"Could I recall thee from that repose
Again to traverse thy path of woes;
Could I breathe life in those lips of stone,
Or rend the fetters, around thee thrown;
I would forbear—for thy precious sake—
And with tears most bitter—forbid thee to wake."

This sister, like her mother, for ten long years suffered like Mary Lamb, under eclipses of reason. Can language be more piteous than that cry from Catharine's heart? Sad—sad and bitter must have been the life that such love would refuse to summon back to the lifeless lips, so tenderly loved, so agonizingly kissed into their eternal sleep. Ah! God! there are bitterer woes than death in thy beautiful world?

It is very unjust to such a writer as Mrs. Warfield, to attempt to give any idea of her powers by cutting out a paragraph, or an occasional poem, and setting it at the end of such an article as this,—and

one is tempted to refuse to do it. "In all good works," Ruskin says, "every part is connected, so that any single portion is imperfect when isolated." This is just the case here,—one knows not what, or where to choose. In this Abyssinian butchery of cutting a steak from a living animal, and holding it up as a sample of meat, we feel more inclined to take what comes first to hand. Mrs. Warfield excels in descriptions of storms. The storm in "Beauseincourt," page 94, is very fine; and the storm on the Lake, in her little tale dubbed by the publisher "The Romance of the Green Seal," (a name reminding one involuntarily of champagne wine,) is very remarkable.

We beg to premise, before proceeding to these selections from Mrs. Warfield's published works, that with Cynulcus,* "we do not read to pick out all the thorns out of our books, but select only what is most useful, and best worth hearing. "In a word, we cannot attempt to criticise Mrs. Warfield, or to point out her faults." "All human work is necessarily imperfect,"† and our friend is only human. Her life has not been gay,—her books are sad. She has lived too much out of the world. In this day a writer must study men, as well as books, —a woman's life is necessarily limited, and a wounded heart seeks quiet and isolation. If Mrs. Warfield had the large experience of cities and men that "George Sand" and "George Eliot" have had, she would write with them. As it is, her genius is sometimes morbid, but it is always — *genius*. Her war-songs can be read in the collection of "Southern Poems of the War," made by her friend, Miss Emily V. Mason.

Mrs. Warfield has six children, four of them married, and she has several grandchildren. She resides with her husband on a farm, near Louisville, Kentucky. Her health at present is very delicate. She suffers greatly from nervous symptoms, and disease of the heart. We close with these words of the Authoress of "Bouverie."

"Let no man count himself wholly unfortunate who can look back either from his sleepless bed of luxury, or prison-couch of penury, and say, '*I once was happy.*' Brother, there are some of thy fellow-beings who have no privilege to utter words like these, above whom through life, an eternal cloud has brooded unpierced by any sunshine, and to whom the memory of the past is pain. Let not such even despair! the grave is near, the gateway to a new existence where mercy and justice reign eternally, and sunshine is equally dispensed for all who merit its reviving rays. Faith, Hope, Patience!

* Athenæus, B. XV. C. II.

† Ruskin.

The mystic three before whose magic touch sorrow and sin fade into oblivion, and earthly troubles drop to dust, stand ready to comfort *him*, denied by experience and memory."

I WALK IN DREAMS OF POETRY.

I walk in dreams of poetry!
They compass me around!
I hear a low and startling voice
In every passing sound!
I meet in every gleaming star,
On which at eve I gaze,
A deep and glorious eye, to fill
My soul with burning rays.

I walk in dreams of poetry!
The very air I breathe
Is fraught with visions wild and free,
That round my spirit breathe!
A shade, a sigh, a floating cloud,
A low and whisper'd tone!
These have a language to my brain,
A language deep and lone!

I walk in dreams of poetry!
And in my spirit bow
Unto a lone and distant shrine,
That none around me know!
From every heath and hill I bring
A garland, rich and rare,
Of flowery thought, and murmuring sigh,
To wreath mine altar fair!

I walk in dreams of poetry!
Strange spells are on me shed;
I have a world within my soul,
Where other steps may n't tread!
A deep and wide-spread universe,
Where spirit-sound and sight
Mine inward vision ever greet
With fair and radiant light!

My footsteps tread the earth below,
While soars my soul to heaven:
Small is my portion here,—yet there,
Bright realms to me are given.
I clasp my kindred's greeting hands,
Walk calmly by their side!
And yet I feel between us stands
A barrier, deep and wide!

I watch their deep and household joy,
Around the evening hearth;
When the children stand beside each knee,
With laugh and shout of mirth.
But, Oh! I feel unto my soul
A deeper joy is brought,
To rush with eagle wings and strong,
Up! in a heaven of thought!

I watch them in their sorrowing hours,
When, with their spirits tost,
I hear them wail, with bitter cries,
Their earthly prospects crossed;
I feel that I have sorrows wild
In my heart buried deep!
Immortal griefs! that none may share
With me, no eyes can weep!

And strange it is! I cannot say
If it is woe or weal,
That thus unto my heart can flow
Fountains so few may feel!
The gift that can my spirit raise
The cold, dark earth above,
Has flung a bar between my soul
And many a heart I love!

Yet I walk in dreams of poetry!
And would not change that path,
Though on it from a darkened sky
Were poured a tempest's wrath.
Its flowers are mine—its deathless blooms;
I know not yet the thorn;
I dream not of the evening glooms,
In this, my radiant morn!

Oh! still in dreams of poetry
 Let me forever tread!
 With earth a temple, where divine,
 Bright oracles are shed!
 They soften down the earthly ills
 From which they cannot save;
 They make a romance of our life;
 They glorify the grave!

THEY TELL ME THERE'S AN EASTERN BIRD.

They tell me there's an eastern bird
 That never folds its wing;
 But onward, onward steers its flight,
 Forever journeying.
 What though the gardens bloom below,
 Like rainbows shed in flowers?
 What though the silvery fountains flow
 By rose and jasmine bowers?

What though a myriad songs ascend
 To win the wanderer back?
 The eyes of flowers, the voice of streams,
 Ne'er woo it from the track.
 Onward, onward it still must sweep,
 Seeking nor rest, nor mate;
 A glittering path on high to keep—
 Heaven borne and desolate.

They tell me there's a phantom ship
 That never sails to shore;
 That nigh the fair and fertile land
 Its anchor weighs no more.
 What though a thousand fields lie green
 Before its ghostly crew?
 What though the pleasant cots are seen,
 To mock their yearning view?

It must not pause; it may not furl
 Its sail, that vessel drear;
 But onward o'er the mighty deep,
 Roveth from year to year.

On, through the storm and hurricane,
 Forever driving fast;
 Till gray-beard heads grow young again,
 That dark ship rides the blast.

They tell me there's a wandering man,
 Who never hopes to rest;
 Bearing within such torturings,
 God's scourges in his breast.
 What though his couch be soft by night?
 What though his wealth be vast?
 What though he treads the festal light? —
 That doom is on him cast!

What though the battle's red-hot balls
 Around him fall in wrath?
 What though a thousand swords be drawn
 Across his dreadful path?
 Though earthquakes gape beneath his feet;
 Though lightning flasheth by;
 Till time, and God, and judgment meet,
 That wanderer cannot die!

And thou art like that spell-bound bird,
 On, fated thus, to sweep;
 And thou art like that spectral ship,
 That hurries o'er the deep.
 And thou art like that God-struck man,
 Forever wandering on;
 Thy spirit's doom is weird and wan;
 Alone! alone! alone!

THE SONG.

..... "That piece of song,
 That old and antique song we heard last night."
 SHAKSPEARE.

THAT song, that song of olden time,
 I fain would hear again;
 The sweeping tone, the measured chime,
 And now the pealing strain;
 And all those changing harmonies
 Linked with life's deathless memories.

I would that they were here once more,
 The souls that loved each tone;
 That made my world so full before,
 That leave it now so lone;
 I would that they were here to stand
 Breathless beside the minstrel band.

Oh! memories are in those chords,
 Sighs in each dying fall;
 And breathings of remembered words,
 Glimpses of festival;
 And all those throngings of the past,
 That haunt my spirit to the last.

The days—the days of other years
 Come back arrayed in sound,
 And passionate hopes, and smiles, and tears,
 And visions richly bound;
 And lights, such as alone may shine
 Above a youth—a love divine.

The light of smiles that sent a gleam
 Like sunshine o'er our track;
 The light of eyes, that, like a dream,
 Must dreamingly come back;
 Return, return no more, ye things
 That fled, as if on morning's wings!

Sing on; before me gardens rise,
 Rich with their scented bowers;
 Once more each vanished footstep flies
 O'er verdant paths of flowers;
 I hear light laughter on the breeze,
 See garlands wreath the beechen trees.

Sing on; I see our long lost hearth;
 The bounding child is there;
 The maiden with the lip of mirth,
 The sire with silver hair;
 And love in every aspect flung,
 And tenderness on every tongue.

Peal on; a sadder strain—(of yore,
 Song! thou wert never sad!)

The glory of our house is o'er,
Its loved no longer glad;
And young hopes scattered, as the leaves
O'er which the autumn tempest grieves.

Yet pour the strain. My heart will burst
At once, if stays the song:
It was the first, the very first,
That did to life belong;
And now, like bread cast on the wave,
Returns, to charm me near the grave.

Thou strain of olden time—alas!
I would that I could weep;
Then might these woes in salt tears pass,
That now lie frozen deep;—
Thou, that hast stirred the depths below,
Bid, bid the prison'd waters flow.

It is a false and fleeting spell:
Be hush'd, thou song of old;
Thou bring'st not back the loved too well,
The cherished and the cold:
Leave me to silence and to gloom;
Be still;—thou murmurest of the tomb!

THE SOUTH SEA.

SAY, hast thou heard of lands afar,
Where night is never known?
Where the soft light of moon or star
Cheers not that frigid zone?

A wild and wondrous tale they tell,
Those travellers weird and worn,
Who've sailed, as in a fearful spell,
Upon the South Sea lorn.

Within that clime there is no night;
Upon that southern sea
The endless day, with solemn light,
Reigneth unceasingly.

The billows lift their heads at morn,
 Beneath the golden sun;
The breeze a thousand hours hath borne,
 Ere that long day is done.

There, in that broad glare gleaming cold,
 That garish glare of day,
In walls of marble, stern and bold,
 The icebergs stretch away.

On, on, as in an awful dream,
 The stately vessel rides;
Still 'neath the sun's unreal beam —
 Still by the iceberg's sides.

When by those marble walls and white,
 The sailor stays his breath;
While falls the cold and ghastly light,
 As in the halls of death.

While tranquilly the sleeping skies
 Muse o'er the sleeping deep,
With sudden start the tempests rise,
 And frantic billows sweep.

Never may gentle twilight fold
 Her pinions o'er their hearts;
The daylight glitters still and cold,
 As hour by hour departs.

And weary, weary grow the eyes,
 Doomed vigils thus to keep;
A weary, weary yearning lies
 On every heart—for sleep.

For sleep! for midnight, with its star
 And its soft sailing moon;—
'Tis midnight—but behold, still there
 The glaring beams of noon!

Sail on—sail on, and leave the clime
 Where daylight hath no close;
For God hath an appointed time
 For the worn heart's repose.

Say, hast thou dwelt within the sphere
 Where worldly splendors shine?
 Where a cold dazzling atmosphere
 Withereth the soul divine?

Leave thou those cold and mocking spells —
 The ceaseless, joyless feast;
 A human life within thee dwells —
 Thy spirit asks for rest.

SEMME'S SWORD.

"Shame," cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea. "To lose my right — my right, when it was in my very grasp. Unmerciful!" — *Amyas Leigh, Kingsley.*

INTO the sea he hurled it,
 Into the weltering sea,
 The sword that had led so often
 The onset of the free;
 And like a meteor cleaving
 Its path through the watery way,
 Went down the gory falchion,
 To lie in the depths for aye.

Go, sword! no hand of foeman
 Shall grasp thy peerless blade;
 On thy path of fire I follow,
 With a spirit undismayed,
 Even in the hour of anguish,
 With my gallant ship a wreck;
 'Tis comfort that no captor
 Shall ever tread her deck.

'Tis comfort that in freedom
 I draw my latest breath;
 And that with thee, my brethren,
 I drink the cup of death;
 We have roved the sea together —
 We have proved our country's might,
 And we leave to the god of battles
 The rescuing of the right.

The noble Alabama
 Was sinking as he stood,
 Her cross and stars still flying,*
 Her bulwarks stained with blood,
 Down with her band of martyrs,
 She settled to her doom,
 While the coward cannon thundered †
 Above her living tomb.

But as a desert courser
 Bears his master from the fray,
 So the billows bore their hero
 On their foaming crest that day.
 Forth plunged the gallant Deerhound,
 To snatch him from the wave,
 For the hand that ruled the tempest
 Was stretched above the brave.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERIE.

THE SECRET ROOM.

READER, do you know what it is to have bad and bitter blood conflicting, in your veins, with the mild and milky stream that flows through them in greater volume and tranquillity? And has it been your lot to feel, at some time of your life, that this swelling tide had power (unsuspected before) to carry everything before it? If not, take no merit to yourself for having proved immaculate and defied temptation.

Sailing on the Atlantic Ocean, the eye of the voyager is arrested by the singular appearance presented by a current of water darker and infinitely more rapid than the surrounding sea, and said by sailors to be twice as salt and bitter. The pilot carefully keeps the ship beyond its strictly defined limits; the stormy petrel that rests on its surface, rises with difficulty, or is submerged; and the small boat (launched from the vessel for some emergency) becomes unmanageable, if chance or necessity subject it to the influence of its rapid current.

Through my veins there surged a gulf stream, such as this, just as separate from my more universal nature, just as irresistible in its effects, just as wisely

* It is acknowledged that she sunk without striking her flag.

† The Alabama was fired on while sinking.

shunned by my reason, as the current I have referred to by the wary mariner. As old Bianca had said, "The blood of the Bouveries boiled in my veins," that blood which had flowed ever to evil; and at last disappeared, only to form an undercurrent in the heart that held a more uniform and steady stream as its abiding influence.

There was a legend in my grandfather's family, to the effect that the Norman blood they boasted had flowed lineally from a pirate's veins, and had later been crossed by intermarriage with the daughter of a famous French charlatan, who had given gold for rank! Be this as it may, my lineage on my father's side was of undoubted purity to the very fount, and my grandmother had sprung from old and respected Virginian parentage; so that the balance of good, at least, was in my favor.

Yet through my whole life I have felt the occasional power of the gulf-stream, and dreaded its fierce current, though time, and sorrow, and experience (the last a wary pilot) have shown me lately how better to avoid it, than in my impulsive youth. And it may be that whatever of power, of genius, or of passion, have been mine, I owed to this conflict of two natures in one weak breast, teaching, as it did, the necessity of strength, of self-command and forbearance, to the overruling soul itself.

I have nothing to urge in extenuation of the deliberate and wilful misconduct that followed the discovery of the secret door. I might plead that I was lonely, and that excitement, under the circumstance of peculiar isolation from all congenial companionship to which I was consigned, possessed for me an unusual charm. I might even urge the precedents of female curiosity, from Eve to Fatima, in extenuation of the determined spirit of investigation that possessed me.

But I scorn to seek my apology either in circumstances or natural motives, or the example of others. I had been taught better; I *knew* better, and the voice of conscience was silenced in the hurricane of error and self-will. I had even, for a time, a sense of perverse enjoyment in my power to triumph over precept and precaution; and the temptation that beset me was as strong and irresistible in its way, as the love of Romeo, or the hate of Hamlet, or the ambition of Macbeth. The boat of reason had drifted into that fatal gulf-stream, and was the plaything of its force!

The seed the poor idiot had carelessly thrown down on a fertile soil germed at once, and bore its bitter harvest. For three days the conflict went on, I moved like one in a dream; I could not sleep, nor eat, nor study, nor think, nor pray, for the whirl of fighting emotions.

The steep black stair was always before my eyes; the fantastic madman, such I concluded Pat McCormick's old play-actor man to be, ever busy in my brain, the desire to see and know paramount and unquenchable. Thus wrought the black and bitter blood of Bouverie!

It was on the evening of the third day that the opportunity I coveted for putting my design into execution presented itself for the first time since it

had occurred to me. My grandmother retired to her room early in the evening, as she not unfrequently did, and closed it for the night, leaving me in the dining-room with Bianca, who was charged to see me in my chamber before she left me. Dr. Quintil, too, had gone to his study, probably, on this occasion, and feigning weariness, I retired early, dismissing Bianca, who insisted somewhat on seeing me in bed, at my chamber-door, and waiting afterward with almost uncontrollable impatience for the sound of her parting footsteps. At last I heard the pantry closed, and I knew that Bianca had made her exit from the dining-room through that outlet to the wing, carrying the key away with her, as she invariably did, after fastening all the openings of the house securely for the night, and drawing the ponderous bolt last of all across the front door of entrance.

The clock had not long struck nine when the house was still ; but I sat and pondered my project in doubt and terror, half an hour longer.

At length I rose, and after locking that door of my chamber that gave into my grandmother's, I stole quietly from the other, and unclosed with trembling fingers the bolt of one of the triangular closets from which the staircase in common use descended to the basement scullery. I soon found myself in the plant-chamber, through the barred windows of which the moonlight streamed, throwing out sharp and startling shadows from every object it touched, and glistening on the steel of the spring, between the crevices of the planks, of which the partition was composed, so as to reveal it more clearly than impartial daylight could have done.

To press this firmly, to start the door open, and leave it so, to clamber up the dark, steep ladder, seemed to me but the work of a moment. When I reached the summit, I found myself in a small, square, but lofty hall, lit from above by the rays of light streaming from an open door at the head of the spiral stairs, that sprang up light, and apparently unsupported, from this landing. I could not doubt that I stood in the division of the lateral passage corresponding with my own chamber, and that the mystery that guarded its access was now explained to me. A door dimly defined by a wavering hue of light beneath it, cast from the blazing wood-fire within, indicated that entrance to my grandmother's room from which I had seen her emerge with Bishop Clare, and which had been so carefully closed during my whole stay at Bouverie. I passed it with a stealthy step and beating heart. All was silent within. She slept, probably ! and yet, "What if she should suddenly uncloset the door and appear before me, either going or returning ?" "What would become of me ? how could I meet such a reprimand as hers would be ? Her very look would kill me !"

The suggestion, full of terrors as it was, gave speed to my steps. I flew lightly up the winding stairway, and so rapidly that my head reeled with the rotary motion to which it was subjected by my whirling flight. I reached the summit, breathless for a moment, and stood holding firmly by the padded banisters, covered, like the steps and the hall below, with some heavy woollen

material to prevent sound, until I recovered somewhat from both fatigue and fright. I had gone too far to recede; I took what courage I could, and crossed the landing to the open door whence the light emanated, and looked timidly in.

The room into which it gave was empty! It was a spacious, circular apartment, vaulted and domed, and corresponding evidently with the lower hall—but far more lofty and elegantly proportioned. In the centre, immediately under the skylight, was a large, round table covered with a crimson cloth, on which burned an Argand lamp and several wax candles, in sticks of ormolu. Books and papers were scattered profusely over this table, on which a portfolio of colored prints lay open.

A solid marble counter, as it appeared to me, was placed almost against the extreme wall of the apartment, so as to block a central door, leading out, perhaps, on the balcony over the vestibule, (but this I did not think of then,) and covered with curious utensils in glass and copper, whose uses were entirely unknown to me.

A few long chairs, some hanging bookshelves and maps, and a cabinet of minerals, completed the scant furniture of this apartment, the walls of which were lined with pictures, and the floor covered with crimson baize, so fitted as to render footsteps inaudible.

The sound of voices beyond irresistibly impelled me to proceed; and, with a hardihood I could neither account for nor withstand, I crossed the hall, and stood near the half open door from which the sounds issued. By the merest chance, the faces of all the inmates were averted, or I must have been discovered at once; but I speedily assumed an attitude that would have afforded me concealment, even had they turned, and eagerly surveyed the scene.

A fire burned low in the grate, in front of which a table was placed, bearing lights, and fruit, and wine, and perhaps other refreshments. The company, consisting of a lady and two gentlemen, sat with their backs to this table, gathered closely around the hearth, and engaged in earnest conversation, to which at first I paid but little attention; on the other side of the table, with his face turned also to the fire, stood Fabius, in the attitude of a soldier on guard, holding a silver salver shield-fashion on his breast.

One of the gentlemen was already known to me. The patient and somewhat peculiar attitude, the dark-brown, clustering curls, the curved shoulders, the calmly folded hands, were those of Dr. Quintil. My grandmother was dressed in one of those dresses I had admired and coveted. A garnet-colored velvet, trimmed royally, and made with pointed corsage and large flowing sleeves, became her well. Over her head was thrown a golden net, and her cheek, half turned to me at times, wore its crimson flush of feeling or excitement.

But the third occupant of the hearth-stone was one I had never seen before,

though the mystery of his presence had long weighed on my spirit; and oh! how impressive—how thrilling its reality was to me at last! At first I beheld only the long, sweeping, steel-colored hair, as it fell over his collar almost to his shoulders, and the outline of a form which, though emaciated, still presented traces of remarkable symmetry. But, when he turned, I searched every feature of his face with breathless eagerness.

Though changed by time, by ill-health, by trouble perhaps, I could not doubt that the original of the picture I had uncovered two years before in the drawing-room was before me.

The forehead of the mysterious stranger was high, narrow, and projecting; the eyes, small and dark, and deeply set, were of intense and glistening brilliancy; the face, of unusual paleness, was of olive tint and slender proportions, to which the regularity and delicacy of the profile gave repose and dignity otherwise wanting, for every feature seemed imbued with separate life and mobility.

The restless eye, the dilating nostril, the wreathing, quivering, brilliant, yet sardonic lip, now closely set as with clasps of steel,—now straight, now curved, now revealing its treasures of ivory teeth, in a smile of more than womanish sweetness,—now wearing an expression of almost wolfish fierceness, or the despairing anguish of a doomed and hopeless soul. These mobile features, and especially that flexible mouth, indicated a nature too subtle, too changeful, too wilful, yet too sensitive, either for happiness or strength.

Never have I beheld such a Protean countenance, nor one that so well portrayed the inward man! Yet think not, that, inexperienced as I was, and in that brief scrutiny of mingled terror and interest, I arrived by any just process of thought at these conclusions. The result of this subsequent analysis was stamped on my mind then and there, as the solution of difficult problems is often instinctively obtained by those incapable of mathematical ratiocination. Instinct works well, when nerved by strong excitement, such as sustained me in this momentary survey.

The face on which my gaze was riveted was quickly turned from me again; and now my grandmother arose from her seat beside him, and pointed to the table, still spread with its untouched collation.

"Your food stands untouched to-night, Erastus," I heard her say; "you grow thinner, paler, day by day, and your loss of appetite is cause enough for this. Eat, or your strength will decline."

"I find a few drops of the elixir of gold more strengthening to me at times than food itself, and this I keep always by me; but when you are here, madam," he added, "I need neither to sustain me."

"How long will you continue," she asked, unheeding the fine courtesy of his remark, "to make use of this fabulous instrument of good—this subtle poison, that wastes your substance, and destroys your health? Will nothing convince you?"

"I *am* convinced," he interrupted mildly, "of its complete efficacy in sustaining my feeble life; and of the glory the discovery, or rather perfection, of so potent an agent of health, will yet confer on me and mine."

"Glory!"—with what bitterness she repeated the word—with what speechless sorrow she gazed on him!

"Resume your reading, if you please, Dr. Quintil," she said, after a pause, during which the person addressed had taken down a volume laid open on the mantelpiece, and was slowly turning over its leaves. There is something in that picture of Arcadian life irresistibly beautiful, I think, and far more cheering to one shut away from nature than any conversation of ours could be."

Without hesitation or the slightest reply, Dr. Quintil took up the thread of the poem he had been reading, and traced it on mechanically, as if he had been only an instrument for another to play on, until arrested by the uplifted hand of him they called "Erastus."

"It is beautiful," he said; "I acknowledge that; but it touches no spring of my being, either in the past or present. One blast from Byron's bugle were worth twenty strains like this,—one breeze from the Æolian harp of Shelley, more soul-stirring than whole orchestras of such music. Take *him* down, Quintil—the man whose heart remained untouched when his body was burnt to ashes on the Tuscan coast—and give me the 'Ode to the West Wind.' It will comfort me to-night, the grand—the godlike fugue! And hark, how that very wind, perhaps, is blowing! But no," he added, "never mind!" as Dr. Quintil arose to obey his request. "You read very well, Quintil, but you could not manage *that*—few can; I could once, but now—but now"—

And he sat for a few moments with his head bowed as if transfigured in the past, or crushed, perhaps, by the present; then, in low, distinct tones, more thrilling—more musical than any I had ever heard before, shall ever listen to again, and with that peculiar "abandon" that evidences entire forgetfulness of, or indifference to the presence of witnesses, he gave the conclusion of the ode he had spoken of, beginning with the lines:

"Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud;
I fall upon the thorns of life—I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One *too* like thee! Tameless and swift, and proud—"

And continuing to the close, he went on:

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What, if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness! Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! *be thou me*, impetuous one;

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
 Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth,
 And by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter—as from an unextinguished hearth,
 Ashes and sparks—my word among mankind!”

These verses he gave utterance to with a power and pathos, subdued as both were, to which no words of mine could do justice, and I felt thrilled and uplifted by the inspiration of both author and medium as I had never felt before.

“A pastoral poem in an age of progress is surely out of place, behind the times,” he said, when the echo of the poem, if so I may express it, had time to die away in his own mind, and the silence of others seemed to grow oppressive.

“And yet,” rejoined Dr. Quintil, “it is a noble thing, methinks, for a great poet, to throw out his powers freely to celebrate the legends of his country. Thus did Homer, thus did Walter Scott; let our bard persevere, and we will crown him yet our “*national poet*,” a higher post than Poet-Laureate of England has ever attained. A few more such strains, and he will be embalmed in the heart of the people, to live while the land bears its name!”

My grandmother here took up the discourse, and under the cover of this conversation I retreated as carefully as I had approached. Again I scrambled down the dark ladder, loosening, as I tried to reach its rounds, a trap-door which had been propped back, but which closed with a noiseless fall after me, leaving me in utter darkness. The moon was now veiled by heavy clouds, and the plant-room was so dark that I found difficulty in groping my way to the basement apartment used as a sort of scullery, and from which the stairs in general use ascended.

These, too, were steep and narrow and dark, and when I reached my room and struck a light, I found my dress half torn off, and my hands bleeding in several places. I did not say my prayers that night, but slunk like a guilty creature to my bed, with the mental resolution complete, however, never to return to the upper story, until invited to do so by my grandmother.

“Yet, will this request ever be made,” I thought; “and what, *what* does all this mean?” And I lay with my face covered by my hands, conjecturing, marvelling, excited beyond any possibility of repose for hours, at the end of which I heard my grandmother enter through her cautiously opened door, and her low, sobbing voice soothed me to an unquiet slumber.

I had heard before, at rare intervals, that sound of sorrow from her chamber, and going to her impulsively on one occasion, she had lifted before me a face so grave in its dignified displeasure, though bathed in tears, that I shrank away rebuked from her presence.

Oh! luxury of solitary grief—sole consolation of the broken-hearted—

how dear thou art—how little understood by those who have no experience of suffering!

Pillow, that wet with tears hast so often smothered the moans of deep affliction, and received as in a friendly bosom the quivering and passionate face of *extremest* agony! Dost thou not seem thereafter an altar on which sacrifice to God has been offered?

Calm, and even with sad smiles, the mourner rises from thy sustaining ministry, and through her household, or the crowded streets, or the homes of others, pursues her quiet way!

She speaks of common things, she whose whole life is a secret tragedy! Her lips receive their daily food; she bears her daily burdens, waiting, yearning, pining for the shadow, for the welcome, soul-sustaining hour, when she shall be alone.

Sympathy is precious, as was the spikenard balm that Mary poured on the feet of Jesus, but solitude is sacred, for it means communion with God himself; and accursed be that falcon eye of vigilance that pursues and mocks, under the guise of solicitude, and with its stern compulsion of self-command, the surging anguish of the stricken and bereaved!

Is it nothing in the estimate of those who *preach of patience*, to move, unmoved, all day through the routine of duty, to utter no wild cry when a word is suddenly spoken, that makes the heart leap like a steed that snaps his bridle at the explosion of a gun?

Is it nothing to such as these that tears are swallowed with every mouthful of loathed yet necessary food; and that there exists sometimes, even when smiles are on the lip, that nameless sinking away of the whole being, as though its fountain-springs were failing at their source in the arid desert of unseen despair?

What more do you ask—oh, practical philosopher, preacher, and pharisee!—what more?

Will you not suffer the doomed martyr to rest from the stake for a little while, even while fresh fagots are preparing for the half-exhausted fire?

The crowd will re-assemble, the pangs will recommence. Suffer, I entreat you, the tortured wretch to sit for a space upon the ground, among the ashes in the abandonment of self-pity, and gaze weeping upon her scars!

Leave self-command for the morrow!

ERASTUS BOUVERIE.

I NEED not say that no communication on the subject of Smith's threats and annoyances was made to my grandfather. It would have been cruel and useless to disturb his life with these matters, until prudence and necessity should make it advisable to remove him from the vicinity of danger; for well

we knew that until a crisis of this sort arrived, no representations of ours would induce him to leave Bouverie.

Persuasions had been employed to this effect, in the first instance, by Dr. Moore, by Bishop Clare, by my grandmother herself. A residence in Europe had been insisted on as the only safeguard against detection, but with a consistent yet unreasonable resolution, he had put the idea aside from the beginning, as one to which death itself was preferable, and clung to the deep immurement, which was the only alternative presented.

He had, up to the time of his imprisonment in Russia, been a man of active habits, mixing much in society, although never making himself a part of it; gracious and gay and reserved at once, brilliant yet cold, courteous rather than genial, a man with whom no other man had ever been sufficiently at ease to lay his hand upon his arm, or say in introducing him, "This is my friend, Mr. Bouverie." He had no friends, save those of the stamp of mere admirers and partisans. He laid open his heart to no man; he asked no man's confidence. His very affections seem to have borne the upas power, of paralyzing and injuring the lives of those on whom they were conferred, for he required that every other feeling should be laid aside in the breasts of those he loved, save devotion to himself; and whosoever exacts this tribute—one that God even does not demand from his creatures—deserves to be considered a tyrant and soul-killer.

For a man of this subtle, dominant temperament, to whom intellectual intercourse, high converse, attrition of mind with mind, and the homage of men, had been necessary as food and air, how depressing must this isolation, this confinement have been! Yet he never complained of it, seldom manifested depression, busied himself constantly with the details of his chemical experiments, which, since the late arrangement of the laboratory above my chamber, he carried on more to his satisfaction than before; or with his writings, which he supposed would bring him posthumous fame; or with books, which he read with a rapidity that might literally be called "stereotyping with the eye," and enjoyed with an almost sensuous pleasure, as a greedy feeder seems to revel in his food.

Sermons, novels, poetry, history, essays, travels, memoirs, magazines, newspapers, nothing came amiss to him. Piles of books laid on his table would disappear, tossed under it as he read them successively, with a rapidity that baffles belief. "Clear away this rubbish, Fabius," he would say, "let me never see it again," and the books would be transferred to the library in the wing; for having once enjoyed them, he loathed the sight of them afterward, it seemed to me. It was only a few early favorites in literature that he ever perused more than once, or could bear to meet again. Among these were Shelley and Coleridge, and the works of Walter Scott. For Shakspeare he never cared. Some prestige seemed to attach to these, and give them, in his mind, strange interest and significance. He called Shelley the Poet's Bible, for he insisted that the germ of all poetic thought, all texts of beauty, that others have worked out, lay embalmed in his pages.

Yet the works he read so rapidly, clung to his memory with wonderful tenacity. His mind seemed, like the crucibles he used in his experiments, to retain the essence and reject the dross of all that it received. Exquisite arrangement! by which Nature signifies her master intellects, and assists that progress which is bearing us on to a sure yet far perfection!

With a quick insight into character — which has seemed to me in any case to be almost a sixth sense, yet which never arrives at the dignity of reasoning, being wholly instinctive, and, as such, a part of physical rather than mental construction, I conceive — I saw the peculiarity of my grandfather's temperament at once. I saw that he was sensitive, exacting, devoted to his own, even in proportion as he was cold, careless, cruel perhaps to those he considered aliens. No bond of universal brotherhood had knit its silken links about his heart. Hooks of steel had grappled him to a few. Barriers of ice had divided him from the many. His mind was a rapid, rushing river, bearing all before it, all feeble obstructions of conscience, of justice, of humanity, for such he considered these.

Woe, woe for that mortal whose intellect outgrows his moral sense, until the one stands dwarfed in the growing shadow of the other. A being thus constituted is "no less a monster," some one has said, "than the big-headed child of the fair, or the weak-kneed giant of the circus." Saturn eating his own children is a type of men of this stamp. Humanity recoils from them when once they unveil their remorseless egotism, their sublimated sophistry. Voltaire, Rousseau, Napoleon, Robespierre, were monsters of this class, scarcely less hideous to me than Caligula or Heliogabalus.

Yet how attractive until the Mokanna veil is lifted, is its glittering light; and the soft breathings of the voice beneath, and the graceful, sinuous motions of the draped and stately form it covers, are — oh, how mystic, how bewildering! It becomes a question here, how much of this is perishable, how much immortal. Can evil be perpetuated in accordance with our conception of a just, a purifying God? At what point does soul take issue with intellect? And if they be the same, then, then indeed is hell a necessity, not an invention of the alarmist or the melancholy fanatic.

But I cannot believe this, I dare not. I must grasp the conviction that our Creator has made nothing in vain, and that through time unmarked by years, in dim futurity, the erring spirit shall struggle on, through what agony, what obstacles it matters little, so that the final triumph be achieved, and the glorious essence, freed from all impurity, be ransomed, rescued, saved!

And looking upon immortality in this light, it must come to pass that all intellectual aids to our meaner passions must perish with them, and that a mere spark may emerge at last from all the brilliant fire of genius directed to unworthy ends. Those that build altars to circumstance or expediency, need not murmur if a whirlwind overthrows them, and scatters their offerings even in this life, much less must they expect to find their remembrance perpetuated in heaven as accepted sacrifice.

I do not remember to have received any enjoyment so purely intellectual from the companionship of any other being as that of my grandfather afforded me, yet it never for one moment assumed a spiritual type (I separate these things); "earthy, and of the earth," was he even in his wonderful knowledge, his brilliant eloquence, his startling sophistry—logic, as he called it—his estimate of man and his Creator.

Had I been less securely poised in my religious convictions, in my poetic instincts, in my habitual reverence for duty, this companionship might have been fatal to my happiness. As it was, it only agitated new springs of thought, forced my mind into active use, and taught me self-defence, and even persuasive remonstrance, so that I felt myself strengthened and impelled to come out of my narrow limits, and set my lance in rest for truth and God!

He seemed half amused, half touched, by my earnest zeal. It was something new to him—this solemn enthusiasm on points the young so seldom care for, or insist upon. My very opposition to his views, and the way in which I set this forth, seemed to please him, and at first he took pains to draw me out, in a half mocking way. But, when he learned to love me better, this manner was laid aside, in a great degree, and he came to look with forbearance and respect on almost all of my opinions, however opposed to his own.

I have spoken before of the difficulty of my position with regard to my grandparents; of their strange vigilance, and even jealousy, of any preponderating ascendancy over me on the part of either; and of the suspicious and capricious nature of my grandfather's feelings, as exhibited heretofore toward every one chosen as an object of affection by his wife. A conversation held between us on this subject may have had its effect in lulling that bitter qualm of jealous distrust with which he watched every growing partiality on her part, and as his heart warmed to me, every manifestation of preference on mine.

He was speaking of his lonely lot, rather lightly than seriously, one day, calling himself, as he often did, "King Jehoachim," and wondering whether any real "Evil Merodach" would ever come and take him out of prison. I could not bear that mocking, derisive way in which he treated, what I knew he really felt to be, a great calamity, and I said:

"At all events, grandfather, you have devoted friends, who share your captivity, and minister to your comfort."

"Devoted!" he repeated, throwing back his head with a scoffing laugh that ended in a groan; "child, child, you see externals only. Who is devoted to me? You dream!"

"My grandmother," I timidly rejoined; "she is evidently devoted to you; and Dr. Quintil even seems so, and"—I could not add what was in my heart; I feared he might believe such expression of feeling a mere profession on my part; so I hesitated, and he waited vainly for the rest, which the glance of his eye told me that he had surmised or anticipated.

"Lilian, you mean well, I know," he said; "but you are out of your depth, my love, when you try to interpret the feelings of Camilla Bouverie toward any one—most of all toward me, her husband. Believe me, there is no viper that crawls under her old stone gate that she would not sooner cherish in her bosom. You have heard how, in old days, people set up idols of stone, and worshipped them, and laid before them sacrifices of blood, and treasure, and frankincense! They were not more mad than I have been in my idolatry—not more unsuccessful! She never loved me, though she thought she did, for truth is her element, after all—her native one, I mean. I terrified her from the first; she had not your capacity for understanding me, and allowing for my peculiarities—not your breadth of character, Lilian. She shrunk from me long before she confessed it to herself; she shrinks from me openly now—you see that, Lilian, notwithstanding this most dutiful show of devotion; and her heart lies buried in a bloody grave!" He muttered the last words. "So do not speak to me again, my child, of such affection as finds its root in pity, and the past; but know that one of the darkest mysteries of feeling lies in this, that one may love, and get only loathing in return. Is not that a horrible condition of things, Lilian?"

He turned to me with startling quickness, as he asked the question, and grasped my arm. "But she loves you very tenderly, I suppose, and gives you many assurances of this, I doubt not?" He added, without waiting for my reply, "Is it not so? Speak, Lilian, I have an earnest wish to know the exact state of things between you."

"She has requested me, more than once, not to love her," I replied, "assuring me that she had no love to give me in return."

"And yet you do love her very dearly, I suppose, feeling that she cannot be sincere in making such a request?" He hesitated. "Her remarks have made no impression on your attachment for her? This is unshaken? How is it, Lilian?" He shook my arm slightly, yet impatiently, still keeping his watchful, glittering eye upon my face.

"One does not usually give love without return," I answered, while my heart smote me for my duplicity; but I did believe at the time that I had discovered his mania, and treated him accordingly. "My feelings toward my grandmother are very dutiful, but not such as you inspire me with, dear grandfather."

He turned away well pleased, and yet in silence. I had spoken the truth, yet I felt the whole falseness of my position, forced upon me, as it was, by circumstances. The spirit of equivocation and compromise were not mine by nature. It cost me dear to make such sacrifice of frankness and outspoken honesty as lay beneath those truthful words of mine.

"Can it be possible," he said, "that you come here in a frame of mind that permits you to love and honor me? Have they given you no coat of mail against my influence before sending you here, in the shape of pious warnings, exhortation, and all that sort of thing? Am I to understand you thus,

Lilian? Speak—and speak the simple truth—as which have they represented me to you, madman or villain?”

“Neither, grandfather, I do assure you,” I replied, looking him steadily in the eye. He believed me, evidently—he always believed me, for, with all his faults, he had confidence in the existence of truth as an abstract quality—a weakness, perhaps, peculiar to some organizations—even to his own.

“This is what they call, in Christian parlance, ‘heaping red-hot coals on an enemy’s head;’ what a noble motive for forbearance, to be sure! That old St. Paul of theirs was an apt torturer; how well he knew the secret of revenge—better than an Indian squaw, eh, Lilian? His nature would come out, though, even in his sanctity. He could not forget the pleasure that early frolic of his afforded him, when he and some other Jewish boys went out and stoned St. Stephen to death, one fine morning.”

“Oh, grandfather, he repented of that.”

“Repented!” he echoed; “repented! as if such a thing could be!” He rose and walked the room, with a curling lip and downcast eyes. “I come,” said Jesus Christ, “to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”

The sacred declaration seemed to drop from him involuntarily.

“Comforting words are these, dear grandfather.”

“Impossible words, Lilian, to some natures; I, for one, am so constituted that I cannot understand them. The past is irrecoverable—it cannot be wiped out.”

“Atonement, grandfather; there is another grand holy word, most comforting, most merciful; embracing all requisitions of the past and present, repentance even!”

“Yes, a very grand word, indeed, atonement;” and he rolled it out like an organ. “Truly, it sounds well! It is strange the French have no such word as that—characteristic though of their independent levity! ‘Expier!’ it does not mean the same thing at all; we have ‘expiate,’ to render that,—a different sense entirely. A man may ‘expiate’ his offences by a term of imprisonment; but he does not ‘atone’ for them thus. I agree with you, Lilian, you have good taste. It is a grand word.”

“Oh, grandfather, it is not as a matter of taste I regard the word. Think of the promise—think of Christ crucified.”

He waved his hand and turned away in silence. When I looked at him again, he was standing before his book-shelves, turning over the leaves of an illuminated Coleridge.

“Lilian,” he said, “I have tried vainly to analyze the nature of Quintil’s feelings to me,—poor Quintil! he is a good fellow, a vase that runs over with generous wine; but I hate unnatural sentiments, even if directed to my own advantage, and there does seem to be a sort of moral obliquity about his feelings for me, after all. I think I have caught a clew now—however, the merest thread though to the general warp—in these lines of Schiller, in his grand plays of the ‘Piccolomini,’ and ‘Death of Wallenstein,’ through his

mouthpiece, the English Coleridge. Hear what he says: These are the words of Max Piccolomini—you must read the translation, Lilian—to the great Duke Wallenstein. He loved him once, but had lost faith in him now.” And he read with his exquisite undertones, the following passages:

“‘Oh, God of heavens, what a change is here!
 Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
 To thee, who, like the fixed star of the pole,
 Wert all I gazed on, in life’s trackless ocean!
 Oh! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
 The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
 The holy habit of obedience,
 Must I pluck *live* asunder from thy name.’”

As he gave the last line, he grasped his breast as if he felt the plucking fingers of pain—then continued to read, after an interval, pacing the room slowly as he did so, still bearing the book lying open on the palm of his left hand, still pressing his right hand laid over his heart.

“‘Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me,
 It always was as a God looking on me,
 Duke Wallenstein. Its power has not departed,
 The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
 Bleeding, the soul hath freed herself.’”

“Still more! Alas! alas, Lilian.” He paused, and read with exquisite pathos, shaking his head slowly as he began—

“‘Thou canst not end in this! It would reduce
 All human creatures to disloyalty
 Against the nobleness of their own natures;
 ’T will justify the vulgar misbelief,
 Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
 And trusts itself to impotence alone,
 Made powerful only in an unseen power.’”

“That last line is very fine, Lilian,” marking it with his long, lithe forefinger. “It contains the whole theory of fate—the addled theory! and it is in words like these that Paul Quintilian, had he the poetic faculty, instead of the enduring one, would address himself to me,” shutting the book suddenly, “Erastus Bouverie.”

I was quite silent, affected in spite of myself, though he made so light of it all; for he had laid the book aside, and was feeding Merodach when I cleared away the tears that dimmed my eyes, and surveyed him again.

“Ah, here comes Fabius with my dinner, doubly welcome to-day, since ‘Evil’ has dined so heartily. My appetite wakes with sympathy—‘*L’ap-petit vient en mangeant*,’ you know, Lilian; come, dine with me. Here are Fontainebleau grapes, and Vergalon pears.”

"No, grandfather, they will expect me down-stairs; another time I will remain; farewell now, until to-morrow."

"Farewell, Lily, and hearken; when you come again, put on the little blue dress with the lace ruffles. It suits my fancy and your style of face; and let your curls drop again. I do not like this severe braided hair. Give me —

" 'Tresses unconfined,
Woody by each Ægean wind.'

"There it goes again, Lilian. It is the curse of memory to be obliged to speak in other men's words half the time."

I laughed and left him.

CAMILLA BOUVERIE.

WHEN we were alone in her chamber, I related to my grandmother all that had occurred, from first to last, between Pat McCormick and myself, and ended by giving her the ring.

She received it with evident emotion. "Times are changed, Lilian," she said, "since the greatest monarch of this day placed this ring on your grandfather's hand with his own royal fingers, in the presence of his court. The stone that occupied that vacant circle there, was the most magnificent diamond my eyes ever rested on. Its brilliancy was magnetic, and it had a peculiarity, whether from some flaw or intentional setting, I never knew, from which it derived its name of the 'Gnome-Eye!'"

I was startled, and uttered a hasty exclamation.

"Yes, it was a strange name," she pursued, wholly unconscious of the cause of my amazement; "but had you seen the singularly perfect, almost human eye within, from which issued on every side small glancing rays of light — your astonishment would have reached its climax. It was the most exquisite accident (if such it were) nature ever pleaded guilty to; but I incline to the belief, that a skilful lapidary was at the bottom of the optical illusion — for such your grandfather seemed to consider it — and that it was a mere reflection of the eye, without the color that gazed into its depths."

"What became of the stone, grandmother?" I asked, suppressing my own experience with regard to it.

"Your grandfather had divested it of its setting, and replaced it with an onyx seal, which he had fitted to the aperture. I am of the opinion he did this with a view to such an emergency as the present; for he had the stone

in his vest-pocket when he left us. At least, I recognized the small mother-of-pearl box set with turquoise, in which he always kept it; and he said, putting his hand upon it: 'I have something here that may serve me in an hour of need. I had intended to dispose of it differently had circumstances favored; but necessity knows no law. It may glitter yet on the brow of a queen, for all I know!'

"Had he no other resources?" I inquired. "Was this his sole dependence?"

"None, except the gold he received from Dr. Quintil; that green purse, with its contents, was part of a marriage-gift Paul meant for you, dearest. His semi-annual remittance can be received from Bishop Clare, it is true, and thus the obligation can be easily discharged. But under any circumstances, you would prefer to have it thus bestowed, we know."

"Unquestionably! But how is he to be provided for in future, should he remain absent some years even?"

"His income, which, from the necessity of the case, must first pass through the form of coming to me, will hereafter be remitted to him in the shape of bills, and directed to him under his assumed name. He will receive it thus through the hands of his banker, in whatever city he takes up his abode regularly. I am thankful he has this certain means of support in his life-long exile,—for, Lilian, he can never return here."

"Never return! Oh, grandmother! shall we never see him again?"

"Why should you wish it, child? This is no place for him. He can neither find welcome nor safety here again." She hesitated a moment. "He has forfeited a thousand times over all claims on me, on all of us. I care, disinterestedly of course, for his safety, but this is all."

I remained silent. After a pause, she continued, still speaking with that gloomy composure that had rarely forsaken her since the night of his departure.

"I have little doubt that he has made his way to some near seaport, and taken passage to Europe. We shall not hear from him probably until after his arrival, and then only through Bishop Clare, since letters directed to us openly from abroad might awake suspicion. This step is one he should have taken ten years ago, and would have spared him, and all of us, infinite shame and anguish. It is the only one that now remains practicable."

"And you, grandmother, will you continue to live here?" I asked, in cold surprise.

"Certainly, Lilian; I hope you do not suspect me of the folly of flying in his footsteps! I might have consented to go to Italy, had this exposure never occurred, and have continued my cares for his comfort there, feeling at the same time assured that Jasper would be benefited by the surroundings of art, and my own life prolonged, and yours brightened by the influence of climate and the freedom from scrutiny. Dr. Quintil, too, would have found

a thousand sources of enjoyment denied to him now, and that dreary captivity have been ended for us all. But many little obstacles rose constantly in the way of this arrangement, and before measures could be concluded on — lo, the catastrophe! Henceforth your grandfather must dwell alone.”

“Grandmother!” I burst forth, “have I heard you aright? Have you indeed a heart of stone, as you once told me you had? — ‘Asbestos purified and hardened by fire,’ you called it in your mocking mood. Alas! how little I believed you then to be in earnest! I will not believe it yet, if I can help it. Tell me that your words were those of haste, and not of fixed determination! Speak to me! Would you abandon your husband?”

I stood before her in the earnest excitement of the moment, and bent upon her inquiring, perhaps angry eyes.

“He has chosen his fate, he has made it,” she murmured. “Let him go!”

“Is this the time to flinch from his side!” I pursued, “in his infirmity, his sorrow, his approaching age? Oh, God! is it of stuff like this the human heart is made? I cannot — no, I cannot believe in this resolution of yours, because its very foundation is so unstable. Who loves you as he loves you? To whom else are you half so dear, so necessary? What will his fantastic life be in the great whirl of Europe, accustomed as he is to be daily, tenderly cared for with the irresponsibility almost of a little child? A bubble crushed in a moment, a broken reed, a useless toy applied to stern purposes. Such will his life be, grandmother. Turn out your caged mocking-bird to-day to the winds and the hardships of a precarious existence, and the attacks of its kind, inured to self-protection, and where will it be to-morrow?”

“Lilian,” she said, with a flashing eye and rising color, “it is too much a habit of yours to measure your own weakness with my strength.”

“You overrate your own strength,” I interrupted — “your own cruelty rather,” I murmured, not unheard by her. “Call it what you may, whether it be love, or pity, or hatred even, the sentiment that binds you to this exile has hold of your heart-strings. Oh! your course has been so firm, so noble, do not forsake it now;” and as I spoke, I threw myself on my knees by her chair, and buried my face in her lap. “Go to him, and comfort him, as you only can comfort,” I continued, looking up. “By his very errors and misfortunes, I conjure you to finish your good work, and follow him to the end of the world if it be needful. Leave not your task incomplete — the task that God has assigned to you. Such a beginning is worthy of a noble ending. Say that you will proceed, dear grandmother.”

“No more of this,” she said, and with a stern, strong grasp she brought me to my feet. “You preach well, Lilian; by whom have you been ordained?” She smiled bitterly.

“By natural affection,” I said, swallowing my indignant tears; “and through that by God himself.”

Something in my manner seemed to change her mood, for dropping the sarcastic bitterness with which she had last spoken, she added in low accents :

"You do not love Jasper, Lilian, or you could never wish for your grandfather's return."

"Not love him! Oh, you know that I do love him more than my own life." And I stood mute and tearful before her, my head bowed on my breast.

"Do you not know, my child, that as his wife you would incur the hatred, nay the curse of Erastus Bouverie? Do you suppose the old heaven is dead, or that it would be even safe to trust yourself in his presence after such a marriage? Oh, child, you little know all the perfidy, all the cruelty that dwells enshrined in one, whom you in your young romance have made a hero! Of one so unfortunate, so doomed, that his sorrows seem at times, even in the eyes of his victims, to wipe away the long score of his crimes. Lilian, do you recall the first curse of Moses on the land of Egypt? Time was, my child, when the man you plead for had power like this, and the very water I raised to my lips seemed tinged with blood to me by acts of his."

"Have pity, grandmother! I discard all other claims," I said, thrilled by the mysterious horror of her allusions. "Duty, affection, habit, I surrender these in my appeal for him! I agree with you, they are justly forfeited; but give at least what you daily ask from God—mercy, compassion. Do not forsake your husband in any mistaken interest for me—for others. Long before you knew Jasper, he had been your first object; long before the waves of destiny threw me helplessly at your feet, he was your habitual care and charge. We two can struggle on alone, if indeed you forbid us to follow you, but your place is at his side here and hereafter."

She gazed at me long and earnestly before she replied to this passionate outburst of mine, made with clasped hands and streaming eyes. At one time, great tears gathered in her eyes, at another, cold flitting smiles quivered across her face; but when she spoke to me she was calm, and sad, and determined, as one who rises from a last vigil by a coffin now closed forever, stamped with the great seal of the inevitable.

"Lilian," she said, "do you suppose that there is any suggestion possible to your young, inexperienced mind, that has not been more than once revolved by mine?—that has not become familiar even to my thoughts? You appeal to my compassion. Have I not proved the nature of this to the full extent of human capacity and heavenly requirements? I have pitied him, *do* pity him, morbidly, perhaps; but I also am beginning to pity myself. I feel like that 'Bertha in the lane,' in the new poem of Elizabeth Barrett you were reading to me lately, when she 'pitied her own heart, as though she held it in her hand!' Like her, I seem to stand apart, and contemplate the ruins of my own nature, as with foreign eyes. I pity that shattered life that abides in my withered, dissatisfied heart. I pity the being

who might have been so good, so gay, so happy, who is so sad, so cheerless, so bereft! There are times when a rebellion takes place in our own nature against all the laws that rule it, and the shallow despotism of habit and of circumstances is overthrown. I feel this now — every drop of blood in my veins cries out within me for peace, for rest, for freedom, for relief, for a new order of things, a fresher life, a nobler influence! Henceforth I will seek my own happiness, and find it where I can. I will separate the tangled warp of his fate from the woof of mine, and weave fresh flowers on its barren surface.”

Oh, vain, vain words, to which no reply was possible! — words destined soon to find their own best refutation. Who talks with any real belief, in any such thing, of that mere chimera of human vanity — the free agency of man? Are not circumstances our laws, and motives our masters? Who holds the clue to these? Would any one be what he is, could he be otherwise by a mere act of volition? Can any one account for his condition, or half the causes that led him to it? We can, indeed, in looking back over the past, see *points* in our career where we think that we could have paused or proceeded; but how many more do we behold, past which we feel that we have been borne as on the rushing wings of fate itself, without consent or premonition of our own?

How reconcile these apparent inconsistencies? How decide where fate, where will, predominated? How separate the voluntary from the necessary, or the impulsive from the resistless? Answer these questions, oh sophist! who, in thy little range of liberty, darest assert absolute freedom, and pardon me this homely illustration of my conception of a mighty truth.

There is a hen tied to the old apple-tree, in my garden, by a string twelve feet long. Within the limits of this string she can scratch, cluck, fret, gather together her chirping brood. Beyond it, a higher power than she can conceive of, has ordained that she cannot pass. The string, and the shadow of the apple-tree, are the boundaries of her lot — absolute, stringent, indisputable facts, neither to be overcome by her capacity, nor yet by that capacity comprehended. Yet this is a wise and even benevolent arrangement, in which her best interest is considered, as well as that of the owner of the garden. Lives there a being who does not recognize his limits in circumstances, — and where, then, is free agency?

Cease, cease to believe, oh children of the dust! that it lies in your power to sever wholly any link that fate has woven around you, even when you seem to have cut it away forever! Natural affection is a zoöphite, and puts forth ever-renewed tendrils. Do not suppose that you can cast forth to scorn, and to shame, the friend, the brother, the child, the wife, the husband, unavenged, who have ceased to be true, or worthy, or beloved.

You may indeed remove from your own home their existence, forbid their names to be mentioned before you, and drive back their memories to the very inmost recesses of your heart. But there are times when the door of that

stony sepulchre opens, and the procession glides forth with unspeakable horror and ghostly recognition. As well cut off your hand, and expect to supply its place with a thing of wood, as to replace that which is implanted in your life with external influences. The hand is gone! You have done with it forever! Not so,—the aching stump still puts forth its imaginary fingers to taunt you with the poverty of its substitute, and to remind you of its past ministry.

Yield, then, with humility born of your faith in the inevitable, and, with the dignity of non-resistance to the fierce current that dashes over you, go down with the boat intrusted to your charge to the bottom of the deep, rather than stand alone on the gray rock of selfish isolation, and witness its submergence.

The community of suffering is a terrible but established law. Its justice we do not see, its compensation we know not here—may never know; but this it is given to us to feel, that those who stand aloof from it are accursed, even here on earth, and worthy of the cleaving curse hereafter.

Let us take comfort in the belief that our Creator has implanted no instinct in vain, and that pity and fidelity, even when affection is dead, form a noble part of duty.

Let us believe, likewise, that we owe something to the past as well as the present; and that having once loved, is an anchored obligation to the heart that loves no more.

Cut loose from this fast principle, the ship of life drifts carelessly along, and finds no more a harbor in which it can abide and cast its anchor; and the shores of life fleet by it like a dream.

This noble ancestress of mine had acted up to every precept of her conscience, every murmur of the finer instinct of compassionate forbearance, every god-like principle of mercy and self-sacrifice. Was she to abandon all these now, for the hollow semblance of ease and prosperity that remained to her? Was she to look back from the plough, on which she had so long laid a guiding hand, and forego the golden harvest of self-acquittal? No, this should not be. Every voice of my soul cried against it. God himself would interpose, and prevent the imperfect consummation of a great beginning. I felt that, by means unknown to her, she would yet be compelled to proceed in the same pathway.

From this time forth my grandfather's name was mentioned no more between us two, during those long days of silent, wearing anxiety, whose shadow lies over my being to this hour—those days which intervened between that repudiation of allegiance on her part, and the startling revulsion of feeling which prostrated all rebellious resolutions in one unguarded moment.

BEAUSEINCOURT.

AN oval table of great width (the central portion of which was completely filled by a plateau of glass and silver, illumined and ornamented with wax lights in rich candelabra, and the rarest flowers from the conservatory of Bellevue) was surrounded by some twenty guests at six o'clock on New Year's evening. The rich array of china, glass, and silver, that covered the board, presented a singular mixture of ancient and modern styles and devices; one portion having been the heritage of Colonel Lavigne, the other the gift of Mr. Benôit, the once affluent merchant, to his daughter on the occasion of her marriage.

Side tables, neatly spread in the recesses of the apartment, were in readiness for such guests or members of the family as could not find seats at the principal table, or who might happen in accidentally at the eleventh hour. This is an established Southern custom at which no one takes umbrage.

At one of these, Madge presided, with a party of young friends; at the other, Louey and Laura held festival with the children of Mr. and Mrs. De Bonville. To complete the hospitable arrangements, a long, narrow marble slab, running along one side of the apartment, was arrayed with wines, breads, sauces, jellies, and piles of plates and silver, in readiness for the well-trained waiters.

The meats were placed and carved on the table in ancient style. The vegetables alone were handed; and each course consisted of an equal number of dishes, differently prepared, so that the table was entirely cleared between boiled and stewed, and roast and broiled; between the reign of plum-pudding, mince-pies, jellies, tarts, and custards, and the more ethereal presence of fruits, candies, and fancy cakes, with the crowning ornament of the Calhoun Castle, placed conspicuously in the centre.

Such was the style of the stereotyped Southern dinners of those plenteous days, before the Russian mode prevailed, so conducive to conversation, and the *dolce far niente*; which last, we are told, is in turn so favorable to digestion. "The specimen scrap style," it may be called in many cases, which economists find congenial, and hotel-keepers convenient, but at which beggars and servants no doubt repine.

Carving was no sinecure in those days, and the post of honor was not always the seat of comfort; for it was then considered quite complimentary to ask a guest to dissect a fowl, or carve a roast, — a sort of tribute to his skill in this very gentlemanlike accomplishment.

I remember that Dr. Durand and Mr. de Bonville were both pressed into the service on this occasion; Major Favrand graciously and magnanimously declining the honor vouchsafed him, as a relative, in favor of Mr. Maginnis (a stranger in the gates, who sat on my left, while the kinsman himself occu-

pied the seat at my right hand), on the plea that it would consume every moment of his unoccupied time to attend properly to the wants of the lady he had escorted to the table, which pointed remark, of course, drew all eyes rather merrily in the direction of my plate. Mr. Maginnis had by some irrelevance in the numbers of the guests, as to the difference of sex and his own skilful avoidance of incumbrance, perhaps, managed to straggle in alone; and, being fond of the pleasures of the table, had no doubt secretly felicitated himself on his independent condition and exemption from family duties, when he found himself, publicly and without his own consent, elevated to the honorable distinction of "Dissector of Ducks," by Major Favrand's cool and supercilious announcement.

His face clouded unmistakably, at his summary instalment into a post of honor that he had not tact enough to know how to decline, and which he certainly found no sinecure. The annoyance must have been increased by the impertinent declaration of his persecutor, which I have reason to think reached his ears, that by this act of oppression, he (Major Favrand) had been the means of saving him from a stroke of apoplexy, and therefore had conferred upon him the very greatest favor that one man could have accorded to another; though in his benighted gourmandise, Maginnis was ungrateful enough not to recognize the disinterested benevolence that guided this act of self-sacrifice. "For every one knows," pursued the Major, "how devoted I am to dispensing gratifications, and how little I care about eating; so that my motive is plain. I have this consolation of virtue, at all events."

Captain Wentworth, as an entire stranger, was apprised that Madame Lavigne would accept his escort to the table; and Colonel Lavigne, as had been his custom for years on such occasions, gave his arm to Madame Favrand. The rest were paired off or divided as suited themselves, or as accident would have it. Doctor Durand and Miss Finistere, I remember, sailed in together, the lady in a purple brocade, with a bird-of-paradise feather perched on the very summit of her massive head, — large, stolid-looking, middle-aged, and commonplace, in spite of her long residence abroad at one of the first courts of Europe, — which exile of twenty years had no doubt consigned her to celibacy. Madame de Bonville, a sparkling little brunette, short, plump, and snub-nosed, but with bright eyes, white teeth, and far from being ugly, hung basket-fashion on the arm of long, lank, Mr. Finistere, an old gentleman of a bird-like visage and self-conscious deportment — very aristocratic and patronizing, and possessing only the "one fault" of Talleyrand's female friend, — that of being insufferable.

Messrs. Vernon and Gregory, two young men of very opposite characteristics of manner and appearance, with one of whom we are already slightly acquainted, — both gentlemanly and intelligent, however, — were in charge of Marion and Miss Alice Durand, pleasant and pretty girls, certainly, in the same style of sweet monotony. Mr. de Bonville, a spruce little man, who looked like a jay-bird, crest and all, divided his attentions between his plate

and Mrs. Pomeroy, who required, as he said, only to be fed, wine, and watered. And Miss Lurlie, all flutter and fermentation, was under the especial charge of her pensive "Brebis," as Major Favrand insisted on mis-calling the Count D'Agnaud, giving as his excuse, that the meaning of a name was all one need care for, and that foreign synonyms were puzzling to the brain.

Miss Lurlie and her Count of the Louis Philippe school, (St. Germain's had never had much to do with his blood and breeding evidently,) sat opposite to me and occupied much of my time in spite of the very amusing efforts made by Major Favrand for my entertainment.

My fair *vis-a-vis* was a Southern blonde—a very different affair from her white and red, gold and azure sisters of the North, yet exceeding these in piquancy and variety of expression, as far as she fell behind them in mere brilliancy of coloring. Her sallowness was relieved by a judicious application of the very best Paris rouge. Her long, light ringlets were frizzed into a semblance of vitality, and she managed to keep these in motion almost as incessant as that of a humming-bird, when poised above a flower. She had small, correct features, white teeth, and a bewitching languishing smile; greenish-gray eyes, of singular shape and opaline variety of hue and expression; a slender, oval face; a long, lithe throat; an outstretched, meagre neck, lustrous with pearl-powder and pitifully bare; a shrill and wiry voice; small, thin hands with hooked and pointed fingers, the nails being worn *à la chinoise*, and resembling those of one of the lesser birds of prey; skeleton arms, and, as well as could be seen, an irreproachable figure.

Her dress was of blue satin, relieved by white blonde, exquisitely made and fitting to a fault, it seemed to me, though Major Favrand impertinently declared he had seen the same dress standing up alone in her dressing-room as he passed an hour before dinner, with nothing but the head wanting to represent Miss Lurlie. But her chief attraction, perhaps, still remains untold. Upon her neck, her arms, her brow (this last ornament in the shape of a tiara), she wore diamonds of unusual size and water—representations of her fortune and rank, which never failed to assert both, in the eyes of the many-headed monster she sought to please. She was about twenty-five years of age, but already faded; yet in spite of this and many other drawbacks, she was indisputably a beauty of no common order, and entitled to a lofty place as a successful coquette.

She made the very common mistake of those who speak a foreign language indifferently, when thrown with foreigners conversant with their own, and insisted on speaking "French" to the Comte D'Agnaud, who perversely replied in English, his effort at the vernacular being the more successful of the two.

"Why will she try to be incomprehensible?" said Major Favrand, gravely; "he understands her English, her French is a mystery to the poor man. See how puzzled he looks every now and then, and how fiercely she gesticulates

by way of explanation. I pity them both inexpressibly. They are at cross-questions, evidently."

At last Miss Lurlie made an idiomatic error, so absurd and sudden that I could not forbear smiling as it reached my ear, and looking up I saw the eyes of the Count fastened on my face, with the eager, wistful expression of a hungry child.

"You speak Franche, Mademoiselle?" he asked impulsively, across the table, leaning forward as he spoke.

I bowed in confirmation of the accusation, adding, —

"With an English accent, however, I fear."

"Ah, no! I am sure you speak my language perfectly. It is such refreshment to me to know that any one near me can do this. I am afraid I am cause of much trouble to Miss Lurlie, who is indefatigable to speak with me in my own tongue. You will assist her, Mademoiselle, I know, you have such benevolent smile! After dinner-time we will try for a conversation."

"Yes; I have no doubt Miss Harz is a finished French scholar," said Miss Lurlie, snappishly; "she had a motive in studying languages which, unfortunately, I never had," drawing herself up arrogantly. "Do you speak Italian also, Miss Harz? German?" with half-closed eyes and a condescending air, — "Spanish — Portuguese?"

"No, I read the first with pleasure to myself. Of the last I know nothing, not even the German character."

"Yet yours is a German-Jew name it seems to me!" — superciliously.

"And yours a maritime one, 'very ancient and fish-like,'" I rejoined, carelessly laughing as I spoke. "Undine has cousins of your name, probably."

"You amaze me! I thought mine a very aristocratic name, not commercial at all. And who was Undine? To what do you allude? Pray satisfy my impatience."

"The Lurlie of German story is a sort of mermaid or siren, I believe. You know this, of course, however conversant as you are with literature."

"Pardon me, if I am still incredulous!" — with a haughty but embarrassed bow that stirred my blood.

"I refer you to legendary lore for all further information," I rejoined, "and to Shakspeare for my quotation. I do not stake my veracity on this matter at all. It is open to investigation. 'Where ignorance is bliss,' you know! I need not finish the quotation, of course; it is trite and hackneyed, if apt."

Turning to Major Favrand a moment later, I saw from the merry twinkle of his eye that he had heard and enjoyed our pass-at-arms — he alone I believe. Mr. Maginnis was far too much absorbed in his plate to be drawn aside by trifles; and others too much occupied with one another. But here comes a revelation, I am almost ashamed to make, of the very feminine yet wholly inexcusable revenge I wreaked this time on my mermaidish adversary. I, for a season, deliberately deprived her of her own legitimate,

imported beau! Not that I inspired him with a violent passion, or wished to do so; I simply interested and amused him, which she did not, and the grateful creature clung to me spasmodically. He was intensely egotistical, as was Miss Lurlie herself, so it may be imagined how dreary were their *entretiens*! In me he found a listener capable of understanding his French tirades (chiefly composed of quotations from Eugene Sue, which he was always obliged to render into English for her benefit and comprehension), and able to reply in his own language, whenever such reciprocity was deemed necessary or advisable. Without an effort I held the Comte D'Agnaud in chains for three days of extreme ennui to myself, and mortal anguish to the deserted Lurlie, who tried in vain to call Captain Wentworth to her rescue, and failing him, one of the aids, or even the despised "indigenous." Neither of these gentlemen chose to serve as makeshifts for her coquettish needs, however, or to wear her chameleon colors, so that the poor Lurlie needed only a harp to personate her forsaken prototype.

None enjoyed my victory like Major Favrand, whose aversion to Miss Lurlie was extreme and unaccountable. But I grew heartily ashamed of the whole proceeding, when I caught by mere accident, one evening, the eyes of Captain Wentworth fixed upon me in grave and sorrowful surprise, and even displeasure. From that moment the zest of the drama was over. I saw my conduct in its true light, and loosed the chains of the pet Gallic lambkin on the spot. He accused me of caprice, I understood, but the end of it was, before many hours, he gambolled back to his injured Lurlie, penitent and disappointed, yet forgiven; and the little interlude was at an end.

And now let us "return to our Moutons"—paradoxically enough in this case—by leaving one of them with whom we have wandered too far already from the scene of action and pleasant pasture ground. A well-spread dinner-table, surrounded by a variety of guests, young and old, grave and gay; rather quiet just now, for every one is startled, when, fitting his eye-glass to his nose so as to ascertain her exact position with regard to his own, quite a remote one, and thrusting his head forward like a wild goose before a storm, Mr. Finistere, the ex-minister of Austria, addresses his daughter loudly by name,—

"Adelgitha, my dear, can you tell me the exact day on which his Majesty presented me with my snuff-box? Mrs. de Bonville is desirous to know, and the date escapes my memory."

"You will find it engraved on the inside of your snuffbox-lid, papa," in clear, sonorous accents; "but it is of no consequence at all, it seems to me," dryly.

"Oh! permit me to differ with you, my dear Miss Finistere," expostulated Mrs. de Bonville, looking archly around the decanters at the distant and dignified Adelgitha, with whom she was placed in line, and clasping her small, plump hands with real or affected enthusiasm; "it is of the greatest consequence to Mr. Finistere's friends to know all that concerns so very

gratifying an incident, which is reflected, of course, on his countrymen, and even women, I flatter myself. Am I not right, Colonel Lavigne?"

The low response escaped my ear. But a sudden and instantly recognized, though smothered, peal of laughter smote upon it, that made my blood tingle to my fingers' ends. It was Bertie, at the side-table, who had been lying in ambush for her occasion. It had come; and for this delinquent I was responsible.

"What will she do next?" I thought with terror. But Madge had the good feeling or tact to cover up her rudeness with some well-timed remark or allusion to the extremely humorous sallies of young Mr. Duganne, one of the fortunate "indigenous," who shared the freedom and fun of the side-table, as well as the dainties of the central board, and was an object of envy to Captain Wentworth's aides, laboring, for the nonce, under no slight constraint.

Marion and Miss Durand were pinks of propriety, certainly, and full of maidenly sweetness; but they had by no means the power of putting people at their ease by making them forget their own identity, that belonged to Madge by nature, or the variety of mood that made Bertie irresistibly interesting in spite of her many imperfections.

The conversation of that dinner-table, like most such, would be little worth recording. Some snatches thereof, that reached my ear either at the moment or by subsequent report, may give an idea of its general purport, or the "conglomerated whole," as Major Favrand said, when gazing with an air of ineffable disgust, not unmingled with curiosity and pity, into the plate of Mr. Maginnis.

It is chiefly from pencillings of his own, which I am, however, by no means willing to indorse, that the table-talk of "Lesdernier" is preserved for posterity. He called it "Gossypiana,"* in compliment, as he averred, not only to the chief staple of that region, but the tone of the conversation, and begged that I would insert it in my diary as a memorial of Beausein-court. Written in his own clear, yet cramped chirography, I find it there, and venture to add it to my more truthful report, giving it for what it is worth, and as such let it pass, scribbled off, as it was, in a moment of impulsive merriment.

Specimens of Table-Talk, from the Note-Book of a Nullifier.

SCENE FIRST.

MISS LURLIE AND COUNT D'AGNAUD.

Miss Lurlie (rolling her eyes like the automaton chess-player when about to make a move). — "Robert Le Diable! Oh, the most angelic thing! vous avez raisong, mong chair compte! The ghost-scene in the churchyard impresses me as the most picturesque affair I ever beheld. Then the dancing

* The cotton-plant is *Gossypium*, botanically.

of the dead nuns—truly exquisite—and such an unexpected stroke of genius: ‘si natural! tout a fait enchantant, n’est ce pas?’”

M. Le Comte. — “Ah, oui, ma chere Demoiselle; but I prefer so much the ‘Frere Diavola!’ It stirs my martial blood. ‘Sang de Charlemagne!’ Den ze ‘Gentle Zittella,’” murmuring low, and plucking at an imaginary guitar in the air, “vat incomparable sweetness — légèreté! Don’t you zink?”

Miss Lurlie. — “La Dame Blanche. Que c’est tendre — que c’est jolie! cet air surtout,” murmuring low, with a voice like a bird organ; “La Dame Blanche. La Dame Blanche vous attend!” at the same time casting an irresistible glance at her “Brebis.”

M. Le Comte. — “Ah, Mademoiselle, you have de finest taste, sans doute, I have yet made encounter vis in America; both in art and de magical effect of de toilette! Que vous c’est ravissante ce soir — Quelle toilette incomparable. What splendor!” with an air of studied tenderness.

Miss Lurlie. — “Ah! mes diamons sans doute,” casting down her large gooseberry eyes coquettishly, then glancing at him out of their corners, archly.

M. Le Comte. — “Non, Mademoiselle; c’est l’étincelle des beaux yeux!” (aside) “de votre cassette.”

Major Favrand, across the way, innocently whistles low, the popular air of “All in my eye, Betty Martin,” adding (after glancing at his neighbor’s plate, a duty he never loses sight of for one moment) — “Don’t you take rice with your Gumbo, Miss Harz? All the orthodox do,” (helping her as he adds,) “the rice-crop is a failure this year. Glad of it, for my part. Poor negroes will rest. Besides that, tired of playing Chinese merchant, for the sake of a little filthy dross.”

Miss Harz. — “‘Cast your bread upon the waters,’ was said apropos of rice, so Missionary Judson tells us in his interesting memoirs, and your remark, Major Favrand, is an elucidation of the idea. You will reap gratitude, no doubt, a better harvest than rice, if not so merchantable.”

Major Favrand. — “Gratitude! I have heard of that plant before, Miss Harz, but have never met with it. Is it edible? If so, please to instruct me how to prepare it, as you say it is better than rice, which I consider a very good sort of background in the way of food.”

Miss Harz. — “I see you are determined to wear your cap and bells to-day. Well, jingle away, so that you do it merrily and ‘con amore;’ I am devoted to foolishness — the real Simon Pure, I mean, not your deadly, lively folly like —”

Major Favrand (interrupting her). — “Old Finistere’s! Why don’t that man’s guardian-angels take better care of him and keep him from absurdities? Or perhaps he is tired out, as somebody says. Who was it, Miss Harz?”

Miss Harz (pragmatically). — “Charles Lamb, I believe. I am astonished at your desultory style of quotation, Major Favrand. You never get anything straight or perfect.”

Major Favrand. — “‘Speak of the devil!’ you know — Hearken! old Finistere is at it again. ‘Still harping on my’ snuff-box, as Shakspeare says. There! I got it right this time, Miss Harz. I shall get the gold medal at your examination yet. But we are losing oracles. Attention, pray!”

General Finistere. — “I cannot be certain as to the very hour, Mrs. de Bonville, but I presume I am right in alleging that it was between the hours of eleven and twelve on that never-to-be-forgotten day. It was raining too, I distinctly remember, for my coachman handed me his umbrella as I descended slowly from my carriage at the Imperial Port cochere.”

Madame de Bonville (with enthusiasm). — “How ominous that must have seemed to you! Raining? But I hope you reached his Imperial Majesty’s presence dry?”

General Finistere (literally). — “Yes, very dry, my dear madame. But the best of good liquors were always standing on the beaufet in the ante-chamber, and I refreshed myself, I assure you, before entering the Imperial presence.”

Madame de Bonville (nothing staggered by this literalism). — “How your loyal heart must have beat as you approached the Imperial Ruler, seated aloft on his throne like Solomon! What robes had he on? Do describe them, General Finistere. I declare the very idea of royalty agitates me strangely. I am so anti-democratic! Did he wear his crown?” fanning herself violently.

General Finistere. — “No, my dear madame, only his toupee and dressing-gown of pink brocade. You ladies have such strange, exalted ideas of royalty. The Emperor was not so widely different from any other man as you might suppose. He was not unlike,” hesitating for a moment for a comparison, then suddenly finding one, “my friend Colonel Lavigne here.”

Madame de Bonville (eying Colonel Lavigne with strange reverence). — “Indeed!” She inclines her head before him profoundly.

Colonel Lavigne (interested suddenly). — “Describe the interview, my dear General; I always hear you relate it with fresh interest — though for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time! It was truly thrilling!”

Change of Scene.

Miss Marion Lavigne. — “Olives, indeed! No, I can’t endure them, nor ‘fox-grass’ pies — nor ‘patty Perigogs’ either, as our maid Sylphy calls those foreign dainties!”

Mr. Gregory (declaiming loftily, from association of ideas as he helps himself to olives), —

“On Calpe’s olive-covered steep,
On India’s citron-covered isles.”

Miss Durand (timidly, aside). — “How grand! he must be an actor or poet in disguise. T. H. Bailey himself, perhaps, or who knows, N. P. Willis in disguise, possibly.”

Miss Lavigne. — "To return to our subject, Mr. Gregory. Can it be true, that the poor geese who furnish the material for these uneatable pâtés are really subjected to the torture of slow fires for such a purpose? It seems almost incredible to me; such inhumanity!"

Mr. Gregory (sentimentally). — "Alas! too true, I fear, compassionate lady; but it must be confessed these are not the only geese" (laying his hand on his breast with a tender air) "who are subjected to such an ordeal. The torture is by no means confined to the feathered tribes, I assure you;" — with a significant and reproachful glance and deferential bend of the head scarcely to be mistaken.

Miss Lavigne (whispering to Miss Durand). — "What *can* he mean? Do enlighten me, Alice, if possible. I cannot understand his allusions, I confess. He deals in mysteries."

Miss Durand. — "Nor I; something classical, no doubt. He seems a very well informed and compassionate man, for a Yankee. Let us change the subject."

Madame Favrand. — "Yes, Cousin Prosper, we are tired of everything. *Toujours perdrix*, you know. We live chiefly on bread-fruit and fresh tamarinds just now. Our Mangosteens are not ripe yet — I am not fastidious, however, — I eat an ortolan or a gold-fish occasionally!"

Colonel Lavigne (sympathizingly). — "Flying-fish are better. I will send you some when I next go out — bear-hunting." He is a little absent to-day, evidently, and the conversation terminates abruptly in consequence.

Doctor Durand (enthusiastically). — "I assure you, my dear Miss Finistere, he bore the operation bravely — never winced once — though I took off a toe at a time before amputating the whole foot, just to try his nerve. I shall always believe hereafter in his boasted Indian lineage. The experiment was satisfactory."

Miss Finistere. — "I always thought he had the 'air noble.' The blood of 'Wotchy Tochee,' is our best aristocracy. And in spite of his habits, I shall claim him as a kinsman, from this time forth, as our friend Colonel Lavigne remarks with great originality, '*noblesse oblige*' — I have avoided him hitherto, I confess."

Doctor Durand. — "I forgot to say he died under the amputation, a martyr to the noble cause of science."

Miss Finistere. — "Ah! that changes matters! You see what my intention was, nevertheless. I shall make it my affair to set it forth in his epitaph. A great relief, however, his death, temporally speaking. Cross-bones and tomahawks! Don't you think that will be best as his tomb-stone crest?"

Doctor Durand (with his mouth full). — "These terrapins are delicious; try some. Yes, yes, cross-bones and tomahawks, by all means, and scalps too, if you like. He deserves, as far as lineage goes, almost any token of con-

sideration. By the by, it is funny how these egg-plants ever get back in their skins again — so much better than they went out of them!”

Miss Finistere (loftily). — “I will send you the receipt as soon as I go home. It is almost the same as that for stuffed crabs. You seem to understand that proceeding, however. (It is a pity some men’s brains can’t undergo the same process, without injury to life. — *Aside.*) People of one idea I detest.”

Madame Lavigne (plaintively to Captain Wentworth, who seems so far to be a mere looker-on in Vienna). — “I have succeeded at last in getting a souffl  t-dish of silver, and teaching my cook, Candice, how to make them. I hope the Count will find this well prepared. I believe no Frenchman of high rank ever dines without souffl  ts. By the by, what *gaiet   de c  ur* all foreigners seem to have.” (A novel and striking remark this, it must be confessed!)

Captain Wentworth. — “And *gaiet  s d’estomac* — as well! I have often marvelled at the powers of assimilation displayed by the French noblesse. One third of the food that goes to bone and skin, apparently in their case, would cause a Republican to explode into a hundred bloody fragments! The fact is, my dear madame,” in a confidential whisper, “dyspepsia is the skeleton in our American closet. It grins at us from every crevice, it sits with us at every feast, like the far-famed mummy of Egypt. I think I see it now,” tragically raising his hand and pointing forward.

Madame Lavigne (starting, with a little shriek). — “Where, Captain Wentworth?”

Answer not intelligible, nor important if it were. Wentworth falls back in reverie.

Mrs. Durand (in answer to Mr. Maginnis, his remark being unfortunately lost to fame). — “Excellent certainly! But I prefer Gopher gumbo decidedly. It won’t do to say so, however, to ears polite.”

Mr. Maginnis (gruffly). — “No, what would Mrs. Grundy say?”

Mrs. Durand. — “Mrs. Grundy! I am not acquainted with the lady you allude to. Pray, where does she reside?”

Mr. Maginnis (chuckling). — “Oh, pretty much everywhere.”

Mrs. Pomeroy (arousing herself suddenly, like the Prophetess in Gray’s descent of Odin, and unclosing her lips to speak). — “Mrs. Grundy, did you say? Oh, we knew her very well abroad, Lily and I. She lives in Nashville, Tennessee, and her husband is a Congressman, or storekeeper, I don’t know which.”

Mr. Maginnis (grunting). — “Both perhaps, madame — both — the thing is not impossible at all, in a land like this. But we refer to different persons.” Indulging here in an unaccountable guffaw. After which he lapses into silence and his plate again, and reverses the operation of stuffing ducks.

Mr. de Bonville (shrilly across the table to Major Favrand, who starts, as

if a pistol had been fired in his ear). — “Yes, sir! we make five bales to the acre this year, and even that is an unusual yield for the uplands. Well! calculate that at seven cents a pound, and you have the results of our labors, hauling over bad roads included. You rice-planters fare far better, even if you lose a crop occasionally. Besides that, bagging was never so high, and as to rope, a man would have to hesitate on the score of expense, before venturing to hang himself!” smiling jauntily at this satirical stroke of sudden manufacture.

Mr. Maginnis (taking up the thread of discourse, not thrown to him at all). — “But we cotton brokers are the losers, after all; I assure you no class of men was ever more disinterestedly benevolent and devoted to the planting interest, than the much-abused one I myself belong to. The self-sacrifice of the commission-merchant is something bordering on the sublime. But you know this, of course, gentlemen;” falling to work again.

Major Favrand hums low, the popular air of “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,” as a pleasing exemplification of the idea propounded by the liberal Scotch merchant.

Colonel Lavigne (from the foot of the table to his spouse at the head). — “Louisa, my dear, is this Burgundy of the brand of the ‘Blood of the Huguenots,’ or the ‘Tears of the French exile?’ or rather from which side of the cellar was it procured? I ask for information, wishing to be accurate. There is a wager pending on the subject between Finistere and myself, to be honest with you.”

Madame Lavigne (anxiously). — “I am not sure which. Jura can tell you probably, as he is our butler. I never descend into particulars, or the cellar.”

Colonel Lavigne (majestically). — “Come hither, Jura. From which side of the cellar did you procure this Burgundy? That decides the question.”

Jura (bowing reverentially). — “From de norf side, masta; dat’s de New York side. Dis de las’ red currant wine; de gooseberry on de oder side, long wid de New Burgh champagne.”

Colonel Lavigne (freezingly). — “That will do, Jura. Just as I supposed; you know nothing about the matter. I ought to give such things personal attention. The wager is yours, General Finistere. This is the ‘Exile’s Tears,’ though I thought at first, the ‘Blood of the Huguenots;’ the first wines, gentlemen, made in Burgundy after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantez.”

A low groan, confirmatory of the truth of these remarks, is heard from Bertie at the side-table. Major Favrand is suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing, and Miss Harz pats him on the back compassionately until relieved; after this, general confusion for a time prevails.

Colonel Lavigne (loftily). — “Bring in the punch-bowl, King, and don’t fall into Jura’s errors on the subject of the ingredients for punch. When you have recovered from your distressing paroxysm, Major Favrand, be good

enough to instruct my servant as to the materials requisite for your famous 'Ponche Brulié,' which you proposed to compound for the benefit of my guests on this occasion. Should your experience fail, our friend, Le Comte D'Agnaud, will no doubt be good enough to assist your memory."

Major Favrand, frightened to death at this indirect reprimand, immediately issues his orders in the most clear and rapid manner to King, M. Le Comte nodding approval at every item. — "Bring me the punch-bowl, King. The Green Seal Champagne, Absinthe, Schneider Schnapps, Cognac brandy, Noyau and Curaçoa cordials, decoction of green tea, essence of bitter almonds, sugar and lemons; don't forget one article, or the punch will be a failure."

"Yet Monsieur le Majeur Favrand have forget vun, of vich I beg leave most humbly to recommend a leetle drop," says the Count D'Agnaud, rubbing his fishy-looking hands together.

Major Favrand (benignly). — "Suggest it if you please, Monsieur Le Comte; it is never too late to learn."

"Watair! von leetle vine-glass-full, dat is vat de recipe calls for, if I mistake not."

The company, at this witticism, falls off into convulsions of merriment, during which Major Favrand sneaks under the table, and Miss Harz is obliged, in default, to prepare the punch from memory; the Count kindling it, as he has frequently done rivers before, with the fire of his own brilliant imagination.

These specimens of Major Favrand's local wit and vigilance must suffice, — and no doubt have long since sufficed, — yet as indications of character, they were not without some merit. One slight additional incident drawn from my own experience, and we will dismiss our Southern dinner to take its place with other departed festivals and ghosts of feasts.

When the "Ponche Brulié," compounded by Major Favrand, and pretty nearly of the ingredients he enumerated, set on fire at the last and burned for some minutes before being partaken of, had been tasted and declared delicious by all present, he arose from the central seat he occupied, after receiving an expressive glance from Madame Lavigne, and, not without much pomp of circumstance and real solemnity of manner, prepared to cut the celebrated Calhoun Cake, which had been made the theme of Sylphy's story, and the exterior of which she had described with considerable accuracy.

Major Favrand was evidently in earnest now; indeed, his eager and concentrated looks surprised me, on what seemed to me so unimportant an occasion. I did not know at that time what a bitter and uncompromising partisan he was, nor read, beneath his frivolous exterior, the resolution and desperation of his character whenever its peculiarities were excited, more especially when its political depths were stirred. All this was reserved for later discovery.

When a large section of the cake had been divided by the high-priest of the occasion, turning up as black an interior, beneath its snowy surface, as ever did Illinois mould to the furrow of the plough, and lying temptingly afterwards in its fruity richness in the silver basket which Jura solemnly tendered for its reception, preparatory to handing it around the table, as a sort of transubstantiation article of faith, Colonel Lavigne called on every guest to fill a bumper for the toast he was about to offer.

There was profound silence, while King was engaged in handing around the various wines in requisition for the pledge, until after every glass was filled. Then simultaneously, as in a church, and with a slight rustling of silken garments, the whole company rose to its feet, following the example of Colonel Lavigne, who with extended glass and uplifted, fervent face, as if about to offer prayer to the Most High, and in accents so clear and sonorous as to be highly impressive, pledged, —

“John C. Calhoun, as man, patriot, statesman — noblest, wisest, best!”

I was lifting my glass mechanically to my lips with the rest, when my eye was arrested by the stern and even stony expression of Captain Wentworth's face. He stood with his hand pressed firmly over the mouth of his level glass, the Calhoun Cake lying untouched on his plate, his eyes directed coldly forward on space, his whole appearance frozen and abstracted. Vernon and Gregory, I learned later, had followed his example, and involuntarily I put down my own glass untasted, more from amazement than any wish to imitate what I did not comprehend.

A moment later, the meaning of this mute by-play flashed suddenly over my mind. It was treasonable to drink that toast, in the eyes of all but partisans, and legitimate to refuse it. Nor was it to be expected that loyal thinkers should be swept in and merged in local opinions, merely because of accidental minority.

On these grounds I was glad that I had forborne to join in the pledge; and yet, I felt equally desirous that no offence might be given or taken by such a course, certainly enforced by the conduct of Colonel Lavigne himself, who, as host, should have considered the feelings of every one present, individually.

Allegiance, instinctive and strong, I had indeed felt from the first, to the South, such as seemed to have arisen from some former, forgotten life-stream, imbibed perhaps from her own breast. Such at least was the suggestion of fancy, though in sober reality I found that I could offer no better reason than temperament, which made it no difficult matter for me to embrace readily her habits and institutions. This new phase of feeling I had not anticipated, however; nor indeed, until that day, had I given the recent political question that had agitated our land, much consideration.

I saw from that moment, as with a prophetic glance, what I still believe to be inevitable, future dissension, if not direful dissolution. I saw, too, that

as a patriotic citizen of the United States, no man or woman could conscientiously confirm the sectional sentiments prevailing in the region in which I then found myself. To do this, was to encourage family dissensions, already at work in the body politic,—it was to prefer courtesy to principle.

After the Calhoun toast had been drunk with enthusiasm, a few others were proposed, in all of which Captain Wentworth and his aides joined heartily. But I chose to leave my wine untasted on each occasion, though probably unobserved in every succeeding demonstration, as I hoped the first had been.

"Our Navy"—"Our Engineering Corps"—"Our Corps Diplomatic," were all pledged in succession; and finally, as we rose to leave the table, "The Ladies, God bless them!" was offered by Major Favrand, and drank with enthusiasm, by the gentlemen, standing.

It was not long, however, before most of them followed us to the drawing-room, where Miss Lurlie was already wailing in the most approved operatic and mermaidish fashion, accompanied by her Count, who, in accordance with the habits of his country, rose from table with the ladies, and who sang like a cultivated—tree-frog, there being neither variety nor melody in his monotonous chanting. His attitude on such occasions was, however, both imposing and conventional. He stood with his *chapeau bras*, pressed tightly to his shirt-bosom, with one open jewelled hand; his head thrown back—his eyes half closed—his mouth distorted by an agonizing smile, supporting himself with his disengaged hand on the piano or the back of a chair—his whole position suggestive of gargling for a sore throat, under almost insuperable difficulties.

After this melodramatic exhibition was over, simpler music succeeded. "Alice Gray, The Miller's Daughter," "Kelvin Grove," "Here's a health to thee, Mary," (Barry Cornwall's exquisite song,) then in vogue. Præd's thrilling "Tell him I love him yet," Mrs. Hemans's then popular "O'er the dark-blue ocean," and "Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow," with its grand Beethoven symphony, were each and all called for and approved. I was singing the last, when Captain Wentworth approached the piano, and stood silently listening until the conclusion of that passionate appeal, or song, if such indeed it be; and the few words he uttered were significant of approval and comparison both, though terse and cool.

"What surpasses Beethoven? What equals the vernacular?" adding after a pause, "Well done, Miss Harz," with a significance of eye and accent that gave me room to suspect that his commendation reached over and beyond my music and embraced my "masterly inactivity" on the occasion of the toast, a quality, it may be remembered, he once disputed the existence of in women.

"One song more, if you please, before you rise—one that you rarely sing, something for me to remember as belonging to you exclusively." He spoke in low, intense tones. He bent above me with an expression that commanded

me, and almost unconsciously an old Spanish air, that I had long ceased to sing, rose to my lips, linked with a few careless verses that had come to me I scarce knew whence or how. The words are little worth, without the melody, to which they were singularly suited; yet I give them as they stand, and leave the air to the musical imagination of my reader.

“Gaze not on me with those eyes dark and tender,
Lift from mine aspect their sorrowful splendor;
Between us are lying a grave and a shrine,
Entreat me not, love, with that deep glance of thine!

“Coldly I move where the festal is gleaming,
Walking apart like a sleeper in dreaming,
Rouse me not yet from that vision divine,
Upbraid me not, love, with that sad glance of thine!

“Well have I loved thee; and long have I striven;
To the heart's sources the arrow is driven,
Yet to the last—give the cold world no sign,
Betray me not, love, with that dark glance of thine!”

“Beautiful!” said Major Favrand, applauding noiselessly with a paper-cutter and feather fan; “strange I never heard that before, with all that I do hear in that line! I believe you improvised it, Miss Harz.”

“No, no indeed! I did no such thing; I would not have you think so.” I felt myself flushing and growing confused, and Major Favrand might have turned away much flattered, had not his attention been distracted, at the very nick of time, by a summons from Madge across the room, who wanted to consult him about getting up a charade.

“And equally strange that I, who hear so little in that line, should have somewhere in the dim kingdom of the long-ago heard that air,” said Captain Wentworth, musingly. “But the words, the mere words are yours, I am sure of it. Tell me about that song.”

“The air was one I had often heard my poor mamma sing—I never had the music. The words came of their own accord, I believe. There, that is all I know about that song. Are you satisfied?”

“You are a poet then?”

“Oh, no, the merest rhymers.”

“A passionate one at least. Those words seemed heartfelt.”

“Scarcely,” I smiled, “unless indeed the imagination may be said to have a heart of its own as well as the affections,—a kind of brain-heart. Do you understand that?”

“Not clearly; I, you know, am a very practical person, not up to clairvoyance, but really fond of poetry in my way. Show me some of yours, won't you?”

“Yes, if you desire; I make no mystery of anything I do in that line; but if you expect to be entertained or interested, you will be much disappointed.”

"When shall I see your poems?"

"I will give you one within a few days, that occurs to me at this moment as bearing singularly on that first conversation of ours in the library. Yet it was written months ago. It is a mere allegory."

"Dealing in generalities, then. You keep me standing in the vestibule, while you affect confidence."

"Have I not told you I made no mystery of my petty gift? It is no more, I assure you, and I shall have a very poor opinion of your taste, if you admire anything I have written."

"My vanity condemns me to be censorious in that case. Now that is hard!"

"No, I will not brook censure, nor discussion of any kind; so that if I give you my poem, it is to be a sealed book between us forevermore."

"To hear is to obey; but you know you reduce me to mere cipherage by such a sentence. You have already pronounced me critical or nothing."

"Ah! it is better to be nothing than critical sometimes. But I must leave you; I have an engagement with Madame Favrand. She wants to hear me talk, she says — how flattering! That is what purchasers always say about parrots before they buy them, you know."

"The Major has been describing you, no doubt, in his enthusiastic way. But I will not longer detain you from that enchanting woman."

He withdrew quietly, and a few moments later I found myself near Madame Favrand. I was charmed by the grace and sweetness of her manners, and the chosen beauty of her expressions. Her thoughts did indeed seem pearls, strung on a golden thread. Refinement was visible in every movement, every act, and there was a deprecating sadness in her whole air that affected me very painfully, in addition to what I knew of her ill-starred destiny.

Ill-health had beatified, while it undermined her beauty. Her brow and cheeks were sunken and sallow, but clear as wax; and the blue veins on temples and throat and chin were as distinct as if traced externally. She had the indestructible beauty of feature, however, even in that premature decay, which had dimmed her eye and traced white lines in her smooth, dark hair, and tinged her once exquisite teeth with a faint blueness, like pearls that have been too often washed in fresh water. Patient suffering was traced in every line of her face, in every tone of her low, sweet voice, in every movement of her shadowy hands.

She was the embodiment of gentleness and the guardian angel of her husband, who, but for her restraining influence, would no doubt have plunged into the sea of dissipation.

Even then he was meditating for that tender being a blow as useless as it was cruel. She who was like a flower that one rude shock might crush, and on whose brow approaching doom was written so clearly, that one that ran might read. But so far, his threatened blow was mercifully concealed from her.

It was while we sat together, that Major Favrand, as the result of an hour's scribbling at the centre-table, brought to us the conversational items I have elsewhere recorded, — indeed, nothing but the remonstrances of his wife prevented his handing them about the room for general inspection, so careless was he of consequences.

"It is his way, Miss Harz," she complained; "he caricatures everything. And yet how can one help being amused, wrong as it is to laugh at one's friends and neighbors?" And she glanced at him admiringly.

He took her small, frail hand and pressed it to his lips, bending low to reach it.

"All are not like you," he said, "my peerless pearl; you who respect the feelings of the meanest, and step aside to let the worm crawl by securely."

"Oh, Victor!" drawing her hand away gently, "what will Miss Harz think of us? Such old married people too. She will laugh at such follies. She cannot keep pace with your impulses, being a stranger."

"Miss Harz is an honest-hearted woman, though she has the good fortune to be young and attractive, and can make allowances for earnest affection even if it has its inconvenient and egotistical tides. The truth is, Celia, I am despondent to-night for all my folly. Cowper wrote 'John Gilpin,' you know, in a fit of the blackest blues."

She shook her head mournfully.

"You must not be thinking of that always, my dear, dear love. The expiation has been so perfect;" I heard her say in her low silvery accents. "Miss Harz, you cannot think what a tender conscience Victor has. He ought to be a Catholic."

"What, with Huguenot blood in my veins, Celia? You dream, my love."

He spoke a little sternly, I thought, with averted face.

"Ah! true, true, I had forgotten. I always do about that. But it seems to me a very comforting religion. Don't you think so, Miss Harz?"

"Indeed I do. And yet I would not choose to be a Catholic. I love my liberty too well. I fear I am not very religiously inclined, though I try very hard to love God and do right. But one fails sadly unaided."

"Yes, truly, without the support of a Higher Power, our own resolutions would most often come to nought. Christ is a pillar of strength to the weak and disconsolate," and she sighed deeply, smiling the next moment.

All at once Major Favrand started to his feet, throwing aside, as if it were a mantle he dropped behind him by undoing the clasps, the deep gloom that had oppressed him so visibly during the last half hour.

"The charade is commencing, as I live!" he exclaimed, "and I am not ready for my part of the performance. They have rigged it up in the library, I believe. Follow the stream, ladies, if you wish to see me as a 'high-priest of Venus,' my specialty, some say; *au revoir*;" and kissing the tips of his fingers lightly, and for the nonce forgetting his military carriage, Major Favrand literally bounded away.

"You see how mercurial Victor is, Miss Harz. But let us go; I suppose it will be a pretty sight." And we proceeded together to the theatre of action.

The library, a large room, had been divided by a green baize curtain, and there were seats for a goodly audience. We had not long to wait for the first scene and syllable of the charade, heralded as such by Mr. Gregory, the prompter, disguised in an Oriental costume, as far, at least, as such marked individuality as he possessed could be travestied.

THE FIRST SCENE

represented a group of young girls dressed in the Greek costume, bearing wreaths of myrtle, which each one held high above her head, so as to present it fully to the audience, while they stood linked in a circle significant of the syllable that commenced the words.

MUSIC.

"Oh! where 's the slave so lowly."

Curtain falls.

SCENE SECOND.

heralded by Mr. Gregory, or the prompter, as an interlude expressive of what was to follow, not of a syllable at all, yet important to the sense of the charade.

MUSIC.

"I'll watch for thee from my lonely bower."

A lonely chamber is represented, in which a taper burns low, beside a couch draped in white. A figure of Cupid fills a niche above it, and a girl dressed in the robes of a priestess, and crowned with myrtle and roses, while she holds a nestling dove to her bosom, stands beside it in a graceful attitude, eager, watchful, expectant.

Beautiful indeed, with her long, white, floating drapery and veil, and pale and perfect face, seemed Marion. Suddenly the roaring of the storm is heard without. She starts, approaches the long window (giving on the gallery, be it remembered, but supposed to overlook the ocean), loosens her dove (a tame, white pigeon very glad to escape), then wildly clasping her hands, rushes after it into the outer darkness.

Curtain falls.

SCENE THIRD.

announced by the prompter as "containing three syllables, and all the gist of the performance."

MUSIC.

"Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter,"

and the song of Ariel, in three voices, slightly altered for the occasion,

"Full fathom five thy lover lies."

SCENE THIRD.

Same apartment ; the figure of a young man is seen lying on the white couch surrounded by veiled figures, plunged in grief. A winding-sheet covers his insensible form, revealing alone his head, with his dripping hair, bare feet and arms, the last hanging loosely to the floor. We recognize the delicate and heroic features of Mr. Vernon, who plays the part of "drowned, drowned," to perfection.

Suddenly the priestess returns bearing a cresset in her hand, and shading her eyes as if emerging from storm and darkness. She enters through the window, dishevelled, haggard, agonized—her wreath and veil partly torn away—her hair hanging about her shoulders. She approaches the couch wildly, staggers back, drops the lamp she holds (which gives forth a faint perfume in dying, like burning sandal-wood), raises her hands to heaven, then falls forward fainting at the foot of the couch.

MUSIC.

Curtain falls.

"The dead march in Saul."

SCENE FOURTH [THE END].

A solemn procession of veiled virgins, bearing a bier, covered with white and preceded by the High-Priest of Venus (whom we recognize at a glance as Major Favrand), bearing an oleander branch, which he waves solemnly above the dead. He then pauses and in most expressive pantomime explains to the spectators the manner in which the youthful couple met their fate,—the one by the overwhelming billows, the other by leaping into the sea from her tower. After which, again flourishing his branch, he signifies the word,

OLEANDER.

Here ends the account of the New Year's festivities at Beauseincourt. Here also endeth our farce, and now beginneth our tragedy.

ELIZA ANN DUPUY.

MISS DUPUY, one of the pioneer authors of the South, and perhaps one of the most widely known, is the descendant of that Colonel Dupuy who led the band of Huguenot exiles to the banks of James river. Colonel Dupuy's grave is still exhibited in the old church whose ruins consecrate the ancient site of Jamestown. Her maternal grandfather was Captain Joel Sturdevant, who raised a company at his own expense, and fought gallantly throughout the war of the Revolution. Miss Dupuy is also related by blood to the Watkins family of Virginia. She is thus by birth related to the best and oldest families in the "Old Dominion"—a fact she has never forgotten, but has kept carefully her escutcheon clean in all the vicissitudes of a varied life. One of her best novels is founded on the story of "The Huguenot Exiles;" many of the incidents therein are drawn from family tradition. Miss Dupuy was born in Petersburg, Va. After the death of her father, her family experienced heavy reverses of fortune, and this girl, then a handsome, stately, dark-haired maiden, with a spirit worthy of her lineage, stepped boldly forward to aid in the support of her younger brother and sister. She was competent to teach. She became a governess in the family of Mr. Thomas G. Ellis, of Natchez, where she had charge of the education of his daughter, now known as the author of several books, publishing under the name of "Filia." Miss Dupuy found a pleasant home here, where she was thrown continually into the society of such women as Eleanor and Catherine Ware, and such men as S. S. Prentiss, John Ross, Boyd, and Bingaman. Natchez at that time boasted a brilliant circle of wit and intellect, and the handsome young governess, with her dignified reserve and noble pride, was one of its ornaments. Miss Dupuy began to write very early. While at Natchez she wrote the "Conspirator," and read it aloud to her little circle of friends and admirers. Eleanor Ware and she used to have grand literary symposiums, where they would read their productions to each other and to gentle Mrs. Ellis, who

sympathized warmly in their tastes, and little "Filia" would often hide in a corner to listen. Miss Dupuy was badly treated about one of her novels, which she loaned to Prof. Ingraham, who was then a wild and unprincipled man. He afterward became a man eminent in virtue and religion, and wrote "The Prince of the House of David," etc.; but at this time he was a reckless man, though considered very gifted. He took Miss Dupuy's manuscript and never returned it to her; afterward he worked it up into a book, which he called "Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf."

With some difficulty Miss Dupuy succeeded in getting her "Conspirator" published. It is a story of the conspiracy of Aaron Burr. It was very successful,—over 25,000 copies of this novel have been sold. She now devoted much of her time to writing, and gradually was enabled to give up the irksome confinement of a teacher's life. She taught after this in a "Country Neighborhood," near Natchez, where she wrote her novel of that name. She has written constantly ever since. She was unfortunate in the failure of her publisher and the consequent loss of her copyrights, which would have supplied her now with a handsome income. She has always been wonderfully industrious, a patient worker, and very exacting of herself. She labors usually about four hours every morning, and her MSS. are only corrected when sent to the printer. Her physical health has been firm and vigorous, else she could never have endured such a drain upon her mental powers. She is a tall, large, nobly developed woman, with healthy nerves—*meus sana in corpore sano*. She has always been calm, firm, simple, but reticent in nature and deportment,—a woman everywhere respected and often much beloved. She has preserved her friends through life unchanged. She is a friend in the rainy days of existence as well as in sunshine—immaculate, pure, high-principled and companionable; her features are large and well moulded, Greek in outline; her eyes blue; and her hair, which was very abundant in early womanhood, rippling and satiny, fell in ebon waves, a flood of tresses, below her knee. She wore it usually in a broad, heavy braid around her head, like a diadem, while a multitude of ringlets streamed over her cheeks; the crown of hair a coiffure not unsuited to her large head and stately frame. She moves softly and tranquilly, but decidedly. Her voice is sweet and pleasing in tone, but distinct and clear in its low articulation. Miss Dupuy is the sole support of a brother who is blind from amaurosis, and she herself

now suffers from a weakness of the eyes, which may end in the same disease. She has been engaged for several years past in writing for Bonner's "Ledger." She is bound by contract to furnish Mr. Bonner with a thousand pages annually. She is really a literateur by profession, and an honest and faithful one. In consequence, she improves in her writings. She is faithful to her art. Her recent novel of "The Evil Genius," furnished to the *Ledger*, is regarded by many persons as the best of her numerous writings. It is very difficult to make a selection from such abundant material, and scarcely necessary, as Miss Dupuy's novels are so generally popular.

She resides now at Flemingsburg, Kentucky.

She says, in a letter to a friend, these remarkable words, in answer to a question: "As a Southern woman, I would sooner have thrust my hand in a blazing fire, as the Roman youth did, than have taken a pen in it, to throw discredit on my own people."

None who ever knew her intimately, could conceive of Miss Dupuy's failing in any duty, toward God, or friends, or country.

The following is a list of the novels furnished to the "New York Ledger": "The Lost Deeds," "Mysterious Marriage," "White Terror," "Outlaw's Bride," "Life Curse," "Warning Voice," "Secret Chamber," "Family Secret," "Lady of Ashhurst," "Fatal Error," "Evil Genius," and "The Dead Heart;" and she has published in book-form, — "Merton; a Tale of the Revolution," "The Conspirator," "Emma Walton, or Trials and Triumphs," "The Country Neighborhood," "Celeste, or The Pirate's Daughter," "The Separation," "The Divorce," "The Coquette's Punishment," "Florence, or The Fatal Vow," "The Concealed Treasure," "Ashleigh," "The Planter's Daughter," and "The Huguenot Exiles."

LINDA MUNROE'S STORY.

Here Lenox lost no time in perusing the brief manuscript left by Linda Munroe, which ran as follows:

"Until I attained the age of twenty-five, I believed myself the legitimate daughter of a man of wealth. I was reared amidst the most lavish indulgence, and my father, who was indifferent to everything else, seemed to regard me with pride and affection.

"From my childhood I was betrothed to the son of a neighboring planter, and the attachment I formed for him was so interwoven with the very fibres of my being, that death alone may sever the links that bound me to him. I was fierce, wayward, and unfeminine; he, noble, generous, and considerate. I mistook his forbearance toward me for love, but I was terribly undeceived. When he understood that his union with me was looked on by our families as settled, he refused positively to fulfil the contract.

"His friends urged on the marriage, and strong in his resolution to give up everything sooner than his freedom of choice in an affair of such importance to his happiness, he abandoned his home, emigrated to the Southwest, and assumed the control of his own future fate.

"Rage, astonishment, but above all, bitter anguish, seized on me. It was my first disappointment, and God knows it was terrible enough to punish me for the life of idle self-indulgence I had hitherto lived. Words can never paint my sufferings, for I loved George Lenox with that fierce passion with which the lioness regards her young. I could have borne death for his sake, but the idea of another occupying toward him that relation I had long looked on as indubitably my own, filled me with frantic anger.

"My mind was soon made up as to my future course. My father's health was failing very fast, and the dissipation he habitually practised I knew must soon hurry him to the grave. As his only child, I should then become mistress of a large estate, and my first intention was to seek out my recreant lover, insist upon the fulfilment of the engagement he had permitted to deceive me so long, and in the event of his refusal, destroy both him and myself.

"Several years passed away, and still the old man lingered, while his unnatural child watched his wasting strength with fierce impatience. I did not make any efforts to overcome the passion I felt for the absent one. I was resolved that he who had refused me should yet reverse his decision, or become the victim of the woman whose pride he had so deeply outraged.

"At length the hour I regarded as that of my release arrived. My father died suddenly, and I believed myself free to act as I pleased. His body was scarcely consigned to the grave, when I commenced my preparations for departure. I intended to set out at once for New Orleans, where I doubted not I should be able to trace him I desired to find. An agent was placed in charge of my plantation.

"Mine! oh, mockery! — yet, let me not anticipate. The last evening of my intended stay beneath my paternal roof arrived, and wearied with the varied employments of the day, I retired early to rest. I had slept but few moments, when the dashing of a carriage to the door, attended with the bustle of an unexpected arrival, aroused me. I sent a servant down to ascertain who honored me with so late a visit; the answer returned was, that Edward Munroe, the son of my father's only brother, was below, and would

be glad to have an interview with me at as early an hour as possible on the following morning.

"This announcement filled me with amazement and indignation. The two families had been estranged for years, and I knew that my deceased father would have regarded the presence of his nephew beneath his roof as an insult to himself. I arose instantly, dressed myself, and descended to my usual sitting-room, where I found my cousin established as much at his ease as if he had spent his life on the spot. He arose with an air of familiarity, which at once revealed his want of refinement, and offered me his hand. I coldly repulsed it, and asked him to what cause I was indebted for the honor of his visit. He bluntly said, —

"‘The old cove’s dead, Miss Linda, and it is time for his heirs to look about them.’

"‘His heirs!’ I haughtily replied. ‘Who should be his heir but his daughter.’

"‘A—h! did the old fellow leave a will, my pretty cousin? for you are pretty, in spite of —’

"He paused, and regarded me with such an expression as made me grow faint and cold. I rallied, however, and replied, that no will was necessary, as I was undoubtedly entitled to all my father died possessed of.

"‘We shall see to that. No will — then the case is a very plain one.’

"‘I do not understand you,’ I said. ‘Your language is as incomprehensible as your presence is unwelcome beneath this roof. You well know that during the life of my father you would never have dared to enter his house.’

"‘But times are changed, Miss Linda,’ he said, with insolent coolness. ‘The old one’s gone, and a man always has the right to enter his own house.’

"I was nearly speechless with rage at this assertion. Yet there was a confidence in my cousin’s manner of proclaiming his right that frightened me. I answered in such a manner as to arouse his anger, and then, without further preparation, came the appalling revelation he came prepared to prove.

"My father married a feeble and weak-spirited woman, whom he treated with that want of delicacy and tenderness a man of his habits would naturally be destitute of. She was one of the numerous offerings at the shrine of necessity; she was poor, and imagined that in obtaining a home and wealth, contentment at least would be secured. Too late she found her mistake, and the few years she lived sufficed to prove to her that a life of labor would have been far preferable to the one she embraced. She died in the fourth year of their union, a victim, it was said, to a broken heart. On her death-bed she found means to make a well-attested revelation, which was conveyed at once to my uncle. By him it was sedulously kept from the knowledge of my father, lest a will in my favor should defeat his son’s accession to the coveted wealth of his brother.

"Mrs. Munroe stated that her only child — a daughter — had perished

when only a few hours old ; the infant of a quadroon slave was then brought to her, and she was commanded by her husband to receive it in place of the one which had just died. She resisted, but was forced to comply ; the dead infant was carried to the cabin of the slave and buried as her own. My father himself was the sole agent of this fraud, and thus was I established in all the rights of the daughter of his wife.

"So far from being, as I had supposed, the heiress to my father's wealth, the appalling conviction was forced on me that I was, in reality, a slave myself, and dependent on the mercy of this man, who so coldly revealed to me the actual position in which I stood.

"Stunned, overpowered by my sudden fall, I overwhelmed my cousin with bitter maledictions, and ended the scene by falling into violent hysteric spasms. When I recovered the power of thought, I reviewed my position ; my uncle was dead, his son was the only child, and to him was confined the knowledge of the stigma that rested on me. If I could rid myself of him, I was safe.

"In my desperate resolve to be revenged on the man I loved, I had made the subtle effects of different poisons my study. There was an old Spaniard living near my father's plantation, who had the reputation of a necromancer ; and the country people for many miles around consulted him as to the events of the future. I sought out this old creature. I know not by what arts he did so, but he read my soul as if it had been laid bare before him. From him I obtained a subtle powder, which, if inhaled in small quantities, will produce a species of apoplexy ; the dose could then be increased, so as to destroy the victim, apparently in the most natural manner.

"My resolution was soon taken to use it on my cousin without delay, and to give him such a potion as would produce instant death. I requested him to visit me in my sick-room ; apologized for my violent language on the preceding evening, and begged that he would not remember it to my disadvantage.

"He seated himself beside the bed, and bluntly replied, —

"'Oh ! I only looked on it all as the overflowing of a woman's spite ; and really it *is* a great change for you now. I have been thinking it over in my mind, and I have concluded that as you have always looked on yourself as the owner of everything here, and I do not want to be mean, I will give you your free papers, and two hundred dollars a year. Won't that be liberal, now ?'

"I could have strangled him where he sat, but I repressed my feelings, and thanked him for his kindness. It was the spring of the year, and by my orders a magnolia bud had been brought in to me. It lay upon the bed, looking so pure and fair that no one would have dreamed of the deadly agent which lay folded in its leaves. After some further conversation, I carelessly took it up and commented on its beauty.

"As I anticipated, my cousin took it from me, and raised it toward his face. In the act he reeled, dashed it from him, and stood trembling and

white, but unharmed, before me. My heart died within me, for I felt that I was detected. Edward Munroe remained motionless some moments, and then carefully lifting the flower, he said, —

“From childhood I have been peculiarly sensitive toward particular odors; the magnolia, however, has never before so affected me. I believe that this is poisoned. I have read of such things, and should it prove so, I will forget that ties of blood really unite us. I will revoke my promises, and sell you into slavery, so far away that by no possible chance shall we ever meet again.”

“He left the room immediately, and I saw him no more that day. In the evening a note was brought to me, containing the following words:

“‘It is as I suspected; from this hour, consider yourself my slave, for as such I shall treat you. I do not choose to offer you for sale in the neighborhood in which you have been received as an equal, and I have already written to a trader in Charleston, who will purchase you for the New Orleans market. I would recommend you to learn to sew neatly and expeditiously, and you may then be purchased as a seamstress by some wealthy planter. Your destiny shall never be known to those among whom you have been reared.’

“This last assurance was at least some consolation. I knew that I was extremely unpopular among the neighboring families, for my pride, undisciplined temper, and disdain of appearances shocked and offended the prejudices of many. I was convinced in my own mind, however, that if known, this terrible change in my worldly prospects would powerfully appeal to their humanity, and at any price I would be rescued from my cousin’s power. Yet my pride recoiled from the thought of owing anything to those I had often treated with contemptuous coldness: let my fall at least be concealed from those who had known me under such different circumstances.

“I begged for mercy from my kinsman. I humbled myself in vain before him. The attempt I had made on his life convinced him that he would never be safe from my vengeance, unless I were so far removed from him as to render it impossible that I could injure him. By my attempt to poison him, my liberty for years must be forfeited, if I were tried for the offence, and he gave me my choice to bear the odium of my crime, or voluntarily to accept slavery as the alternative. Service as a criminal within prison-walls, or service in the free air of heaven, was all that was left to me.

“In a paroxysm of rage, anger, and despair, I accepted the latter. I had been an unprincipled woman before this event, but this change in my destiny made me a demon. Hatred of every human being reigned in my heart, and in the bitterness of my soul I declared war against the whole race of which I had so lately deemed myself a member; while scorn and loathing, never felt before, awoke within me toward that inferior caste to which I now knew myself to be allied by blood.

“Edward Munroe then informed me that I must hold myself in readiness to accompany him to Charleston. At that point, those who had once known

me would lose all trace of me; and as it was known that I was on the eve of departure from my paternal home, no inquiries would be made.

"I pass over that dreadful journey. I would have made an effort to escape, but I found myself too closely watched to hope for success. When we reached Charleston, my cousin brought me a yellow powder, with which I stained my skin at his command. The trader then came, and, on the condition of being better treated than the remainder of the gang, I was transferred to him at a merely nominal price.

"Pleased with his bargain, he made no inquiries that might have been difficult to answer, and I was at once transferred to the ship which was then ready to sail. In compliance with his engagement, I was not degraded to a level with the other slaves; but however favored, the change was a terrible one to a daughter of luxury and self-indulgence, such as I had been. My sufferings only added bitterness to my temper, and I had left to me but one consolation—I was going where he whom I loved might be found.

"I would seek him out, remove from my skin the yellow stain, resume the station to which I had been reared, and demand justice at his hands. I believed it would be possible to accomplish this, for I had been permitted to retain my wardrobe, and I also possessed a considerable sum of money, together with some valuable jewels. With my original fairness restored, and attired in costly robes, no one would dream of identifying me as a fugitive slave.

"All my inquiries for Lenox proved fruitless; and at length, in sullen despair, I suffered myself to be transferred to a wealthy planter in Mississippi. Mr. Forrester had but one child—a daughter—and from the first hour I beheld her I instinctively hated her. She endeavored to render me contented in my dependent position, but her kindness only served to aggravate my detestation, for it made me feel how far superior she was to what I had ever been in my hour of pride and prosperity.

"Another cause was soon added. A lover came to visit her, and in him I recognized the one I had so long sought. At Braeburn I beheld him her successful wooer, and yet I did not strike her dead at my feet. I only forbore, to deal the blow more securely. My powder I still preserved, and—"

Here the manuscript broke off abruptly, but the reader could well follow her through her subsequent career.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE FROM THE DEAD MAN'S EYE.

One bright morning, toward the close of September, Arden strolled to a nook, a mile above the fall, filled with rocks and water-plants; and he became so absorbed in transferring them to his sketch-book, that time passed

insensibly on. The hours from dawn till eleven he reserved to the claims of his art; the remainder of the day was devoted to other less entrancing labors. It was his usual custom to bring with him a basket containing his frugal breakfast, but this morning he had forgotten it, and toward ten o'clock he discovered that he was very hungry. Reluctantly closing his portfolio, he turned his loitering steps toward the cottage, pausing every few moments to catch some new beauty in the flitting shades of light upon the hill-sides.

Suddenly there was a noise—a trembling of the earth around, and fragments of glass and wood were thrown into the air. One wild glance showed him that the domed roof was blown from the cottage, and, casting down all that impeded his steps, he ran with wild speed toward the scene of the disaster. But he was half a mile distant, and many moments elapsed before he reached the entrance of the cottage. Swiftly passing through the hall, he found the door which separated Carlyle's laboratory room from the body of the house, thrown from its hinges, and with inexpressible anguish he saw his cousin lying amid the wrecks of his apparatus, utterly lifeless. To raise him up, scan his lineaments, and sink down in utter hopelessness, was the work of a moment; for he who had studied every phase of death as an artist, saw its unmistakable impress upon the features of the fallen man. Yet there was an expression of resistance and anguish upon them, which forbade the idea that he had perished from the effects of the explosion.

In his wild agony, Arden called loudly on Carlyle's name; but, alas! on earth he would never more respond to that call. He lifted him up, and placed him upon a large chair; as he did so, he saw, with dilating eyes, that a stream of blood welled slowly from his throat. A brief examination satisfied him that his cousin had not perished from the explosion, but that a sharp weapon had severed the jugular vein at one blow. Then he knew that he had been murdered, and a sickening sense of self-accusation overcame him. He had brought him there, in spite of all the warnings which should have turned him from his purpose. A sudden tremor came over him, and cold drops gathered on his brow; for he remembered that he had lured his kinsman to that lonely spot; he was next heir to property which many thought had been unjustly bestowed upon Carlyle to his own injury; they were alone in the house, and he might be accused of having compassed his death.

He looked wildly around for help. His eyes fell upon the box containing the plates which Carlyle had shown him a short time before. Their conversation flashed upon his mind; and he rushed to his own room, to remove the instrument with which he took daguerreotypes, in the faint hope that he might gain a clue to the murderer, by taking a picture of the eye of the dead man. Those orbs which scarcely yet had begun to glaze in death, might be made to shadow forth the form on which they had last gazed, and thus reveal the dread secret of his tragic fate.

With incredible speed, Arden placed the lens at the proper focus, took the

prepared plate, and adjusted the figure of the dead man. The light from above fell upon the ghastly form, with the life-stream slowly welling over the snowy linen of his shirt-bosom, and he could have cried aloud in the agony of his soul at that fearful sight; but this was no time to give way to emotion; he must to work to save himself from the foulest suspicion that ever darkened the fame of a man. Magnifying the eye to its utmost extent, with trembling hands, he closed the aperture, and awaited the result. Twenty was counted more from the rapid pulsations of his heart, than from any effort of his own, and he removed the plate.

Excited as he was, he submitted the picture to the usual chemical tests with extreme care, though he scarcely hoped for any successful result to the experiment. It was alone suggested by the desperate circumstances in which he was placed, and with feverish doubt he watched the lines as they appeared upon the highly polished surface. To his unbounded amazement, the eye was delineated bold and clear, and upon the surface of the retina was visible a distinctly outlined head! Using a powerful magnifying glass, he saw that it was the face of a young and singularly lovely girl, with heavy braids of hair falling low upon her cheeks. The large eyes were filled with mingled compassion and terror, and the half parted lips expressed the extremity of horror.

Arden gazed in amazement and incredulity, though he held before his eyes the mute evidence of his skill; here was a nearly perfect picture of a creature so lovely that under other circumstances his artist soul would have bowed before her as the realization of his fairest ideal of woman. Could this creature indeed have dealt the fatal blow which deprived his kinsman of life? Could nature create a being so fair, and yet deny those finer impulses which should move one of such perfect mould? But if she had not committed the deed, why was she here, why should her lovely face have been the last object on which the eyes of the dead man rested?

While this scene progressed, Arden was so intensely excited that he was unconscious that others had reached the scene of action, and were watching his movements with intense eagerness. As he first turned the head toward the light, three persons entered the apartment; they uttered exclamations of surprise and horror at the terrible scene which met their view, they gazed with him on the fair image he had so wonderfully obtained, but the pre-occupied artist was unconscious of it all. If they touched him, he shook off their grasp, but gave no heed to them,—when they questioned him, he heard them not. His senses seemed frozen into unconsciousness by the awful shock his nervous system had received. But one idea possessed him: to gain a clue to this mysterious deed, for which he, in all probability, would be held accountable.

"THE PICTURE."

When the first stunning effects of his cousin's death passed away, Arden endeavored to take a calm survey of his unhappy position, and to gather such materials for his defence as might influence the minds of those who were to sit in judgment upon him.

A young lawyer called on him, and offered his services in his behalf, but Arden courteously declined them, believing that he could speak much better in his own defence than an inexperienced tyro. At the request of his uncle, the artist had at one time studied law with the intention of adopting it as his profession; but all his natural tastes were antagonistic to its practice, and he returned with renewed ardor to his first love—his beautiful art; thus, in all probability, giving that offence to Mr. Carlyle which caused him merely to name him in his will as the heir to so insignificant a sum as was scarcely worth claiming.

Arden's knowledge of the law of evidence revealed to him the dangerous position he held, and the small chance of escape which existed. Few cases of circumstantial evidence afforded a stronger array of facts than those which could be brought to bear against him, as presumptive proof of guilt. He reviewed them again and again in the solitude of his prison, until hope died within him, and he felt that all his beautiful dreams, his high aspirations, must end in a felon's doom.

How his soul writhed under this conviction; how earnestly he prayed that light might be thrown upon this mysterious transaction, words may not reveal. He had no friend that he could summon to his side in this crisis of his destiny, for Frederick Carlyle was the only one he had ever claimed; in the distant town in which they had been reared, the eccentric habits of the elder Carlyle, and his aversion to strangers, had prevented both young men from forming such intimacies as are common to their years.

The world judges the unfortunate harshly, and Arden felt that even the most candid mind might be influenced against him by the unfortunate concurrence of circumstances which seemed to fix the crime of the murder upon him. He had been reckless in his resolution to inhabit the cottage; he had probably decoyed his cousin to this secluded spot for the purpose of bringing about the catastrophe which had occurred, in the belief that he would be acquitted through lack of positive evidence against him, and be free to enjoy the fortune so nefariously obtained.

His thoughts revolved in the same circle, always coming back to the same dreary conviction, until he began to fear that his mind would unsettle itself by this monotonous dream of misery. He must occupy himself;—he requested that his painting materials might be brought to him; in his art he would seek solace and temporary forgetfulness; yet the first thing he attempted to paint only brought back more vividly the events of that dreadful morning which had wrecked his youth.

Arden had spent many hours in contemplating the picture obtained in so remarkable a manner, and he now undertook to take a copy from it, as seen through his magnifying glass. The head was certainly beautiful, in spite of the expression of horror which disfigured the features; and the artist gazed for hours upon his own work, as if he sought to gain from the lifeless image the dire secret of her presence at that scene of violence and blood. The longer he gazed, the more impossible it seemed to him that the original could have been guilty of the crime of murder; the face was one of extreme refinement, and every line in it seemed to express pity and horror combined. Yet if she were indeed innocent, how came she there at such a crisis? why was her lovely face the last object on which the eyes of the dead man had consciously rested?

When the picture was completed, he placed it in such a position against the wall that the light fell fully upon it, and in his restless promenades to and fro, for hours every day, his glance ever fell upon her features as he turned in that direction; at first he criticised them, and endeavored to trace in them the traits which would have prompted her to commit the crime of which he stood accused; but day by day the face exerted a stronger fascination over him, until he began to think himself base to impute such evil to a creature so fair; a being thus physically perfect could not be morally degraded. There was an expression of purity and girlish sweetness upon the broad, fair brow, which seemed to contradict the suspicion that evil could be harbored in her nature; and gradually Arden began to feel as if it would be sinning unpardonably against her to bring forward that picture in court, and ask the jury to believe the original guilty of murder.

Calmer reflection, when the enchanting face was not looking down upon him, convinced him that this was madness; the fact of obtaining this likeness was the only thing that stood between himself and destruction; for if the jury refused to believe his story, he knew that his fate was sealed. He placed a curtain before the seductive beauty that seemed to exercise a magnetic power over him, and for days refused to lift it; but he would then return to its contemplation with renewed zest, though he felt that his spirit became each hour more deeply enthralled by its strange loveliness.

In the silence and solitude of his life, his worship of the picture became a monomania with him. He determined to reproduce this charming head with all the effect coloring could give it. Then, he thought, he could more surely recognize the original, should he ever meet with her, than from the shadowy form which seemed to flit and fade away as the polished plate was turned in different lights.

The sculptured features were soon transferred to canvas, and an accurate copy made, so far as the mere outlines went; but the daguerreotype gave no clue to the color of the hair and eyes. Arden painted her with blonde hair and blue eyes, but he was not satisfied with the result; and he made a second copy, to which he gave dark eyes and raven tresses. Whether this came

nearer his own ideal of what the unknown should be, or was really true to the original, there were no means of deciding, but the artist was better satisfied with it, and finished it very carefully. He hung this in the place of the former one; and then a new idea seized him,—he would paint the face with the natural and smiling expression of youth; and *then* it would indeed be worth possessing.

Arden put away all the pictures he had made, and only retaining the ideal image stamped upon his own mind, set to work at once. So rapidly did he proceed, that his brush seemed to wake almost to breathing life a creature of such rare loveliness as must have arrested the gaze of the most careless observer—have caused the coldest heart to acknowledge the fascinating power of transcendent beauty.

The artist grew enamored of his work, and when it was completed, he sprang up, exclaiming with maniac excitement:—

“Eureka! I have her at last! O beautiful being—only less than divine; I take back my accusation against thee! Never was *thy* hand raised against my kinsman’s life. Could those enchanting lips sever to acknowledge the deed, I would not credit the treason they would speak against the angelic nature that must animate thy form.”

His dreary confinement, his wretchedness of mind, had produced their natural result; Arden was in the first stages of a violent brain-fever, and when the jailer came in toward evening, he found him kneeling before the image his own skill had evoked, entreating her to speak to him, to save him from the fearful fate that menaced him; and these entreaties were mingled with ardent protestations of passionate devotion toward herself.

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY was born Rosa Vertner Griffith. Her father, John Griffith, lived near Natchez, was a man of elegant culture, and wrote very pretty little tales and poems, many of his Indian stories having been published in the first-class Annuals, years ago, and several of them highly complimented in England, ("The Fawn's Leap," and "Indian Bride," were quite celebrated.)

Rosa inherits her talents from him; his brother, Wm. T. Griffith, was one of the most eminent lawyers at the bar of Mississippi, in his day. All of the Griffiths are gifted, having graceful manners — were charming people. "Rosa" is a granddaughter of Rev. Dr. James Abercrombie, whose memory is highly revered in Philadelphia, and indeed throughout the United States, as an Episcopal minister. Her mother, who was a Miss Abercrombie, was beautiful and accomplished, but died early, leaving four little children; and it was then that Rosa's maternal aunt, Mrs. Vertner, adopted her, and was all that an own mother could be. Her early childhood was passed at a beautiful country place near Port Gibson, Miss., called "Burlington," and owned by her adopted father. She loved that home as she has never loved another, "for the attachments of imaginative children to localities are stronger than those formed in after-life." Some idea of her attachment to that lovely spot may be formed by the perusal of her beautiful poem, "*My Childhood's Home*." When only ten years of age, she was taken to Kentucky for the purpose of completing her education, and the parting from "Burlington" was her first sorrow. She was educated at the seminary of Bishop Smith, at Lexington, Ky.; was married, at the early age of seventeen, to Claude M. Johnson, a gentleman of elegant fortune.

A friend of Rosa from childhood, says: "Rosa was one of the most beautiful women, physically, that I ever knew; her head and face were perfect as a Greek Hebe. She is large and full, with magnificent bust and arms; eyes, real violet-blue; mouth, exquisite, with the reddest lips; and perfect features; her hair, dark-brown, glossy, curling and

waving over a nobly proportioned brow. She is bright, gay, joyous, and perfectly unaffected in manner, full of fun and even practical jokes, and with the merriest laugh." Such was Rosa the girl.

She is a capital housekeeper, good mother, and was a good wife. She was the mother of six children by Mr. Johnson, two of whom have passed from earth, and has three babies by her last marriage, — "a lovely band," of which the mother is justly proud; and although losing a large fortune by the war, she is very, very happy.

Alexander Jeffrey, Esq., her husband, is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, but has resided in the South for fifteen years, and having married a Southern woman, is now identified with the South.

In 1850, under the signature of "Rosa," she became a contributor to the "Louisville Journal," of which Geo. D. Prentice was editor. A great number of her poems appeared in this journal, although from time to time she contributed to the principal literary journals of the country. In 1857, her poems were published in a volume by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and elicited from the press throughout the country the warmest tributes of praise.

The following pretty complimentary notice of "Poems by Rosa," was written by the lamented hero-poet, Theodore O'Hara:—

"If in the general distribution of blessings, Providence has been impartial, and so bestowed its favors as to equalize the condition of human beings, there are instances in which exceptions seem to occur that utterly overthrow the idea of universal equity. The author of these exquisite lyrical gems furnishes an example in point. Young, beautiful, accomplished, with every enjoyment which health can covet, or admiration afford, or fortune procure, she might have been denied, without injustice, those brilliant gifts which often alleviate the ills of poverty, or light the darkness of misfortune. But Nature, as if to illustrate the munificence of her bounty, and signalize the object of her favor by a prodigality of blessings, has bestowed upon Mrs. Johnson, in addition to great personal beauty, gentleness of disposition, vast fortune, and all the joys of domestic life, the lofty attributes of genius. We have read this volume with the deepest pleasure. There is scarcely a line which does not breathe the inspiration of true poetry. There is no pretension, no straining after effect, no stilted phraseology, seeking in its pompous flow to dignify, by mere word-draping, trivial commonplace impressions, but a genuine outpouring of that exquisite sensibility which gives to the occurrences of daily life the fascination of romance. We have seldom seen developed in a higher degree that subtle power which clothes with a mantle of tenderness and beauty every object which it touches. Memory and imagination mingle

their trophies in the lovely pictures which she paints; and so faultless is the skill with which they are blended, that some of these poems seem an exquisite tissue of interwoven light and shade. The style is easy and glowing, the language chosen with scrupulous taste, — or rather not chosen at all, for it seems to be but an atmosphere of the thoughts which it envelopes, — the imagery is striking and appropriate, and always perfect in its analogies; the sentiment tender and noble, reflecting in beautiful harmony the radiance of intellect with the cheering warmth of true womanly feeling.

“Among the poems which specially excited our admiration we may mention ‘The Sunset City,’ which is one of the most magnificent specimens of descriptive poetry we have ever read. Every line seems to glow with brilliant gems, and over all is thrown a gorgeous emblazonry of fancy which dazzles and deludes the mind by its sparkling splendor. ‘The First Eclipse’ is a poem in blank verse, of greater length and of much higher order. In it, the author conceives and describes the lofty mission of science, its noble elevation above the commoner pursuits of life, its glorious achievements and rewards, although the instrument by which its triumphs were accomplished may pass unnoted from the memory of men. The crowning jewel of the casket is ‘The Frozen Ship.’ This beautiful story exhibits the highest order of poetic merit. The argument is most happily conceived, the surroundings are all grouped with perfect propriety, and the gradual evolution of the denouement is most artistically wrought. The piece abounds in graphic, life-like descriptions, in delicate tenderness of expression and exquisite beauty of sentiment. . . .

“In perusing these poems and contemplating their countless infinity of gems, we lose the power to discriminate in the general and dazzling impression of their brilliancy, like the Chaldee shepherd, who has gazed upon the starry splendors of the firmament till his overpowered vision can distinguish but one unbroken sheen of glory.”

And the following is from a review of the same volume, from another source:—

“The most superficial observer cannot fail to be struck with the author’s exuberance of thought and imagery. In the vitality of her conceptions there are no extravagances either of sense or expression, no strained similitudes, no maudlin raptures. In her choice of subjects and method of treating them, we see everywhere the constitution of the author’s mind. Her favorite themes relate to the beautiful and noble, generally bear the impress of personal experience, and always display her wealth of thought and depth of feeling. Nowhere does she excel in the retrospect of ruined hopes and blighted aspirations, of ideals shattered and trusts betrayed, concerning which, of late, so much has been said and sung. On the contrary, the buoy-

aney of her spirit, her elasticity of temperament, and freshness of feeling, are conspicuous throughout the whole of her verse, and throw a peculiar light and grace over her clear and classic productions. However trite the topic, there is nothing commonplace in her diction, or stereotyped in her manner of treating it. Though many of her pieces display an elaborate and careful finish, her unrepressed vigor of imagination repudiates artificial embellishment, and rejecting the meretricious adornments of poetical diletantism, prefers a concentrated energy of expression, which is never forced and never feeble.

"In emblems of external beauty and truth, 'Rosa' is singularly felicitous. She has an artistic and subtle sympathy with the beautiful in Nature, a pure intelligence of the true mission of Art as its interpreter, together with an elevated purity of taste, which, emanating from her fine instincts, may, perhaps, render some of her pieces too refined to be popular. But in whatever garb she clothes her jewelled fancies, the splendor of her imagination discards the accepted phrases and smooth commonplaces which are too often met with in the pages of elder poets, and which seem to serve no other purpose than to meet the demands of the rhyme.

"With such robustness, yet such susceptibility, such intensity, combined with such mental strength, 'Rosa's' spirited delineations never degenerate into a mere record of inane sentimentalities, or worn-out pathos. She can be emphatic, without becoming turbulent, intense, yet ever calm and healthful, and while her productions everywhere display a rich and varied culture, in all of them we see the mark of spontaneity. Her dominant, impetuous spirit asserts its individuality in each of her glowing effusions, marked as they are by a superb scorn of all meanness, and by the predominating impulses of an ardent, imaginative, high-souled woman. The elegant movement of her verse, marred by no constraint nor artificiality, is a separate excellence which we would not overlook. Her style is adapted to her themes, and varies readily with each of her changing moods. There is about it a captivating abandon which is in happy accordance with her ethereal and playful fancy.

"Not the least characteristic of Rosa's poetry, and one which is eminently distinctive, is its earnestness! She writes it because she must, and from the fount of her inspiration flows a vein of poetry that is never diluted and never exhausted.

"Gifted with a ready and subtle intuition of whatever is exalted, whether in nature or in character, 'Rosa' never displays her genius to better advantage than when the thesis of her poem is the affection growing out of her several relations of wife, mother, and daughter. Upon these themes she has lavished, with the enthusiasm of a true poet, her beautiful and touching imagery, her fervor of feeling, her electric flashes of imagination, her vivid conceptions, and above all, imbued the very passion of poetry with such a stainless purity of moral purpose, that the reader finds himself involuntarily losing sight of the authoress in his admiration of the woman."

In the Spring of 1864, Mrs. Jeffrey published through Sheldon & Co., New York, a novel entitled "Woodburn," of which there were only two editions printed, and which was not seen in the far South, except by few. We acknowledge to a preference for the poems of "Rosa," although "Woodburn" is a valuable contribution to our literature.

(From the "Louisville Journal.")

"WOODBURN: A Novel. — Several weeks ago, in announcing this work as forthcoming, we said:

"Where its scene is laid, or what its plot is, or who is its hero or heroine, are points upon which the public as yet have received no inkling; but those who are acquainted with the genius and taste of the fair authoress must feel assured, that, in respect to the scene and plot, as well as in all other respects, the production will be brimful of charm. Her legion of admirers feel a world of curiosity respecting the work, but no solicitude. They confide implicitly, as they well may, in her rare and beautiful powers."

"We are now able to say that this implicit confidence was not misplaced. It has been nobly justified: Woodburn, in respect to the scene and plot, as well as in all other respects, is indeed brimful of charm. In support of this judgment, we beg to adduce the following notice from the *Hartford Courant*, which is one of many favorable notices that we might cite, and which throws quite as much light on the scene and plot and principal characters, as we think a person who has not read the novel is entitled to receive.

"It is refreshing to meet, in these days of the sensational Braddon-Wood school of fiction, a story possessing so much real ability as "Woodburn." The scenes are, for the most part, laid at the South; and the many fine pictures of its sunny landscapes, with which the book abounds, relieve the intense interest of the story. Most of the characters are drawn with great cleverness, and a few in such clear outlines that we feel assured we have met them in real life. The hero and heroine, Mr. Clifford and Ethel Linton, are fine characters. Both possess the noblest qualities of mind and heart, and the reader will be in love with them from the first. The villain of the story, who bears the harsh-sounding name of Basil Thorn, is a *real* villain. For unmitigated scoundrelism and remorseless hatred it would be hard to match him. His miserable death in the woods is a relief to us. Rachel Thorn, a sort of Becky Sharp, but without Becky's triumphs, is a powerfully drawn character. One of the best personages in the book is the narrator herself, Amy Percy — bright, shrewd, honest — a girl who, disappointed in her first love, does n't believe in breaking her heart therefor. The plot is ably managed, and the secret that hangs about Doctor Foster and the maniac, is so skilfully concealed until the denouement, that it is impossible to guess at it. There is much acuteness displayed in many of the author's reflections and observations. Her style is clear, compact, and animated, and with occa-

sional exuberance reminding us of Miss Prescott. "Woodburn" will add largely to Mrs. Jeffrey's fame, and in the difficult field of fiction-writing she will take high rank."

"This is very high praise, but not too high. It is rather below than above the merits of 'Woodburn.' The fascination of the story is complete. No reader who crosses the threshold will pause short of the recesses which enshrine the mystery. Nor is the style unworthy of the story. On the contrary, the story blazes in the style like a gem in its setting. 'Woodburn' is a success. Considered as a first effort in the field of fiction, it is a brilliant success."

Here is a word-picture of the heroine:—

"Ethel Linton was the most superb beauty I ever saw. At that time past the bloom of early youth, being twenty-five, yet her loveliness had ripened—matured—losing not freshness, yet gaining depth and tenderness of expression, in its growth to full perfection. She was tall and elegantly formed,—a wavy, graceful figure, yet so round, there were no harsh angles there to mar its stately symmetry; fair, very fair, with large, lustrous hazel eyes, into whose clear depths you might gaze long and earnestly, and while gazing, feel as well assured that the soul within was a temple of purity and truth, as in watching the stars, we know those blue steeps which they adorn are boundary-lines to a world of angels. The features were regular, yet not with the severe perfection of a Grecian statue. And it was the ever-changing lights and shades of expression, that constituted Ethel's chief attraction;—the glow, the beam of intellect, the bewitching smiles or laugh of gayety—at times almost childish in its ringing merriment, and then, a shadow of mournfulness flitting over her face, eclipsing its light like wreaths of purple vapor, that sometimes start suddenly across the glory of a summer sky, breaking into shimmering gleams the glow of sunshine on some enchanting landscape, yet shading it so softly, so dreamily, that we know not which to deem most lovely, the living picture bathed in light, or shadowed by its veil of purple cloud. My sister's hair was her crowning beauty. Golden-brown, silky, and abundant, it rippled in shining waves over her white brow, and, braided into a mass at the back of her regal head, shone like a halo—illuminating her whole form."

Here is a beautiful stroke of pathos:—

"Still, Cecil Clare continued to preach—Sunday after Sunday rising up with that white, still face, whose very calmness told a tale of fearful, inward struggle; and once, when the prayers of the congregation were requested for Pearl, (when the fever was at its height,) his voice grew so low and tremulous, we knew that it swept over a well of unshed tears, like the sad wailing wind of Autumn, when through some lone valley it comes, with a sobbing sound, drearily sweeping over deep, still waters."

And here are acute reflections:

"Poor, dear, beautiful Ethel!—if they could only have met before her first miserable marriage! Yet when I suggested this to Cecil Clare the other day, he looked very grave, and said: 'Don't suppose, because events are contrary to what our feeble judgment may deem best, that it is so, or that we could better the order of things by arranging them to suit ourselves; for, by cultivating such thoughts, we put our little mite of earthly wisdom up in opposition to that Almighty One who never has erred and never can err. Had your cousin met Mr. Clifford in her early youth, they might not have been congenial in disposition and temper, as they now appear to be, for she has doubtless been softened and strengthened by early trials; and, though we know nothing of his history, there is a sad, firm, calm look about Mr. Clifford, which indicates that he has borne some heavy weight of sorrow patiently, and met reverse of fortune bravely as a man—resignedly as a Christian. Perhaps they both needed this to make them what they now are, and (if destined for each other) it is far better they never met until now; for God orders all things well. Suppose you, or I, or any other human being, had the government and direction of everything, even on this little globe of ours (to say nothing of the boundless universe) for one day, how would it end? In misery, confusion, and ruin. Let us not then presume, in the weakness of human folly, to doubt the wisdom of God.'"

Mrs. Jeffrey is now contributing novelettes and poems to literary journals, and among others to the "Land we Love." She has written a poem which she thinks possesses more merit than anything she ever wrote, and are her favorite verses. I am pleased to give a few stanzas from "Florence Vale," and hope the poem may shortly be given to the public.

Her residence is still in the pleasant town of Lexington, Ky.

EXTRACTS FROM "FLORENCE VALE."*

I have been blest,—so fully blest—that, basking in the light
Of purple joy—grief was to me like a wild stormy night
To those who sweep silk curtains back, and watch the shut-out gloom
Amid the rosy atmosphere of a luxurious room.

* These extracts are taken at random from the MSS. poem.

I knew that death was in the world, and woe, and bitterness,
But—insolent in happiness—I thought of sorrow less
Than children think of cold, who gaze on painted polar seas
'Mid Syrian roses—'neath the shade of balmy citron-trees.

And when it came—Heaven dealt the blow with an unsparing hand:
I dreamed in Eden; to awake 'mid wastes of burning sand,
Life's dreary waste, which 'neath a load of hate, I've wandered through,
Weary, as 'neath his Saviour's curse, speeds on the "Wandering Jew."

As scattered graves, that dot with gloom the eastern traveller's way,
So grief and pain do sadly mark life's high-road as we stray;
And for that time has Memory raised an altar of regret,
Among the joys, along my path, like golden mile-stones set.

A glorious type of womanhood, whose very waywardness
Beguiled my lips ere they could chide, to smile on her bliss.
A nature with no hidden shoals, but clear as waves that show
To mariners, through crystal deeps, the coral-reefs below!

I hate, aye, loathe, the very thought, that Love's blest name is given
To passions scarce more like to it than Hell is like to Heaven.
By one, the feelings are refined, as streams are purified
In sparry caves, or shining sands, through which they oftentimes glide.

The other is like some foul spring, where (lured by thirst) we drink,
To find a noxious, burning tide, with ashes on its brink,
And lo! it doth pollute the soul, as erst the God-cursed Nile
With waves of blood the sunny lands of Egypt did defile.

And from that time, above the wreck of hopes so bright and blest,
Within my heart revengeful hate upreared his snaky crest,
And on each tender, prayerful thought a foul pollution shed,
Like blood upon a battle-field, staining the daisies red.

LILLA CLARE.

Wearily, drearily, mournfully fair,
By a deep river roves young Lilla Clare
At midnight—oh, why is she wandering there?

Gently the long jetty tresses unfurl
And veil her white bosom with many a curl,
Like dark waters, drifting o'er islands of pearl;

And the fair brow, 'neath their glorious shroud,
Gleams white as yon moon, in his watch-tower proud,
Looking to earth, o'er a rampart of cloud,

From her storm-castle, (whose battlement mars
The wondrous flash from Night's turret of stars,)
Sad, as a victim through dull prison-bars.

Shivering, quivering, plaintively there,
O'er that sweet river, comes wailing the air,
Dying in gusts, like wild shrieks of despair.

And 'neath the frost-tinted grove, where she stood,
Tall, trembling trees dropped their leaves in a flood,
Crimson leaves, dropping like showers of blood,

As if the lightning had cleft with its dart,
One of bright Autumn's full, warm veins apart,
Leaving the rich drops to gush from her heart.

Soon o'er the moon and the stars seem to creep
Huge inky clouds, like the billows that sweep
Where stately armadas go down in the deep.

But the night's darkness, and wind's dismal wail,
Of her who stands shuddering there in the gale
Tell not, whose eyes look so mournful a tale.

Beautiful! frail! while the storm-cannons boom,
Graceful she stands by that river's deep gloom,
Like a parian vase, by a rain-darkened tomb.

Lamps in yon castle a gay throng reveal,
Floods of soft light through its high windows steal,
And on the night wind, hark! music's loud peal!

See! 'tis a bridal, for there, side by side,
Haughty Lord Alfred and fair Effie Clide
Stand to be wedded, in beauty and pride.

Scarcely less bright than the coronal there,
Gleameth the lustre of Effie's soft hair,
And 'neath rare pearls is her bosom *most fair*.

Their hands were united;—the holy man said:
“Can any find cause why they should not be wed?”
And through the halls a deep silence was shed.

Breathless, oppressive! and then loud and clear,
Shrieked a voice loudly, “Oh, let me come near,
Lilla, his wife, I am here, I am here.

“Fearfully, tearfully, blushing with pride,
From the gray chapel, I came forth his bride;
Lord Alfred, *now* dare you wed Effie Clide?

“Secret *our* bridal—ah, weary and sad
My warm heart has grown, once hopeful and glad.”
“Away!” (cried Lord Alfred,) “away, she's mad!”

For lo! in the midst of that company fair,
The rain oozing out from her cloud of black hair,
Cold as a statue, stood young Lilla Clare.

To “her mate” she had flown like a storm-beaten dove,
And found him deserting the ark of her love,
Ah! whither now shall her weary wing rove?

Wretched! forsaken! and yet did he say
“She's mad, away with her,”—they turned to obey,
But she swept past them, and went on her way,

Mournfully, scornfully. Stern man, hast thou
Forgotten her fondness, thine own solemn vow?
Where hast thou driven that proud victim now?

Fair Effie wept, till her perjured lord swore
He never had seen crazy Lilla before,
Then was the priest interrupted no more.

The tempest passed by, and morning did fold
The earth in her vesture of purple and gold,
But in the village the chapel-bell *tolled*.

Dost hear it, Lord Alfred, the haughty and strong,
Where dashed thy gay wedding-pageant along?
Dost mark yonder wond'ring and grief-stricken throng?

Hard by the river, whose eddies seem bright
As dimples adorning a smile of delight,
No voice from its bosom doth tell of *last night*.

Yet on the rocks where the cataracts bound,
In the gray dawn some rude fishermen found
Poor Lilla Clare, broken-hearted and *drowned*.

THE SUNSET CITY.

I saw a strange, beautiful city arise
On an island of light, in the sapphire skies,
When the sun, in his Tyrian drapery drest,
Like a shadow of God, floated down to the West,
A city of clouds! in a moment it grew
On an island of pearl, in an ocean of blue,
And spirits of twilight enticed me to stray
Through these palaces reared from the ruins of day.

In musical murmurs, the soft sunset air,
Like a golden-winged angel, seemed calling me there,
And my fancy sped on, till it found a rare home,
A palace of jasper, with emerald dome,
On a violet strand, by a wide azure flood;
And where this rich city of sunset now stood,
Methought some stray seraph had broken a bar
From the gold gates of Eden and left them ajar.

There were amethyst castles, whose turrets seemed spun
Of fire drawn out from the heart of the sun;
With columns of amber, and fountains of light,
Which threw up vast showers, so changingly bright,
That Hope might have stolen their exquisite sheen
To weave in her girdle of rainbows, I ween,
And arches of glory grew over me there,
As these fountains of sunset shot up through the air.

When I looked from my cloud-pillared palace afar,
I saw Night let fall one vast, tremulous star.
On the calm brow of Even, who then, in return
For the gem on her brow, and the dew in her urn,
Seemed draping the darkness and hiding its gloom,
With the rose-colored curtains which fell from her loom,
All bordered with purple and violet dyes,
Floating out like a fringe from the veil of the skies.

And lo! far away, on the borders of night,
Rose a chain of cloud-mountains, so wondrously bright,
They seemed built from those atoms of splendor that start
Through the depths of the diamond's crystalline heart,
When light with a magical touch has revealed
The treasure of beams in its bosom concealed;
And torrents of azure, all graceful and proud,
Swept noiselessly down from these mountains of cloud.

But the tide of the darkness came on with its flood,
And broke o'er the strand where my frail palace stood;
While far in the distance the moon seemed to lave,
Like a silver-winged swan in night's ebon wave.
And then, like Atlantis, that isle of the blest,
Which in olden time sank 'neath the ocean to rest,
(Which now the blue water in mystery shrouds,)
Dropped down in the darkness, this city of clouds.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

'Mid the deep and stifling sadness, the stillness and the gloom,
That hung a veil of mourning round my dimly lighted room,
I heard a voice at midnight, in strange tones of anguish, say,
"Come near me, dearest mother! Now, my God, O let me pray."

And soft as vesper music, wailing sadly through the air,
In plaintive utterance, then tolled forth his simple evening prayer;
The same sweet hymn his lisping tongue so oft to me had said,
When, but an infant still, he knelt beside his cradle-bed.

Methought the Almighty's love must bless that graceful little vine,
Whose budding tendrils I had taught around His throne to twine,

Methought an angel's gentle hand the silver chime did toll,
That called to prayer each thought within the temple of his soul.

And by the tearful beaming of his eyes I seemed to trace
The spiritual worshippers within that holy place,
As solemn light will sometimes through cathedral windows pour,
And reveal the pale nuns kneeling upon a marble floor.

A radiance seemed to gather o'er his mournful face the while,
Like starlight stealing sadly down a consecrated aisle,
And round his pale, high forehead hung a halo, soft and faint,
As falls from holy tapers on the image of a saint.

And that frail, suffering, patient child, so full of faith divine,
His soul lit up with holiness, — that saint-like boy was mine;
And like the broken chrysalis, my heart was only probed
To see its nursling heavenward spring, in shining vesture robed.

He prayed, — and dumb with anguish did my trembling spirit wait,
Till that low wail had entered at the everlasting gate;
And then I cried, "O Father! throngs of angels dwell with thee,
And he is thine, — but leave him yet a little while with me!

"Two buds has Azrael plucked from out the garden of my love,
And placed them in the living wreath that spans thy throne above;
Twice o'er love's consecrated harp have swept his cold dark wings,
And when I touch it now, alas! there are two broken strings.

"Twice have his strong, sharp arrows pierced the lambs within my fold,
And now in his unerring grasp another shaft behold!"
Two prayers went up at midnight, — and the last so full of woe,
That God did break the arrow set in Azrael's shining bow.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE WIND BLOW.

Oh, I love to hear the wind blow; it makes my heart rejoice
To hear it humming by me, with a plaintive, lulling voice.
I love to watch the sunshine, as it twines within the breeze,
And seems to chant with gladness, flashing gayly through the trees.

When green leaves clasp with murmurs, thrilling murmurs deep and strong,

Like whispered words that lovers breathe, who have been parted long;
'Twas loving thus that severed them, and yet in love they meet,
As leaves, still bending to and fro, the same soft sounds repeat.

I love the wind at morning, when it wakes the honey-bee,
And bears him on to waken all the blossoms on the lea.
As the early breeze sweeps by me, I almost see it pass,
With dew-bespangled vesture, trailing softly through the grass.

I love the wind at noontide; then its warm, low murmurs come,
Like voices of affection, like fond messages from home.
It whispers: "I've been sporting through thy father's soft, gray hair,
And singing like an angel round thy mother's old arm-chair.

"I stirred the holy pages of the Bible as she read,
And shook away a tear-drop which upon the leaf was shed;
But my breath was warm and glowing, and my wing was light and free,
And they loved the Southern wanderer because he came from thee."

I love the wind at evening, — when rich, purple clouds sweep by,
Like mourners, gathering silently to see the daylight die;
When silvery vapors westward, like white-winged eagles, soar,
Or white-sailed vessels floating to a distant golden shore.

I love the wind at midnight, — when it seems to sigh and wail,
And shiver, 'neath its mantle spun of moonbeams cold and pale,
With shadows waving round it, like a wreath of raven hair,
It seems to look upon me, — the solemn midnight air.

The night-wind is a minstrel, who for centuries has sung,
And darkness is the temple where his mighty harp is hung;
'Tis strung with rays of starlight, and I love to hear him sweep
Those mystic chords, till Nature chants an anthem in her sleep.

And when the angry storm-king from his thunder-cavern springs,
To hush the night's low music, and to break her starry strings,
The wind forgets to murmur, and goes shrieking wildly by,
A demon, clad in tempest-robcs torn madly from the sky!

Then his harp is strung with lightning, and he laughs to see it shine,
Hanging high upon the splinters of some riven mountain pine;
Ha! my heart leaps up in wonder, when the tall trees bend and nod,
As if they strove to worship, when the storm-wind sings of God.

IN MEMORIAM.

GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM.

He comes not a victor, yet covered with glory;
 All hail to your hero — though fallen and bound
 By the fetters of death, immortal in story,
 As if he had come to you conquering, crowned!
 Droop low the torn banner of Dixie above him,
 The proud cause he fought for in ruin is lost,
 And the light of his fame, to the many who love him,
 Pales now in remembering how dearly it cost.

Let foes in their malice so ready to strike him,
 Stand silent — he heeds not — his bright course is run,
 Alas! where so few, had the many been like him,
 The lost cause he died for perchance had been won.
 Brief tales of his daring — all noble, half reckless —
 Through battle's dark chaos come drifting from far,
 Insufficient! — as gleams adown space broad and trackless,
 To tell us the splendor of some vanished star!

Love's requiems chant; — let the deep-throated organ
 Sob dirges — behold a dead hero doth come,
 Honor, rest in your midst, for the brave fallen Morgan,
 Rejoice that he pines not, an exile from home.
 Make a grave in the fair land he loved — it is better
 To pierce the proud eagle than break its wild wing!
 The lion to slay than his long limbs to fetter,
 Or hold him in prison, no longer a king!

And where ye infold him make room for another,
 Who offered up youth in its fresh morning pride,
 To mix with the fierce, noontide fame of his brother:
 Both are quenched — give them glory, and rest, side by side.
 A shrine in your hearts, a home 'neath your daisies,
 A page in your story, too bright to be lost!
 May souls so heroic win laurels and praises
 Eternal, beyond where the dark stream is crossed.

LEXINGTON, April 17th, 1868.

AGNES LEONARD.

THIS lady was born in Louisville, Kentucky. She is a daughter of Dr. O. L. Leonard, who was for many years celebrated as a "mathematician." He practised medicine in the city of Louisville for many years; yet desirous of giving his children the best possible educational advantages under his direct supervision, he gave up his practice as a physician, and took charge of the Masonic College, at La Grange, Ky., and was afterwards President of the Henry Female College, at New Castle, Ky. His views concerning education were somewhat peculiar and very original. Agnes was taught *to write before she could read*, and could write a letter at the age of five years, and before she knew a printed letter. She studied Algebra and the elementary principles of Geometry when she was seven years of age, and when she was only thirteen, began to write for the press. Her first article was a short effort at versification, which was published in the Louisville "Journal," and noticed by George D. Prentice, the god-father of so many Southern writers, as follows:

"A young girl, twelve years of age, sends us a piece of poetry, written when she was only ten. Though hardly worthy to be published, it indicates the existence of a bud of genius, which, properly cultivated, will expand into a glorious flower."

Since this *début*, Miss Leonard has written almost constantly, under the *nom de plume* of "Mollie Myrtle," but of late years under her own name. In 1863 a collection of her earlier efforts appeared in book-form, under the title of "Myrtle Blossoms." There was nothing unusual in the volume, the merit being of a negative order. Some of the poems were very good; one critic saying: "These poems are so harmonious, as almost to set themselves to music." "After the Battle!" which I give, is one of the best poems of the volume. Although the writer of these articles is one who advocates no South, North, East, or West, for literature, yet it is too true that sectionality is the

bane of literature in this country. It sounds farciful to say, "that Eastern booksellers will not order books by Southern authors, for no other reason than that the book hails from south of 'Mason and Dixon's line.'" Yet such is true. "The Northern people talk and write as if Southerners were Nazarenes, from whom no good comes," said a lady, who had resided in a Northern city for several years. I heard not long since of a Northern woman, residing near Chicago, of some literary ability, contemplating writing an article "concerning the absurdity of Southern literary pretensions." These remarks may seem "out of place;" yet I think that the facts given best explain the position of Miss Leonard, which I now give in her own words:

"In the beginning of the war, my father's family were for the Union." [During the war Dr. Leonard removed to Chicago, and died there in 1864. Miss Leonard was motherless, and as they had property in Chicago, her destiny seemed cast there.] "In Chicago, I had abundant opportunity to become acquainted with the Northern people. I came hither with a girlish devotion to glorious ideals of Northern men and women, such as I fancied must be the result of Northern advantages. I expected to find social culture combined with the highest intellectual attainment. I anticipated the generosity that belongs to greatness. With my heart loving the South, my mind expected to do all honor to Northern advantages and intellect. I was bitterly disappointed. The taunts and outrages of the North, and the sorrows of my beloved South, bring me a sobbing child to the old home, and henceforth I labor for her honor and glory."

Miss Leonard's mother died when she was a small child, and her father remaining unmarried, and very indulgent, Miss Agnes led a roving, gypsy sort of life, following her own inclinations, and studying persons rather than books.

Miss Leonard contributed to the Chicago "Sunday Times," in 1867, a series of articles, entitled "Men, Women, and Beasts," and also contributed regularly to the "Sunday Tribune" of said city, and is now writing for the Louisville "Sunday Courier." Carleton & Co., of New York, published in 1867 a volume from her pen, entitled "Vanquished," which will be followed by a sequel, under title of "Philip Arion's Wife."

Miss Leonard's *personnel* is thus sketched by the "first writer of our Southern country":

"I can bring her very distinctly before my 'mind's eye,' in her tall and slender grace. She is youthful in appearance and in reality, and possesses

a face almost as perfect as a Greek bas-relief, and full of power and passion, with capabilities both of sweetness and satire. Her conversational powers are brilliant, yet tinged with melancholy, which some might mistake for bitterness. Sensibility and pride are the two distinctive expressions of her features; and like many enthusiasts, she has found the world she lives in but 'Dead-Sea apples' to the taste. In some of her essays there is deeper pathos and keener wit than are to be met with in her pleasing novel, 'Vanquished.' The poem, 'Angel of Sleep,' is full of singular abandon and beauty."

From the numerous flattering notices of "Vanquished," I take pleasure in making extracts from the following candid review that appeared in the "Chicago Tribune":

"'Vanquished' may be considered Miss Leonard's first sustained work, and her real *début* before the literary world at large. It is not a gracious task at any time to criticise the first effort of a *débutante* in any department of art, and it is especially ungracious in literature; but a very candid perusal of 'Vanquished' has convinced us that, while the *début* may not be a success of enthusiasm, it is a success far more pronounced and positive than that achieved by the majority of young writers of fiction, and that she has secured a position with her first book which she may make permanent for the future, by the exercise of the increased skill in construction, and the power of condensation which experience will give to her.

"The story of 'Vanquished,' concisely stated, is the struggle of life,—the conflict which is fought on each individual battle-ground between inclination and duty. The ground-work of the story has been skilfully laid. The characters are introduced in quick succession, and many of them are drawn with a faithfulness and distinctness of outline which stamps them at once as portraits. Her characters all bear the impress of probability, without a trace of the exaggerated, high tragic, and melo-dramatic tone which pertains to most of the heroes and heroines of latter-day fiction. Some of them, such as the cynical Rashton, Dr. Kent, the inquisitive Mr. Bagshaw, and his homely but delightfully domestic wife; Philip Arion, the minister; Bernice Kent, who is the real heroine of the story, and Olive, are complete and harmonious in their portraiture, and never lose their identity. There are others, such as Oswald Kent, Aurelia, his sister, and the Brainards, who are connected with every phase of the story, and yet are very imperfectly sketched. Still others, introduced as accessories, having no relation to the general movement of the story, such as the Murdlains, the Bonnivets, the Mortimer Browns, the Melbournes, and others, are very happy instances of character painting, with a very few touches of the brush. A few illustrations of this will explain what we mean. George Bonnivet was the kind of man that a certain class of women prey upon remorselessly, tormenting the poor fellow to death, and then bestowing any amount of posthumous praise upon the

victim's memory, wearing their widow's weeds complacently, and declaring that 'he was the best of men.' John Meggs, whose standard of perfection was apple-pie, and saw 'apple-pie personified in Miss Leila;' Mr. Lyons, who was 'a mature young man of twenty-five,' or 'a youthfully disposed person of forty, it was doubtful which;' Mrs. Murdlain, without whom 'Murdlain was a cipher; with her, their representation of society was not to be scorned. Mr. Murdlain, minus Mrs. Murdlain, was nothing. Mr. Murdlain, plus Mrs. Murdlain, was the first member of an equation, to be finished with immensity.'

"The movement of the story is kept well in hand, and the real *dénouement*, the relation between Olive and Dr. Rashton, is very skilfully concealed until the proper moment. The most acute reader would hardly suspect the key which is to explain the connection between characters, and the final unfolding of the plot and disposition of the people who have been moving upon the stage. This is one of the principal charms of the book — this utter concealment of *motif*, and its disclosure just at the right time to the reader, without having offered a hint of its nature, or betrayed a clue which might have weakened the interest in the story.

"There is one respect in which 'Vanquished' differs from almost every other work of fiction. We can scarcely recall one written by a young lady, in which the author has not treated us to a very glowing description of scenery, drawn out with painful minuteness, and devoted to 'fine writing;' to personal pictures, in which each picture is limned for us, commencing with the hair and ending with the toes, and in which we get the exact shade of the tresses, the color of the eyes, the length of the nose, and the curve of the lips; and to mysterious toilet accounts, in which we get the color, texture, and material of the lady's or gentleman's wardrobe, as the case may be, with an extra touch of the technicalities of the language of fashion, in the case of a bride or bridegroom. Miss Leonard has had the good sense to omit all this. There is not a single description of scenery in the book. She makes her characters describe themselves by their manners and their conversation, by the oddities and eccentricities which in real life distinguish men and women from each other, and by their actions in public and private. In the majority of cases, she has been very successful, and the result is, people are quite as sharply pictured as if she had given us the nationality of the nose, the cut of the sleeve, or the size of the slipper. Her work is nearly all subjective; a study of characters rather than of faces, of mental struggles, trials, aspirations, ambitions, and motives, rather than of physical surroundings or objective scenes.

"A prominent feature in Miss Leonard's book is her frequent departure from the thread of her story — a straying out as it were from the beaten path into the fields — for the purpose of moralizing. These little dissertations are thoroughly healthy in their tone, often displaying a very keen insight into character, and are logical in treatment, although not always carried out

to their final result, as in some of the conversations between Bernice and Dr. Rashton. But, on the whole, they are terse, aphoristic, and pleasant, and throw her characters into stronger relief. We give a few of them at random.

“‘Pain is an old story. We realize this after a time. We grow to understand by slow degrees that only the inconsiderate are confidential concerning their sorrows. Only the weak have groans extorted from them by the agony of mere heart-ache.’

“‘Your talisman is Tact. Do not forget. You may consider this a platitude, nevertheless it is a truth. After Goodness, a woman’s greatest possession is Tact; then Beauty, then — Intellect. The last is in most cases superfluous in any unusual development. The first two are indispensable. You may be forgiven for being a fool, if you are a graceful one; but you will never be forgiven if you lack Tact.’

“‘Duty is grand, and Religion is glorious, but does not the human heart, steady and pure as it may be, and mounting on love-flights often as it dare, want a human sympathy perfectly indulged to make it healthful.’

“‘We are in the midst of trifles that death may make relics of.’

“‘So with mind. Experience disciplines it so gradually, it develops so silently and imperceptibly, that we do not realize its growth until some bitter experience bursts its calyx, and we marvel at what seems to be its sudden maturity. We say sorrow has matured, whereas sorrow has simply expanded the faded petals that joy would perhaps have kept hidden, but whose growth joy as well as sorrow has assisted.’

“Miss Leonard has an admirable vein of humor, and a very skilful use of the weapons of satire; summed up, ‘Vanquished’ may be pronounced a success. The plot is well constructed; the movement of the story is regular; the *dénouement* is skilfully sprung upon the reader, the characters are drawn from life, and depend for their interest upon their own merits, without the false coloring of improbability, exaggeration, or sensation, which are the prevailing attributes of latter-day fiction; the style is pleasant and sketchy, and an air of refinement pervades the whole book. It has many of the faults which seem to be inseparable from all young writers, but experience will undoubtedly point them out, and suggest the method of curing them. We see no reason why Miss Leonard should not attain a very high position in the literary world.”

Miss Leonard is one of the editresses of *The Sorosis*, a weekly journal published in Chicago, devoted to the interests of woman.

On the 29th of October, 1868, Miss Leonard was married to Dr. S. E. Scanland, formerly of Kentucky.

Her varied accomplishments will adorn the domestic circle, as they have already the social and literary circle.

"FRA DIAVOLO."

"Fra Diavolo," that was the play;
And the night was a glorious night in May.
Stars on her brow, and bloom at her feet,
And the breath of her west winds warm and sweet;
That was without; within, the light
Of dancing eyes and of jewels bright,
And radiant faces, proud and fair,
Outshone the rays of the gaslight's glare,
And a strange, sweet perfume filled the air
From the fragrant flowers I wore in my hair.

Well, there, in a front-row box, were we,
As fond and happy as lovers could be;
And on my libretto he wrote his name,
And under it, "*Chérie, je vous aime*;"
And my brain went round with the maddening play,
And of the 'wilderer joy of that night in May;
While the crimsons glowed in my burning cheek,
As I looked a love that I could not speak.

"Forever and ever, love of mine,
Forever and ever I am thine;
The sun shall fade and the stars shall wane,
And my heart cry out for return in vain;
Yet ever and ever its troth shall be,
Beloved, plighted but to thee."
These were the words, on that night in May,
That were said in the pauses of the play;
These were the words that rang in my heart,
And made themselves of my soul a part.

And I asked in the glow of the joyous hours
"Was there ever a love on earth like ours?"
"Never, O queen of my heart," he replied,
"Never, my beautiful spirit-bride,
Never a feeling so pure and true,
Never a woman so lovely as you."
"Fra Diavolo!" that was the play,
And the night was a glorious night in May;
Three years ago—oh, what an age it seems,
With its roseate hues of vanished dreams!

Three years ago! Ah, the love has fled;
The last red spark of its flame is dead,
And vainly we search each other's face
For the olden charm and the olden grace;
And we think of the past with an icy chill
Which is very unlike the olden thrill,
Which shook our hearts that night in May,
When "Fra Diavolo" was the play.
We are so cold, the past is dead,
And the last red glow of love has fled.

And we smile at the feeling that thrilled us then,
When we see it in other women and men;
And we sigh "*Eh bien!* they must one day learn
How short a time love's red-fires burn."
Ah, yes, we are older and wiser now—
Too wise for the follies of youth, I trow;
Yet, would to Heaven, that night in May,
When "Fra Diavolo" was the play,
And on my libretto you wrote your name,
And under it, "*Chérie, je vous aime!*"
Might come again, to fade no more,
Till I close my eyes on the earthly shore.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

I.

All day long the sun had wandered
Through the slowly-creeping hours,
And at last the stars were shining,
Like some golden-petalled flowers,
Scattered over the azure bosom
Of the glory-haunted night,
Flooding all the sky with grandeur,
Filling all the earth with light.

II.

And the fair moon, 'mid her sweet stars,
With no mists of blinding tears,
Like "a pearl of great price" smiling,
Just as she had smiled for years,

On the young land that had risen
In her beauty and her might,
Like some gorgeous superstructure
Woven in the dreams of night;

III.

With her "cities hung like jewels,"
On her green and peaceful breast,
With her harvest-fields of plenty,
And her quiet homes of rest.
But a change had fallen sadly
O'er the young and beauteous land,
Brothers on a field fought madly,
That once wandered hand-in-hand.

IV.

And the "hearts of distant mountains
Shuddered" with a fearful wonder
As the echoes burst upon them
Of the cannon's awful thunder.
Through the long hours waged the battle,
Till the setting of the sun
Dropped a seal upon the record,
That the day's mad work was done.

V.

Thickly on the trampled grasses
Lay the battle's awful traces,
'Mid the blood-stained clover-blossoms
Lay the stark and ghastly faces,
With no mourners bending downward
O'er a costly funeral-pall,
And the dying daylight softly
With the starlight watched o'er all.

VI.

And where eager, joyous footsteps
Once, perchance, were wont to pass,
Ran a little streamlet, making
One "blue fold in the dark grass;"
And where, from its hidden fountain,
Clear and bright, the brooklet burst,
Two had crawled, and each was bending
O'er to slake his burning thirst.

VII.

Then beneath the solemn starlight
 Of the radiant, jewelled skies,
 Both had turned, and were intently
 Gazing in each other's eyes.
 Both were solemnly forgiving,
 Hushed the pulse of passion's breath—
 Calmed the maddening thirst for battle,
 By the chilling hand of death.

VIII.

Then spake one in bitter anguish,—
 "God have pity on my wife,
 And my children in New Hampshire,
 Orphans from this cruel strife."
 And the other, leaning closer,
 Underneath the solemn sky,
 Bowed his head to hide the moisture
 Gathering in his downcast eye.

IX.

"I've a wife and little daughter,
 'Mid the fragrant Georgia bloom,"—
 Then his cry rang sharper, wilder,—
 "O God, pity all their bloom."
 And the wounded, in their death-hour,
 Talking of the loved ones' woes,
 Nearer drew unto each other,
 Till they were no longer foes.

X.

And the Georgian listened sadly,
 As the other tried to speak,
 While the tears were dropping hotly
 O'er the pallor of his cheek,—
 "How she used to stand and listen,
 Looking o'er the fields for me,
 Waiting till she saw me coming
 'Neath the shadowy old plum-tree.
 Nevermore I'll hear her laughter,
 As she sees me at the gate,
 And beneath the plum-tree shadows
 All in vain for me she'll wait."

XI.

Then the Georgian, speaking softly,
 Said: "A brown-eyed little one
 Used to wait among the roses
 For *me*, when the day was done;
 And amid the early fragrance
 Of those blossoms, fresh and sweet,
 Up and down the old veranda
 I would chase my darling's feet.
 But on earth no more the beauty
 Of her face my eye shall greet,
 Nevermore I'll hear the music
 Of those merry, pattering feet;
 And the solemn starlight falling
 On the far-off Georgia bloom
 Tells no tale unto my darling,
 Of her absent father's doom."

XII.

Through the tears that rose between them,
 Both were trying grief to smother,
 As they clasped each other's fingers,
 Whispering, "*Let's forgive each other.*"

XIII.

When the morning sun was walking
 "Up the gray stairs of the dawn,"
 And the crimson east was flushing
 All the forehead of the morn,
 Pitying skies were looking sadly
 On the "once proud, happy land,"—
 On the Southern and the Northern,
 Holding fast each other's hand:
 Fatherless the golden tresses,
 Watching 'neath the old plum-tree;
 Fatherless the little Georgian,
 Sporting in unconscious glee.

A MOONRISE.

O'er the purple robes of twilight
Trail the shadows long and wide
Of the young night, sweetly solemn
As a love-inspired bride.
Not a star in all the heavens,
Yet afar the fair moon gleams,
Like the sweet, prophetic vision
Of a rapture felt in dreams.

Oh, young moonrise, glad and timid,
Peering through the dark green trees,
All thy splendor seems the glory
Of Hope's wordless ecstasies;
Something in thy tender smiling,
Something in thy azure crown,
Thrills me as I "watch the shadows
Of the great night coming down."

Now an envious cloud has fallen
O'er the splendor of thy face,
Dimmed the sky's bright azure pathway,
Robbed the night of all her grace,
Made her mournful as a young bride,
Sitting, with dishevelled hair,
By the grave-stone of her lover,
With the demon of despair.

Yet, O fair moon, through the dark clouds
Hide thy glowing face from me,
Soon emerging from the shadow,
All thy glory I shall see.
Through the darkness thou wilt struggle
To a prouder Eden height,
Higher up the sky thy beauty
Will be lavished on the night.

Thus with souls, when sorrow folds them
In the shadows of despair,
If they struggle through the darkness,
Reach an Eden height more fair

Than the spot where sorrow found them,
 Blessed angel in disguise,
 Veiling them, that from the darkness,
 Higher they might learn to rise.

Queen of Beauty, smile forever
 On the homage of the night,
 Light the pathway of earth's children,
 To the fadeless shores of light;
 Teach me by the saintly splendor
 Of thy sweet face, pure and fair,
 Onward, upward, e'er to struggle
 Through the cold clouds of despair.

A PRAYER FOR LENT.

[This has been adopted as a part of the Church music, at Evansville, I
 "And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was afterwa
 And when the tempter came to Him, he said, If Thou be the Son of God,
 these stones be made bread."

Prayer and fasting, oh, my Father,
 Nearer let me come to Thee;
 Let the angels whisper ever,
 In my ear, Gethsemane.

Ah, my baffled heart hath fasted
 Till it faints with hungry pain;
 Yet, if Thou wilt feed me, Saviour,
 All my loss I count as gain.

Humbly let me kneel before Thee,
 With affection crucified;
 With my spirit contrite, broken,
 Healed of all its human pride.

Keep my tongue from evil-speaking;
 Keep my ears from foolish praise;
 Keep my heart from Satan's whispers;
 Keep my feet in wisdom's ways.

Thou who seest all my weakness,
 Thou who knowest I am dust,
 Pity me, and keep my treasures
 All untouched by "moth and rust."

When Thou wert a-hungred, Saviour,
 Satan whispered in Thy ear;
 Now unto my human weakness
 He is standing very near.

And when in the cold, blind darkness,
 Cries my hungry heart for bread,
 Close the tempter draws unto me,
 Offers wayside stones instead;

Kingdoms of the world he shows me,—
 Fame, and wealth, and human pride;
 Tempts me to forget the anguish
 Of the holy Crucified;—

Ah, the kingdoms spread before me,
 Royal castles in the air;
 Gleaming turrets full of grandeur;
 Hidden chambers of despair;

Lead me, Father, for I stumble;
 Satan's hand is very near,
 And a broken reed he offers
 While he whispers in my ear;

Bids me know Thou art above me,
 Far beyond my human cry;
 Taunts me with my desolation;
 Bids me curse Thee, Lord, and die.

Close and closer, oh, my Saviour,
 "In the shadow of Thy wing"
 Let my wearied spirit nestle,
 With the peace that Faith can bring.

Ash-Wednesday, 1867.

ANGEL OF SLEEP.

Angel of Sleep! I am weary and worn,
Faint with the burden of life I have borne,
Eager for all that thy presence can bring,
Folding me under thy sheltering wing,
Shutting my eyes to the dull glare and heat,
Closing my ears to the unquiet street,
Taking me out from the bustle and strife,
Giving a death that is sweeter than life.

Angel of Sleep! All the day's work is done;
Weariness surely thy blessing has won;
Nearer, come nearer, thy beautiful wing
Visions of peacefulness ever can bring,
Dreamings that over my worn spirit lie—
Star-glory over a pale moonless sky,
Quietude soothing an overtasked brain,
Hushing the cry of importunate pain.

Angel of Sleep! I am tempted and tried;
Lay your hands over the wounds in my side;
Wounds that are deeper and wider, I ween,
Than any that mortal eyes ever have seen.
I am so weary, too weary to weep;
Come to me, beautiful Angel of Sleep,
Soothe me to slumber, and keep me at rest,
And stifle the heart that beats in my breast.

Angel of Sleep! Success is a dream,
Fame but a bubble on life's rushing stream;
Love is a mirage that beckons afar,
Friendship the gleam of a pale distant star;
Faith a vague rainbow that arches the sky
Over the spot where the storm-ruins lie;
Hope a red torchlight that brightens the way;
Sorrow the measure of life's rainy day.

Fain would I rest, blessed Angel of Sleep;
Rest, though to-morrow I wake but to weep;
Rest while my heart in my bosom I smother,
Knowing one day is like unto another,

Seeing no change in the long years that creep,
Shadow-like over the Future's Great Deep;
Shadows of vessels with gayly-filled deck,
Barques that the breakers are ready to wreck.

Over and over the story is told;
Told to the youthful and proved by the old,
Burden and sorrow, and bustle and strife,
Hope and despair the sad story of life;
Yet oh, my beautiful Angel of Sleep,
Over my spirit your loving watch keep;
Wave your white wings that the tempest may cease,
And slumber give unto my weariness peace.

"CAT-WOMEN."

A large majority of women are cats. There are cat-women and kitten-women.

The different varieties of each form separate and distinct classes, all of which, however, are distinguished by characteristics pre-eminently feline.

It is not by the form of the head, neither by the shape of the face, that we are enabled to recognize the species; but by a peculiar expression that defies description, yet, once seen, can never be forgotten—an expression with a dozen different meanings, or rather shades and suggestions of meanings, that require to be seen to be appreciated.

The mouth and nose of the cat-woman are non-committal. It is her eyes that reveal her nature. Watch them, and they will tell the whole story in language that cannot be misunderstood.

First, there is the sheathed glance, where the lid droops gracefully, half concealing and half revealing the eye, into which steals a velvety softness,—a nestling, loving, trusting, coaxing expression,—that is suggestive of a well-disposed *purr* by the fireside.

Then there is the sudden gleam and flash, that is quick as a spring and sharp as a scratch.

Again, there is distrust; a look with which the woman seems to retreat, and yet to watch you as a cat might from a corner, to see whether you meant to drive her from the room, or let her remain.

The cat-woman is always a lady. Graceful, watchful, and gifted with marvellous tact, she is at once elegant, refined, and attractive.

Her knowledge of human nature is wonderful. Her organ of agreeableness is an excrescence; and, with velvet-shod feet, she walks into your affec-

tions whether you will or not. She cajoles, and flatters, and teases, and wins you by a thousand pretty, graceful, kittenish gambols, that pass the power of language to describe.

She knows just how to influence you. She enters into your mood readily, and can be sweetly solemn and tender as a kitten curled up on the sofa during prayers; or playful, and mischievous, and fun-loving, as the case may be.

The cat-woman is not aggressive, yet not lacking in a certain dignity that repels imposition.

Woe unto him, who, deceived by her amiability, ventures too far, and leaves her no opening for honorable escape. A cat will retreat, if she may; but cornered, she will scratch. And herein is an epitome on the woman's character. She will not enter into a conflict with you, unless from the necessity of the case; and when she does array herself against you, it is with no flourish of trumpets, neither with anything calculated to alarm you. She disarms you by her persuasiveness. Metaphorically, she crouches. It is her apparent helplessness that deceives you. She is amiable, and submissive, and coaxing, until she can gracefully and suddenly, and apparently without premeditation, wound and scar you.

He is a wise man who does not drive a cat into a corner, and force her to fight. As he has shown her no mercy, he may rest assured that she will show him none. And as she is so much more wary and watchful than it is possible for him to be, he has nothing to gain in so unequal a contest.

There are few persons that the cat-woman trusts; few that she does not watch and keep at a distance, and noiselessly scratch, if need be.

The kitten-woman is always a flirt. At her first introduction, she amuses you, — with a sprightly little gallopade, — a running, springing, leaping style of conversation, that is like nothing so much as a series of pretty kittenish gambols.

She utters mischievous little sarcasms in a tone that thrills you with its caressing — as a kitten might playfully lay its bare teeth on your hand, and nibble at your fingers, with a pretence of fight and a reality of fun. She stretches her claw out full-length, in a merry little satire, at your expense; but she does n't scratch; for, before you have had time to feel the claw, she sheathes it with a droop of her languid eyes, and in a tone that says, "I love you. I am only teasing to hide how much I love you."

Yet she does n't love you. She is simply kindly disposed towards you, and would like a flirtation *pour passer le temps*. *Monsieur, s'il vous plait!*

It will not be of the slightest use for you to decline flirting; for, if you won't flirt, then you must suffer. If you are so heartless as to refuse a romp purely for her amusement, then you must do it for love of her. The romp she must have, and it is for you to say whether you shall pretend, or whether you shall suffer.

Endure her whims, her advances and retreats, her outspread claw that does n't scratch, the playful taps of her velvet paw, the mad, merry leaps of

her versatile fancy; become enamored with her grace and beauty; lean your weary, world-worn cheek against her downy forehead; adore, entreat, hope, despair, and suffer the live agonies of suspense, by turns, if you will; for this is the programme, from which nothing can save you but a clear comprehension of the person's nature with whom you deal.

Mademoiselle would be amused. She would witness your antics, your writhings, your contortions, your laughable grimaces, and your utter subjection. When she has wearied of your performances; when you have given her your whole heart, shown her its jewels of trust, laden her with its gems of affection, and satiated her with an excess of adoration, she will pet you kindly with her downy paw, express the hope that you and she may "at least always be good friends," and then walk off quietly to another victim.

Foolish, foolish man; why was it necessary to suffer in order to amuse her? Why could you not have affected the love, and the submissiveness, and the agony, without feeling any of it? Thus you might have tested her sincerity! Thus you might have learned whether she loved, or if she merely fancied you!

You do not deserve it, yet I will initiate you into one secret concerning the feminine heart. I will give you one test, the proper use of which will spare you much pain. After you have received sufficient encouragement from a lady to warrant expectation upon your part, test her by counterfeiting an intensity of devotion. Make her believe that you are wholly in her power, and mark the effect.

If she is a kitten, she will weary of you instantly. After the excitement of wooing you is passed, and you are unmistakably hers, she will become satiated, snub you, and eventually leave you. Behold, then, the advantages of hypocrisy! Since you do not really love her, you do not suffer from her desertion.

Kitten-women thrive upon romps, *i. e.*, *excitement*; and the man who understands keeping them excited — the man who can make life an exciting chase, a tireless romp — can make a kitten-woman happy, and retain her love; but woe unto him if he give her an excess of affection that will render him stupid. He must beware how his adoration numbs his faculties, and paralyzes his energies, so that he fails to comprehend when she wants to romp, and show her teeth, and stretch out her claws, and when she is disposed to lie curled up on his knee.

Sometimes she will want to be affectionate, and will mew, and purr, and creep up noiselessly to your side. Woe unto you, then, if you are not gentle, and caressing, and affectionate! Woe unto you if you thrust your awkward, inconsiderate finger between her teeth! She will not nibble playfully, — she will bite fiercely, for her pride will be wounded that you did not comprehend her tenderness.

When a woman's love is not genuine, — not earnest and true, and the one passion of her life, — she has great contempt for a man who is easily won.

To retain a kitten-woman's love, you must first convince her of your superiority, and then minister to her love of excitement by judiciously keeping her in suspense. Show her a vast amount of devotion. Give her rare glimpses of capacity for an affection passing the power of language to describe; yet have the air of being a trifle doubtful as to whether she is capable of eliciting so much; yet, *prenez-garde*, Monsieur. This is a dangerous *role*, unless you understand it, yourself and her, perfectly.

She is a wayward, teasing, capricious, yet, after all, loving and attentive creature, and requires a clear eye and a steady nerve to manage her. She will never weary you with tameness,—never satiate you with sameness. She will keep you awake, alive, and aglow with the excitement and variety of her gambols; but you cannot enjoy the privilege of witnessing those gambols, and having that soft, velvety pressure of hers for life, unless you understand how to minister to her craving for excitement.

You must not irritate her too much. Yet you may pique her and pet her by turns. You may make her realize her own insignificance without seeming to do so; and, while she is smarting with the consciousness, you may reassure her with a recital of her own perfections. For she has many good qualities, and understands how to display them. She makes use of every opportunity to improve her graceful tastes, and forms a striking contrast to the heavy-eyed, cow-women, and timid rat-women, and stupid sheep-women that surround her.

She is always *la belle*, and is admired and adored accordingly.

The grave, the gay, the wise, the silly, the prudent, and the reckless, are alike victims to her wondrous versatility. She does not inspire lukewarm emotions, platonic attachments, that culminate in wedding-cards with another name than her own thereon.

Not she! Her victims express their feelings in no milder forms than duelling and insane attempts at suicide.

They yield themselves up unreservedly to "fine frenzies," and indulge in the "wild and reckless dissipation" of indicting frantic notes at midnight, in which their blighted affections are mentioned quite incidentally with their "last will and testament."

They grow pale as a pastime, and appear suddenly on street-corners and in unexpected places with the cheerfulness of spectral illusions.

They cultivate dishevelled locks; strong coffee, and a "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" expression of countenance, indicative of severe emotion.

They go to the Opera to see *Ernani*, take a conspicuous box, and grind their teeth with ecstasy as they contemplate the deliciousness of revenge.

They write kitten a ferocious note next morning, severely italicised, in which they assure her that nothing would give them more pleasure than to sound the death-note of any atrocious *Ernani* who dared claim her as his bride. They vouchsafe the gratifying information that, while their love is a fierce, consuming, and altogether overpowering passion, their hatred is a

cruel SCORN! — a something *implacable* as the grave, and *uncompromising* as death!!

The effect of this upon the merry, mischievous kitten, is to make her a little frightened, a little excited, and a great deal amused. Besides, she is not totally devoid of feeling. She is not a blood-thirsty tigress; not cruel, but merely a thoughtless, fun-loving kitten, who wanted a merry-go-mad romp, and never dreamed of anything so serious as suicide, or so awful as italics!!

Sequence: Kitten writes Jones, or Brown, a scratching, galloping little note, beginning "*Cher ami*," and proceeding with a helpless, musical little mew, that *Monsieur* could have been so naughty as to frighten her by anything so vehement as his last note; and she is "too much agitated" to write, but wants to see him before the coroner holds an inquest over his mutilated remains, and wants him to call the next evening; and closes with the assurance that she does not know her own heart, it is so wayward and perverse a thing; but, at all events, she is *truly* and *sincerely* Jones's devoted friend.

Suicide is at a discount after Jones peruses that note, and he does not shuffle off the mortal coil so much as he had at first intended.

On the contrary, he "gets himself up" laboriously, calls to see kitten, finds her alone and demure, with a pretty affectation of exhaustion after a severe fright.

She does n't gambol nor romp. She has been "injured" by being threatened so severely, and will not relent until she has bound Jones over to keep the peace for the remainder of his natural existence. Jones is penitent. He will die with her, or live without her; or *vice versa*, just as she pleases. She declines giving Jones anything definite just yet.

Jones takes suspense as "a steady diet," and grows thin accordingly.

Somebody says, however, that "Love is like the toothache, and does not last forever."

There comes a time when Jones is convalescent. The disease has run its course, and he begins to recover. The favorable symptoms are sarcastic remarks concerning women. Jones expresses his private opinion publicly, to the effect that love is a humbug, and defies creation to produce a woman worthy of *his* consideration.

He knows the sex! "Bah! A heartless, eschewing, mercenary set, without three grains of sense," etc., etc.

Perhaps some woman will entrap *him* into paying her milliner bills? *Ah, sans doute!* Jones is severely satirical, and devotes himself to billiards and tobacco, as if they, too, were sworn enemies of the weaker sex!

Jones endeavors to make for himself the reputation of being invulnerable to feminine wiles, and glories in the belief that he has attained it.

There are three paths, or rather three destinies, for Jones; and according to his organization will he choose.

He may become a morose, cynical, money-making old bachelor, with a perpetual flavor of sour grapes in all that he says and does; or he may adopt

flirting as a profession, and inflict with compound interest the pangs he has suffered upon the feminine community at large; or, if he be a wise, and sensible, and prudent Jones, he will allow his heart to beat as quickly as possible, and, with increased experience, choose some true, loving little woman, who will understand that it is the most generous who are oftenest deceived, and adore him all the more for his disappointment, and be willing to spend her life in the effort to make him forget his former suffering, and be happy according as he has been miserable.

Kittens are pretty, and sprightly, and graceful; but, if you may not possess one, pray be sensible, and content yourself with some other animal. Besides, why torture yourself thinking of the velvety paw? Cure your infatuation by remembering sometimes the claw that is under the velvet.

SALLIE M. BRYAN.

A SOUTHERN critic and poet, doubtless desiring to be considered as one on whom the "mantle of genius" of E. A. POE has fallen, in a series of "critical nibbles," placed Alice Carey HIGH among the "lady poets" of America, saying: "Alice Carey has written more *good* poetry than any lady in America," — continuing:

"There is but one Southern poetess who can be compared to Alice Carey, and that one is Sallie M. Bryan. Miss Bryan is the more imaginative — Miss Carey the *more touching* of the two. The former is passionate . . ."

He concludes by naming Miss Bryan as one whose name will live as long as there shall exist a record of American letters.

We agree with this "critic" in his estimate of Sallie M. Bryan, although we differ from him entirely otherwise, particularly in his estimate of Miss Carey — believing Miss Bryan to equal Miss Carey, and in many ways her superior.

Sarah Morgan Bryan was born two or three miles from Lexington, Ky., August 11th, 1836. Her grandfather, Morgan Bryan, was one of the pioneers of the State, and the founder of Bryan's Station, well known in the early Indian struggles. Her family was related to Daniel Boone. Her mother (who is represented to have been a lovely and beautiful woman) having died while she was a child less than eight years old, she lived with her aunt, Mrs. Annie Boone, at New Castle, Ky., and received her education principally at the Henry Female College, long a favorite Southern institution at that place. While yet a very young girl, she interested many who knew her with a poetic gift which in one so young seemed marvellous. Her first published poem was contributed without her knowledge by one of her cousins to a newspaper at Galveston, Texas, and she was afterwards prevailed on to allow her girlish writings to appear in the *Louisville Journal*, from whose columns they gained a wide circulation and popular recognition, especially throughout the South. The late Fitz

Greene Halleck was one of the first to notice and admire her poetic genius, and having been pleased with one of her earlier poems in the *New York Ledger*, he took pains to make inquiry and learn her address; he then wrote her a note, which is so pleasantly characteristic and so brief that it may not be improper now to make it public.

Guilford, Conn., —, 1858.

DEAR LADY: No doubt you often receive letters requesting your own autograph. May I reverse the medal and ask you to accept the autograph of one who admires exceedingly your — [the name of the poem]. I remain, dear lady, your obedient servant,

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

In June, 1861, Miss Bryan was married to Mr. John James Piatt, a poet of "exceedingly great promise," and resided with her husband in Washington City until last year ('67). In 1864, Mr. Piatt published a small volume at New York, entitled "Nests at Washington, and Other Poems," which included some of the later poems of Mrs. Piatt. But since her marriage she has written comparatively little, only an occasional poem by her having been published, during the year or two past, in the "Galaxy," "Our Young Folks," and one or two other periodicals. Her later poems are generally very artistic, brief, and delicately turned, with a sort of under-current dramatic element in them often, as the reader will observe in "The Fancy Ball," "My Ghost," etc.

Mrs. Piatt's home is now in Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROEM.

TO THE WORLD.

Sweet World, if you will hear me now:
 I may not own a sounding lyre,
 And wear my name upon my brow
 Like some great jewel full of fire.

But let me, singing, sit apart,
 In tender quiet with a few,
 And keep my fame upon my heart,
 A little blush-rose wet with dew.

HEARING THE BATTLE. — JULY 21, 1861.

One day in the dreamy Summer,
On the sabbath hills, from afar
We heard the solemn echoes
Of the first fierce words of war.

Ah, tell me, thou veiled Watcher
Of the storm and the calm to come,
How long by the sun or shadow
Till these noises again are dumb.

And soon in a hush and glimmer
We thought of the dark, strange fight,
Whose close in a ghastly quiet
Lay dim in the beautiful night.

Then we talk'd of coldness and pallor,
And of things with blinded eyes
That stared at the golden stillness
Of the moon in those lighted skies;

And of souls, at morning wrestling
In the dust with passion and moan,
So far away at evening
In the silence of worlds unknown.

But a delicate wind beside us
Was rustling the dusky hours,
As it gathered the dewy odors
Of the snowy jessamine-flowers.

And I gave you a spray of the blossoms,
And said: "I shall never know
How the hearts in the land are breaking,
My dearest, unless you go."

A LEGEND OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

There's an enchanted palace in the earth,
 And poets, who have dreamed there, say 'tis worth
 Their wreaths of laurel, and of love, to stand
 Within this subterranean fairy-land.

The moss-grown portal of this magic cave
 Will mind the shuddering fancy of the grave;
 For like a type of death itself, the air,
 Cold, cold, and dark and silent hovers there;
 But when the dreary threshold has been past,
 The scene beyond, strange, splendid, calm and vast,
 Startles the spirit's gaze, as it were given
 For an imperfect metaphor of Heaven.

And here, to break consumption's ghastly spell,
 A sweet young stranger, erewhile, came to dwell.
 His dark cheeks wore the tropic blood's warm dyes,
 The tropic fire flashed in his dusky eyes,
 And pictured there by Memory's faithful art,
 The tropic world was glowing in his heart.

"This air is haunted, yet I do not fear,
 The Phantom of the South has long been here,
 Mocking my faded cheek and tearful eyes
 With sunny light o'erflowing wide blue skies;
 Gold prints half-hid in perfumed orange-groves,
 And radiant birds that rain the blessed loves
 Of their wild hearts, in gushing, music-showers,
 O'er wind-kissed roses and magnolia-flowers.
 But—there's another Phantom here to-day—
 And I must follow it—away—*away*."

He rose with weary languor to explore
 This maze of mystic loveliness once more,
 This place, whose still, bewildering beauty seems
 The scenery of a lotus-eater's dreams.
 White roses, lilies, which nor fade nor change,
 Whose silent bells hang delicate and strange,
 Were there in charmed wreaths, and as he pass'd,
 The kiss he gave them trembled like the last.

He reached a lake, o'er which perchance there floats
 The rosy sail of fairy pleasure-boats,
 And bent above it, while these mournful words
 Swell'd from his heaving bosom's breaking chords :

"There is a voice in Echo River,
 A voice I never heard till now;
 More faintly do my heart-strings quiver,
 More fiercely burn my brain and brow,
 And faster come the memories flying
 From the sweet forest of my birth,
 For I—O God! must die—am dying—
 An exile from the glad, green earth.
 They brought me buds and flowers last even,
 And told me it was summer there—
 Summer on stream and vale and heaven,
 And summer in the sunny air.

"Home of my childhood, where my mother
 Taught me to lisp Our Father's name;
 Woods, in whose shade my dark-eyed brother
 Told me his poet-dreams of fame;
 He wears a wreath—but ere he'd given
 The laurel's price—a broken heart—
 Thank God, the amaranth blooms of heaven
 Were twined for him by angel-art.
 And bower, where in the twilight's closes
 The dreamy music used to swell
 From my guitar, among the roses—
 And thou, sweet cave—farewell—*farewell*."

His friends came near. Half breathless, pale, amazed,
 Each at the other in mute terror gazed:
 "Yes—he is dying," one found voice to say,
 But gasped the words, and shuddering turned away.
 "Ha! Death?" the other muttered in affright,
 "That giant victor—he whose awful might,
 Even on the broad bright earth, the bravest fear,
 O God of Heaven! I cannot see him *here*."
 And so they fled, those coward-things. . . .

"They're gone,
 And I am left to wrestle with—alone—
 That which they thought too dread to look upon."

Then, suddenly his wandering mind flew far:
 "Alas, or Southern bird, or breeze or star,
 Are things for me to envy now," he said.
 "For she, the early-loved, the early dead,
 Sleeps where these sing and smile, but I no more
 May weep above thy hushed heart—*Leonore!*"

He ceased, enchanted, for there glided by
A shape that wore the glory of the sky
Around the beauty of the earth. As bright
 As to the rapt Italian poet's sight
 The one who for a mortal lover's view
 Unveiled Eternity and led him through—
 Seemed she who from the realms beyond the grave
 Bent o'er this dying stranger of the cave:
 "*Edgar—oh, Edgar!* In an Empire where
 All is undying, and divinely fair,
 'Mid countless legions of eternal things,
 With forms of beauty, and resplendent wings
 To bear them where far glories flash and burn,
 I have been almost lonely. Ay, I'd turn,
 In Paradise, from all the anthems there,
 To listen to thy voice sent up in prayer.
 And when, to-night, we heard thy gasping breath,
 And saw thy hour of change approaching—I
 Grew jealous of our beautiful angel Death,
 And came myself to take thee to the sky."

Along the galleries of that shadowy place,
 Each with a beating heart and pallid face,
 Men hurried wildly. Oh, how strange a sight
 Appalled them soon! The dim and solemn light
 Of many torches flashed and wavered there,
 And shed a blue mist on the lonesome air;
 And the intense of silence seemed to weigh
 Upon the very spirit,—but *he* lay
 Within those awful solitudes *alone*,
 And white and rigid as the burial-stone.
 The dew of death was frozen on his brow,
 Where heavy curls lay, damp and tangled now.
 And those calm, glorious eyes, once like the night,
 Deep, dark, yet tender with a starry light,
 Though dim and fixed and vacant, seemed to wear
 For them a desolate, reproachful stare.

Yet on his lip, as lovely as erewhile,
Lingered the faithful shadow of a smile,
Which smile itself, upon a spirit's kiss,
Had gone to brighten in the Infinite bliss.

TO ELLA.

I dreamed of thee last night, and so my heart
Goes wand'ring back into the summers gone,
When my glad hopes rose, upon flashing plumes,
Like birds of paradise, and flew toward Heaven!
Ah! the storm met them on their upward way!
But—well, I smile the same. . . .

Each starry time
Amid the roses we would linger then,
Learning the winds the poetry we loved.
And oh—hast thou forgotten what a future
I wished—ay, thought to find? Alas—alas!
The visionary of the olden years,
Who wasted all God's holy night in schemes
For changing earth's dull metals into gold—
Nor yet the Spaniard, wand'ring through the wilds
Of El Dorado's glittering loveliness,
Dreamed not a wilder thing!

At last I know
'Tis well when these mirages of the heart
Fade ere we gain their light—*since fade they must!*
For, oh! to reach the Fairy-land of Love,
And find the myrtles raining poisoned dews,
The rose-wreaths into stinging scorpions changed,
And the enchanted fountains of the distance
Flinging up showers of dry and burning sands—
Why—were not this indeed a *mocking* death?

I tell thee—but 'tis vain—thou hast not learned
The utter desolation of the heart
For which the earth—the heaven—gives no relief;
But tears, and tears, and tears! Oh, some have knelt—

Stabbed through the spirit by invisible swords,
 And girded with an icy dark—they've knelt
 Beneath blue skies all overflowed with light,
 And ask the angels—and the King of angels
 Only—for mercy; but they answered not.
 And sometimes, in dark dreamings, I have thought
 Celestial shapes—feeling themselves no grief—
 Knew not to even pity things that weep!
 But it must be that our dim eyes see not
 To read aright the signs of God. Perchance
 That which to us seems punishment *is* mercy;
 Well—well—the solemn mystery of life
 Will be made plain—at *last*.

MY WEDDING-RING.

My heart stirr'd with its golden thrill
 And flutter'd closer up to thine,
 In that blue morning of the June
 When first it clasp'd thy love and mine.

In it I see the little room,
 Rose-dim and brush'd with lilies still,
 Where the old silence of my life
 Turn'd into music with "I will."

Oh, I would have my folded hands
 Take it into the dust with me;
 All other little things of mine
 I'd leave in the bright world with thee.

MY GHOST.

A STORY TOLD TO MY LITTLE COUSIN KATE.

Yes, Katie, I think you are very sweet,
 Now that the tangles are out of your hair,
 And you sing as well as the birds you meet,
 That are playing, like you, in the blossoms there.

But now you are coming to kiss me, you say :

Well, what is it for? Shall I tie your shoe?
Or loop your sleeve in a prettier way?

"Do I know about ghosts?" Indeed I do.

"Have I seen one?" Yes: last evening, you know,

We were taking a walk that you had to miss,
(I think you were naughty and cried to go,

But, surely, you'll stay at home after this!)
And, away in the twilight lonesomely,

("What is the twilight?" It's getting late!)
I was thinking of things that were sad to me—

There, hush! you know nothing about them, Kate.

Well, we had to go through the rocky lane,

Close to that bridge where the water roars,
By a still, red house, where the dark and rain

Go in when they will at the open doors;
And the moon, that had just waked up, looked through

The broken old windows and seem'd afraid,
And the wild bats flew and the thistles grew

Where once in the roses the children play'd.

Just across the road by the cherry-trees

Some fallen white stones had been lying so long,
Half hid in the grass, and under these

There were people dead. I could hear the song
Of a very sleepy dove as I passed

The graveyard near, and the cricket that cried;
And I look'd (ah! the Ghost is coming at last!)

And something was walking at my side.

It seemed to be wrapp'd in a great dark shawl,

(For the night was a little cold, you know.)

It would not speak. It was black and tall,

And it walked so proudly and very slow.

Then it mock'd me—everything I could do:

Now it caught at the lightning-flies like me;

Now it stopp'd where the elder-blossoms grew;

Now it tore the thorns from an old dead tree.

Still it followed me under the yellow moon,

Looking back to the graveyard now and then,
Where the winds were playing the night a tune—

But Kate, a ghost does n't care for *men*,

And your papa couldn't have done it harm.
 Ah, dark-eyed darling, what is it you see?
 There, you needn't hide in your dimpled arm —
 It was only my shadow that walked with me!

THE FANCY BALL.

As Morning you'd have me rise
 On that shining world of art;
 You forget! I have too much dark in my eyes —
 And too much dark in my heart.

"Then go as the Night — in June:
 Pass, dreamily, by the crowd,
 With jewels to match the stars and the moon,
 And shadowy robes like cloud.

"Or as Spring, with a spray in your hair
 Of blossoms as yet unblown;
 It will suit you well, for our youth should wear
 The bloom in the bud alone.

"Or drift from the outer gloom
 With the soft, white silence of Snow:"
 I should melt myself with the warm, close room;
 Or my own life's burning. No.

"Then fly through the glitter and mirth
 As a Bird of Paradise."
 Nay, the waters I drink have touch'd the earth;
 I breathe no summer of spice.

"Then!" Hush; if I go at all,
 (It will make them stare and shrink,
 It will look so strange at a Fancy Ball,)
 I will go as Myself, I think!

A YEAR. — MDCCCLX.

My spirit saw a scene
Whose splendors were so terrible and bright
That the infinitude of mist between
The earth and sky scarce saved its eagle-sight
From being blasted. In the middle night
He stood, the Guardian Angel of the Years:
His wings — that could extend their quenchless light
Across eternity, and rock the spheres
With their immortal strength — were folded now,
Like a still veil of glory, on his brow.

One fiery star and vast,
A gem to note the year, for evermore,
Burn'd in his ancient crown; and fierce and fast
Escaped the flame from out the one he wore,
Whose dimness vaguely settled on each shore
Along the seas of space; and, pale and lone,
But kingly with the solemn pride of yore,
Clinching the grandeur of a shadowy throne,
As if to hold his royalty from Death,
One lean'd beside him with an icy breath.

Nor earth nor heaven will save
Us from the doom which claim'd that mighty thing;
But then, who fears or thinks upon the grave —
That narrow dark, through which the free may spring
To the wide light beyond? Who seeks to cling
With coward grasp to fetters and to strife?
Death is the only halcyon whose white wing
Can still the billows of a restless life.
Yet, were the present peace, the future woe,
New storms are better than a calm, we know.

He said, "My sceptre cast
Its shadow far as God's dominions lie;
Storms blew their thunder-trumpets as I pass'd,
And lightnings follow'd me about the sky.

I clasp'd th' unwilling worlds and heard them sigh
 Against my breast with all their winds and waves;
 Ay, as my victor-chariot hurried by,
 Sun, star, and comet, like affrighted slaves,
 Flung portions of their measured light below
 Its silent wheels to make a triumph glow.

“I passed yon radiant crowd
 Of constellations, and there knelt beside
 The Cross, upon whose like a God has bow'd;
 I met the mourning Pleiades, and cried
 To their lost sister in th' unanswering tide
 Of night; I struck weird music from the Lyre,
 And humbled old Orion's sullen pride,
 Who lean'd against his scimiter of fire,
 And, with submissive reverence and mute,
 Acknowledged my imperious salute.

“Look, look — for all his deeds
 Must pass before the sight of him who dies;
 Mine crowd the infinite spaces; but man needs
 Not to be told of those whose scenery lies
 Beyond the bounds, he knows, for his dim eyes
 See but the things I have around him wrought;
 He will not hear the dirge that soon must rise
 For me, in all the myriad realms his thought
 May visit, only by the hazy route
 That glimmers round the reeling sails of doubt.

“The shadow of his world
 Like a dark canvas spread before me seems:
 There hides the hermit West, with cataracts whirl'd
 Among the rocks, watching their foamy beams;
 There are the groves of myrrh, and diamond gleams,
 Where — fair as if it erewhile floated to
 Its own warm poets, in their lotus dreams,
 As an ideal Aidenn, and there grew
 Into reality — the orient lies
 Close to the morn, 'mid birds of paradise.

“There ice-mail'd warders keep
 The gates of silence, by the auroral rays,
 Which fall above the cold-press'd North, asleep,
 Like a proud, pallid queen, in the rich blaze

Of colored lamps, upon whose bosom weighs
 A dreary vision; and there, too, the sweet,
 Sun-worshipp'd South, in languid beauty stays,
 Like a Sultana, caring but to meet
 Her fiery lover 'mid her gorgeous bowers,
 And, as his bride, be crown'd with orange flowers.

"And over all there moves
 The phantasm of my life. With joy and dread
 I see it passing, and my memory proves
 Its truth to nature. Roses white and red,
 Whose leaves into the winds have long been shed,
 And tremulous lily-bells and jasmine blooms
 Are there, as they had risen from the dead;
 So like their early selves, their lost perfumes
 Seem blown about them, and I hear the breeze,
 That used to kiss them, sing old melodies.

"Above, the changing sky
 Shows wonder-pictures to my fading eyes:
 Now the black armies of the clouds march by;
 Now rainbows bloom; now golden moons arise.
 Below, how varied too: now glitter lies
 On gorgeous jewels, bridal-flowers, and mirth;
 Now mourners pass, and fill the air with sighs,
 To hide their coffins in the yawning earth;
 Now, with a pallid face and frenzied mind,
 Cold, starving wretches ask if God is blind.

"Now reels a nightmare throne
 From the crush'd bosom of the Sicilies;
 The South's brief dream of blood wakes in the sun;
 Glad winds sing on the blue Italian seas,
 And glad men bless me by their olive-trees;
 Now, in the clouds above a younger land,
 With awful eyes fix'd on its destinies,
 The frowning souls of its dead glorious stand,
 And see a fiery madness, that would blast
 God's miracle of freedom, kindling fast."

He fix'd a dark, wild look
 On his celestial watcher, as in hate;
 Then grasp'd him, till his passionless grandeur shook,
 And muttered, "Spirit, see the fate of fate

I've left upon mortality's estate.

And thou didst suffer all this ruin, thou
Whose office was to warn me; 'tis too late
For me to give thee these reproaches now,
For I am growing cold—my deeds are done,
And thou shouldst blush for them, thou guilty one.

"I tell thee, thou shalt hear;
For, Guardian Angel of the years, I swear
Thou art a traitor to thy God. And fear
A traitor's fate, if thou again shall dare
Neglect thy task. Then aid him who shall bear
The sceptre I resign—to quench all wrong,
And kindle right—or, when I meet thee where
None may evade the truth, my oath, as strong
As aught, except thy brother Lucifer's curse,
Shall drag thee down to share his doom, or worse!

"Mortals, I go, I go.
Yet, though we part, it is to meet again;
My ghost will come with noiseless step, and slow,
Along the twilights, whispering of my reign;
And, in the night-times, oft a mystic strain
Shall strike your sleep, and ye shall know my tone,
Singing remembered airs, not all in vain,
And chorus them with an unconscious moan;
And I must witness of you in the day
When earth and heaven shall melt, in fire, away."

He drew the dark around
His ghastly face—the nations sigh'd farewell;
He stagger'd from his throne—an awful sound
Rolled down from every system's, every bell,
That toll'd together once to make his knell;
And the resplendent crown-star, that had flash'd
On the lone angel's brow, grew black, and fell
Shattering among six thousand more it crash'd.
I asked, "How many stay for him to wear?"
I woke, and midnight's silence filled the air.

MRS. JANE T. H. CROSS.

THE childhood of Jane Tandy Chinn was passed in or near Harrodsburg, Kentucky, where she was born in 1817. She was educated in Shelbyville, Kentucky, at a school of which Mrs. Tevis was principal.

In our sketch of this true, noble-hearted woman, we do not profess to give a complete portrait, for "words" can illy express to strangers what Mrs. Cross is to those who know her and love her. We only desire to present a sketch of the "literary" life and works of this "writer," whose claims as an author are surpassed by her private virtues.

At an early age she was married to James P. Hardin, of Kentucky. In 1842 he died, and Mrs. Hardin, at the age of twenty-five, was left a widow with three children. In 1848 she was married a second time, to Rev. Dr. Cross, of the Methodist Church.

To the request for "A sketch of her literary life," Mrs. Cross thus responds in her graceful and cheerful style:—

"'A sketch of my literary life!' That fairly puts my modesty to the blush. I am ready to exclaim with the knife-grinder,—'Story? la, bless you! I have none to tell.' And yet your request has awakened a curious question in my own mind: when did I first learn to love letters, books, the creations of the imagination? I rather think it was in listening, when a child, to the stories of 'Cinderella,' 'Little Red Ridinghood,' 'Beauty and the Beast.' These were followed by the sentimental sorrows of 'The Children of the Abbey,' and the delightful horrors of Mrs. Radcliff. Walking through these shadows, I came to the great living forest of Sir Walter Scott, where the pure air and the sunshine brought me better health; where the trees, and birds, and gurgling water were real things; where men and women walked, and talked, and acted, and felt. In the meantime it is not to be supposed that I did not occasionally indulge in stanzas from Byron, and feel, at sixteen, that 'I had not loved the world, nor the world me.' Oh, certainly! and was not 'Lalla Rookh' charming too, in those days? Then came the gentle Mrs. Hemans, whom I read to satiety; and Mrs. Sherwood, and Hannah More, and Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Opie, Bulwer, James, Dickens—plays, sermons, epic poems, philosophical treatises, history—anything that a girl

could lay her hands upon in a country village. When but a little child I had a great fancy for writing rhymes, which I called poetry; and when the exciting times of a Kentucky election would come on, I would sometimes give vent to my enthusiasm for some favorite candidate by a most declamatory handbill, written on a half-sheet of foolscap, to be read by the members of our own family. The thought of writing a novel would sometimes cross my girlish mind, but in a very indefinite, far-off way, as I might now contemplate undertaking a railroad or a bridge across the Mississippi."

With the exception of an occasional New Year's Address, a little story, or something of that kind, Mrs. Cross wrote nothing for publication until about the year 1851, when she commenced writing for a Sunday-school paper, edited by Dr. Summers, in Charleston, S. C. For that journal she wrote "Heart-Blossoms," "Bible-Gleanings," "Way-Side Flowerets," "Drift-Wood." These were afterwards published in book-form, by Dr. Summers, and make four Sunday-school volumes.

While in Europe, some ten years ago, she published a series of letters under the title of "Reflected Fragments," in the Nashville *Southern Advocate*, and in the *Charleston Courier*.

Since her marriage to Rev. Dr. Cross, her life has been a roving one from South Carolina to Texas; yet her home is in the State where she first saw the light. She is, essentially, a Kentuckian.

A friend thus alludes to the "home" style of the lady author under consideration: "In the writings of Mrs. Cross I find peculiar delight; her calm eyes seem to be looking into mine telling me every word, and I listen completely captivated. Ah! around her name cluster many sweet memories!"

As a *translator*, Mrs. Cross ranks high — with Mrs. Coleman, of her own State, and Mrs. Chaudron of Alabama, and Mrs. M. B. Williams of Louisiana. Her translation from the *Spanish* of Florian's thrilling romance of "The Conquest of Granada," alone should give her pre-eminent rank as a writer of talent and genius.

The latest published volume of Mrs. Cross, in part an Art story, was published in Nashville, 1868, entitled, "Azile."

A "Southland writer," well known as one of the most clever and clear-sighted reviewers we have, in alluding to this volume, says in a friendly letter: "I have read 'Azile.' The book strikes me as *very* unequal. It evinces talent, but a want of method. Taken in detail, there is much to praise. Her views on the Incomprehensibility

of Woman to Man, are admirably well depicted; her description of the Chocolate Girl is graphic, and the Funeral of the Young Musician very touching and tender. But, as a whole, I think the work fails in its design and effects. There is no magnetism in the story, no force in the delineation of characters; they are all automatic, and the scenes mere sketches that pass the eye, but leave no impression, no sense of their reality; it is a mere mirage that vanishes away with the shifting sunlight."

Says Dr. Blackie, a most accomplished critic :

"Mrs. Cross has been for some time favorably known to the Southern people as a gifted and charming magazine writer. She has now attempted a more ambitious work, and has been successful in presenting us with a very sweet and thoughtful tale, containing many passages of exquisite picture-writing and criticisms on literature and art of a very high order. The story is a slight but entertaining one. The charm of the work consists in those gems of thought, careful descriptions, and sparkling pearls of criticism on art which abound in its pages. It is the work of genius, the careful, elaborated product of an educated head, an observing eye, an acute judgment, and a warm, womanly heart. We are proud to have an artist so true and author so accomplished, to rank among our countrywomen."

And the following is taken from an article prepared by the editor of the "Home Monthly," Prof. A. B. Stark :

"To those who know Mrs. Cross, it is useless to say that her book is free from improprieties and vices, but is pure, elevated, ennobling. It contains the mature thoughts of a pure, cultivated, Christian woman. The story is quiet, straightforward, and grows in interest to the close. The scene in the first part is laid in Dresden. This gives the authoress an opportunity to use her rich stores of information gathered in her travels in Europe. There is some fine art-criticism. There is a vast deal of information about the customs and habits of the German people, their amusements, and their recreations. We are introduced into the private circle of a German family, and see how they live. Afterward, the scene is transferred to the Southern States, at the beginning of the war, and ends with the first battle of Manassas. This affords occasion for showing the feelings and thoughts of a true Southern woman on the Union, Secession, and War. In this picture, she is wonderfully true in her conception of that time of revulsions, upheaval, and enthusiasm.

"It is a book of interest and value. It deserves a generous reception by Southern readers.

"The style is smooth, clear, and lively. Mrs. Cross knows Jean Paul, and is, of course, an enthusiastic admirer of him."

A Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church reads "Azile" — and says :

"Azile Dameron lets us into German every-day life, not only in the *atelier*, but into the home of the artist; we see how those people live, and eat, and cook, and take their fun, and soup, and spend their holidays, and do their festivals and funerals; we visit their beer-gardens and galleries, and hear their music.

"Mrs. Cross does not advertise us on this wise: 'I have travelled; I have resided in the capital of art, with the best opportunities for observation, and with eyes to see and ears to hear; now follow me through. I am going to give you an account of things characteristic, artistic, and domestic, so that you shall feel as if you had eaten at the table of those Germans, partaken of their broad merriment and cheerful feasts, looked at their pictures, and seen all yourself.'

"One likes this *incidental* benefit. It is getting more than you bargained for — while following a noble, piquant, but somewhat perverse heroine, in whom you have become intensely interested, through her life-story — to come out somewhat of a traveller and a critic yourself.

"We like 'Azile.' It is not in the line, and is quite above the range of ordinary fiction, novels, romance. The allusions to foreign customs and art-life have the air of being accurately descriptive, and as such are singularly interesting. The 'characters' are good company. Those that are not fit for imitation are not admirable, save in the delineation and dissection. A sound and hearty Christianity asserts itself, but not in the way of preaching. The heroine is a Christian woman, as all women must be that are truly lovely. 'The beauty of holiness' is so becoming to woman, we doubt if any master of fiction ever did or could draw a lovable female character without it. In beauty, 'Azile' is not one of your smooth insipidities; she is a heretic in her style of it, which interests us at once, more than any correct, facial angles, or orthodox features could do. In such a case, there is something for the outbeaming of the informing *soul* to do and to overcome, and the attainment of a success puts an indefinite credit on the soul side of the account. She is resolute, spirited, pure — a very woman; a trifle too *contrary* in her love-matters.

"The home scene is laid in Louisiana, among the magnolias, and all the local allusions are well carried out."

Mrs. Cross is a contributor to the "Home Monthly" and "Christian Advocate" of Nashville, and various other journals. Long may she be spared to charm and instruct us with her pen.

As has been said of another, so say we of Mrs. Cross's verse.

"Her poems, while they charm the ear and heart, aid to educate the taste, and to preserve a love for refined poetry, and a pure and classic use of our mother-tongue."

“THE INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF WOMAN TO MAN.”

By this time we had arrived at the grounds of the bird-shooting—an extensive open field just outside the city of Dresden.

As we alighted, and sauntered to a seat at a little distance, Lucy said to me: “Azile, do you remember the scene of the bird-shooting in the ‘Thorn, Fruit, and Flower’ pieces?”

“I was just thinking of it,” I replied; “the description seems admirable—so graphic that one could never forget it; though, perhaps, your sympathy for poor Siebenkäs, your anxiety for his success, serves to fix the picture indelibly upon the mind. Nothing makes the impression of a scene so lasting as the association of some passion or deep emotion with it. For years we remember the quivering of a leaf, if our heart has been quivering with anguish while looking upon it; for years we remember every graceful turn of a clinging vine, if our eyes have rested upon it while listening to words of tenderness or love.”

Lucy said, a little archly, “Azile, you speak with so much feeling that I could fancy some lover’s words were still echoing in your heart.”

“Your fancy would be wrong, then, Lucy. I was thinking of the last evening I spent at our dear home, when Spirro and I wandered into the magnolia grove to the tomb of our parents, and thence down beside the lake. I was thinking of the moment when Spirro held my hand and spoke such tender words beyond his years. Just before us stood a large oak, with a creeper twining among its branches. I can now almost count every bright, red, trumpet-shaped flower; I can see the little humming-birds pushing their bills into the golden honeycups; I can recall the lines of Longfellow which then occurred to me, where, in ‘Evangeline,’ he compares the vine to the ladder of Jacob:

‘And humming-birds were the angels that ascended and descended.’

As to lovers, Lucy, I have now and then met men who have thought they loved me, but none ever have; they have loved a few traits of my character, combined with other traits which owe their existence to their own imagination; and this creature they have loved, and called it *me*. Men seldom understand women, or know whether they certainly love them or not. Have you never—you who are a woman—have you never, in pursuing some favorite path with what appeared to be a congenial mind, found yourself suddenly alone in the midst of an enchanted forest? Have you never sighed, ‘What a beautiful world, but what a profound solitude?’”

"Do you then think, Azile, that men are incapable of understanding us?"

"Not exactly incapable, but they are uninterested; they do not care to take the trouble to understand us. If Adam had been talking to his wife; if he had been watching every variation of emotion on lip and cheek; if he had been gazing into her eyes, and trying to sound the depths of those fountains of love; if he had been turning over carefully, leaf by leaf, her heart of poetry, and learning from her a language which his own tongue could never frame without teaching,—she never would have wandered off to hold a conversation with the devil."

"And do you suppose that we take more pains to understand men?"

"Incalculably more; we clamber over rugged rocks and roots to attain the path which they tread. We ponder look and gesture, even of indifferent persons, that we may discover whatever is divine in them; and, moreover, with less study we comprehend them better—our instincts are finer."

"And what do you suppose, Azile, is the reason of this difference between the sexes?"

"Principally, perhaps, because woman, until lately, has occupied the position of a slave. The world became confirmed in the habit of overlooking her, and even the Saviour's blessed example has not yet quite broken it. But He knew all the lights and shadows in her heart-world. He understood the nicest shades of difference between Martha and Mary. He knew the worth of a Magdalen's tears, the value of a box of ointment; none so well as he knew how the word Mary would thrill that sad woman's heart with ecstasy, and how the heart of every woman to the end of time would be electrified at the repetition. He never put the faith and devotion of any man to such a test as that by which he tried the Syro-Phœnician woman. He knew hers could bear it. Even when suffering that mysterious weight of agony, upon which hung the redemption of a world, forgetful of himself, and, for the moment perhaps, of the world, he tenderly turns aside to endeavor to fill his own place, growing vacant, in the heart of his mother—'Woman, behold thy son!' But his followers have hardly yet learned of him in this.

"The defective delineation which we find of woman in books, the portraiture which we feel to be false, is all owing to the careless study which man has made of his subject. He gets an outline of the coast, and thinks he knows the whole face of the country. Thus, there are but few shades in the women of Bulwer or of Thackeray, and these authors, with all their talents, fail to interest you in their female characters. Wilkie Collins, however, understands all the cunning turns of woman's heart, and Dickens knows more of her than most women know of themselves. How often does he, in depicting her, startle you into tears! I once spoke to a gentleman of a passage in one of Dickens's books, in which he represents a poor woman as devoured by anxiety all the while she is absent from home, lest her child should suck the steam from the spout of the tea-kettle. The gentleman saw

nothing in it, and thought it silly. I said to him: That is because you are not a woman. Dickens saw deeper, and knew that these very absurdities and impossibilities are what seize upon her apprehensive heart. He understands how she is a self-torturer. How he has painted her fidelity in the character of Nancy, in *Oliver Twist*! As you read the sad story of her life, you say: That has all happened. And in *Little Dorrit* what touching glimpses does he give us of the not violent, but lifelong and desolate wretchedness of poor Pet, who married the unworthy artist! In a single page, in describing the death of Mrs. Dombey, he lays before you such years of dreariness that the heart grows sick and faint over it. Even in the flimsy and selfish character of *Little Dorrit's* sister, it is all woman. First, she wishes she were dead; and then, growing more violent, she wishes she were dead and buried. The prototype of that foolish, passionate girl is found everywhere. I need not remind you how many fathers have written from the backwoods of America, saying, that in little Nell they saw revived some darling child which had been lost. Old Aunt Betsy Trotwood is every inch a woman, striding through life, holding the hand of her mythical niece, David Copperfield's sister Betsy. But it is useless to begin to enumerate the women that one finds in those charming books of Dickens,—women that grow up under his hand as they do in nature, living, breathing creatures, full of thought and feeling—I will not say full of passion, for I know but one complete picture of woman mastered by passion—that is 'Corinne;' and it seems as if Madame De Staël were purposely created to give to the world this fearless revelation of a woman's heart. Other women *might* have done it, but no woman *would* have done it but a French woman. The curious part of it is, that, although she has thrown open the very freemasonry of our nature, men read it without understanding *it* or *us*. The music of woman's nature is on a minor key, and its more delicate tones are lost in the 'reverberating bass' of the masculine mind. In her soul there is always a sort of indefinite self-reproach, an echo of the Eden lost through her, a pathos which mingles with her fiercest passions, and in the midst of anger melts her to tears."

"Yes," said Lucy; "Madame De Staël has certainly a wonderful knowledge of woman's nature. She seems to count her very heart-throbs, and understand every pulsation of her soul. How, amidst the artificiality which is thought to gather around one in society, especially in French society, she could have retained so vivid a sense of all that is true and natural in the heart of woman, seems most astonishing. In a few instances, however, you see the outcropping of her French nature from beneath her universal nature:—for example, Azile, that last scene in Florence in the church of San Lorenzo, has too much the appearance of a spectacle; there is too much studied effect in it to be natural, especially as Corinne was so very near death; quietude, and home, I think, would have been the more natural wish."

"That thought, Lucy, has also crossed my own mind; but I am inclined to believe that it is not nature, but our American education which suggests

it. We are taught to avoid notoriety, to avoid scenes, and to conceal the deeper feelings. Had our education been that of an Italian *improvisatrice*, we should have seen no impropriety in the spectacle. We must learn to distinguish between what is natural to the heart, and what has been taught it by the maxims of the world, or that little portion of the world by which we have been surrounded. No, even in that we must confess Madame De Staël the true artist. There is a longing in the heart of every woman, whether at the hearth-stone of England, or by the wild streams of our Western World, or in the great temple of Italy, to prove her power to her lover, particularly if that lover has grown indifferent; to show him the richness of her resources; to let him see, by the fluttering of her golden pinions, that she is allied to the angels. Madame De Staël has not failed in that. She is still the immortal artist."

Azile, in her poverty and independence, took board with the poor but worthy artist—whose wife did all the house-work, and whose atelier was Azile's bed-room. We have here conveyed to us items about these Lutheran Protestants, touching their

SABBATH AND CONFIRMATION.

It was Sabbath morning. I arose and dressed myself, attended to my morning devotions, and then walked into the breakfast-room. There sat Madame Shultz, with a Sabbath-looking spirit on her face, but sewing as industriously as if it were the middle of a very working-week. She arose when she saw me, gave me a cup of coffee, and took one herself. After drinking it, she resumed her work. I sat for some time idle, regarding her, and wondering at the universal forgetfulness of the Sabbath among the Germans. The men make it a day of pleasure; the women, a day of labor.

Madame Shultz looked up, and seeing me so quiet and without work, said:

"Are you not well this morning, Miss Damaron?"

"Perfectly so, I thank you," I replied.

"But you are fatigued; you do not care to exert yourself."

"No, I am not fatigued, and I shall get ready in a short time for church; but I do not care to employ myself with work, because I think God has given us this as a day of rest, and absolutely requires that on it we should do no work—at least none but works of necessity."

"But, Miss Damaron, I thought you had no superstition?"

"I do not think I have much; nor do I consider it a superstition to believe the word of God. Permit me to call your attention to the fourth commandment. I think it very explicit." I opened the Bible, and pointed out to her the commandment. She read it attentively, and said: "I will think of that. Meantime, I believe I will go to church myself this morning—it is an age since I was there."

While I was preparing for church, there was a slight tap at the door of

the atelier, and, to my great surprise, Gabrielle entered. She came up to me, seeming to be agitated by some strong emotion. Her utterance was interrupted by sobs and tears. "Mademoiselle," she said, "I am to be confirmed this morning. I come to ask that you will pardon every unkind word I have said, and every unkind action I have done to you."

I assured her that they were all blotted out, and expressed many kind wishes for her, which were quite sincere. She threw her arms around me, kissed me, and then left me, being still in tears.

I met her the next week—the same self-possessed, artificial, supercilious being that I had known before.

This little Gabrielle is a character touched off with a few strokes of the pen: the daughter of Madame Schönbrun, who was to have had "the magnificent school," and whose cold-heartedness and polite sharpness made a temporary abode under her roof uncomfortable for Azile. Several pages back we have this unusual but not inconceivable portrait: "Gabrielle is very like her mother, and just as old. I love children: they seem the things in this world nearest to heaven; but I have the greatest dislike to a miniature woman—a being who claims the privileges of childhood, and who is yet as artificial and designing as if she had served an apprenticeship of thirty years. It is a curious and interesting fact, that there are some beings who are never natural, even from their birth. Like the bodies in the 'Dream of the Dead Christ,' they seem to have their hearts outside of them, and to hold with them an imperfect communication, as with some badly arranged electric battery."

FUNERAL OF A MUSICIAN.

One evening, coming in, I found Madame Shultz looking very serious, holding in her hands a large, beautiful wreath, made of autumn flowers. She was just in the act of attaching to it two streamers of white satin ribbon.

As I advanced toward her, I exclaimed: "How beautiful! For what is that intended?"

"It is intended," she answered, "as a token of sympathy for the family of a young musician, who has just died. It will decorate his coffin."

I felt the blood curdle about my heart. I had forgotten that there was any such thing as death in the world.

The next day was the Sabbath. The young musician was to be buried in the afternoon. I wandered out alone, subdued by the thought of his early death. I saw the train passing down the street, the black hearse, the woman

(who always walks at the heads of the horses) in her black dress and white ribbons, the other mourners following in black cloaks.

I followed pensively in the distance. When I arrived at the cemetery, the coffin had been taken from the hearse, and deposited in a building within the enclosure. I drew near to the open and as yet vacant grave. A great multitude was about me, and every heart seemed touched by the fate of this young man, so full of genius and of hope.

A plaintive strain of music filled the air. It came at first like a sigh, and then gradually swelled into the most melodious wail. The finest musicians in Dresden were saying "Farewell!" to their departed brother. It was answered by the tears and sobs of the people.

The crowd fell back to give way to the procession that came, bearing palms, and harps, and other devices, curiously wrought of flowers—rosebuds and violets, resting upon white satin cushions, embroidered with gold. Borne upon the shoulders of young men, came the coffin. The pall was glowing with flowers, woven into anchors, and crosses, and crowns. These tributes of affection almost concealed the thought of death, and made the grave attractive. The coffin was lowered into its narrow resting-place—the dark earth and the bright flowers were thrown in together—the funeral services were ended.

A MEMORY.

From Italy's fair sunshine once we entered
Into a church bedecked with pictures rare;
Then, passing on, our wandering footsteps centered
Within the marble vault, and tarried there.

Though strange the names upon the tombs, we linger,
As if to claim some sympathy with those
Who lived and suffered; and with reverent finger
We trace their short tomb-history to its close.

We pause to marvel that, amidst the chillness,
A breath comes o'er us, like the breath of spring;
Unmarked, white lilies, in the twilight stillness,
Around the tomb pour forth their offering.

And such art thou—no memory, but a presence
That comes around me like the breath of flowers;
The life, the living soul, the very essence
Of all my pleasures in the by-gone hours.

They name thee, and the stranger only thinketh
 Of death—the tomb—no more *his* eye can see;
I see the lilies, and my spirit drinketh
 Their fragrance—such thy memory is to me.

I see the sunset—thou art in its glory;
 I see the stars—their shining speaks of thee;
 Thy story mingles with the violet's story;
 Upon the winds at night thou com'st to me.

And earth and life are but a changeful seeming,
 While thou art true—no change in thee is wrought;
 But ah! I stammer, speak as one a-dreaming,
 My feeble, fainting words but mock my thought.

I would the words were strong, the nerve were firmer;
 My heart is paralyzed—this thought of death!
 I can but sink beside the tomb, and murmur
 My tearful prayers amidst the lily's breath.

“THE DAY IS THINE; THE NIGHT ALSO IS THINE!”

The day, O Lord, is thine;
 The day, with all its brilliant mirths,
 Its trembling dewdrops, and its flowers,
 Its music from a thousand hearths,
 Its laughing rills, its dancing hours,
 Its gorgeous clouds, its golden shine;
 The beauteous day, O Lord, is thine!

The day, O Lord, is thine;
 The day, with all its busy feet,
 When nations wake to life and love;
 When joyous neighbors neighbors greet,
 And heaven below, and heaven above,
 Endearingly their arms entwine;
 The blessed day, O Lord, is thine!

The day, O Lord, was thine,
 When glory crowned our country's crest,
 And when before our ravished eyes

Lay glittering islands of the blest;
 Our dear ones rush to grasp the prize,
 Heroic heart and hand combine;
 The hopeful day, O Lord, is thine!

The night also is thine;
 When joy is past, and hope is fled,
 Our heroes gone, our flag all furled,
 And "Rachel, mourning for her dead,"
 Refuses comfort from the world;
 To thee we turn, O Christ divine!
 The night, also, the night is thine!

The night, O Lord, is thine!
 In darkness, which no eye can pierce;
 In waiting for a distant morn;
 In cruel tempests, cold and fierce;
 In desolation most forlorn,
 To thee we quietly resign
 Our souls. O Lord, the night is thine!

MEMORY AWAKENED BY SPRING.

Her form was motionless beneath the coverlid's white fold,
 So still did Memory sleeping lie, all through the winter cold;
 Her breath came from her parted lips, soft as a flow'ret's sigh,
 And snowy eyelids hid from view the luster of her eye;
 Like "shadows of the sun" her golden ringlets lay unstirred,
 And in her sleep escaped no dreaming fragment of a word;
 No dream beneath her eyelid moved, amidst the slumber deep,
 No smile across her heavenly face—'t was more of death than sleep.
 Of this still room, as sentinel, the Present kept the door,
 All fierce and stern! Ah, lovely maid, wilt thou awake no more?

The sweet south-wind comes stealing
 With a healing
 In its wing,
 And in Memory's ringlets straying
 Are the rosy fingers playing
 Of the Spring.

She, the sleeper's golden tresses
 Ever dresses
 With her flowers;
 And the atmosphere is ringing,
 While around with joyous singing
 Dance the hours.

And Memory stirs — a soft rose-flush is spreading o'er her cheek,
 She slowly opes her eyes as one "by suffering made meek;"
 Then as she lists the voice of Spring, a smile like childhood's smile
 Breaks o'er her face, which lay so cold and deadly still erstwhile;
 Throughout her limbs a tremor runs — the tremor of glad life —
 The air is quivering with joy — the air with fragrance rife!
 Memory arises from her couch, she goes forth with the Spring,
 And as they wander, hand in hand, old childish songs they sing;
 They paddle in the brooklet, with their bare white feet they splash,
 Or drops of water on each other's face and shoulders dash;
 They gather red bud-branches, and they weave them in their hair,
 Or make them rosy anklets for their ankles round and bare.

And now they rest within a bower, and childish things are gone,
 While Memory's lips are parted, counting minutes one by one;
 The ear is bent attentively, as if some sound to hear,
 While the flush of hope alternates with the pallid hue of fear.
 At length the flush predominates, it spreads o'er neck and face,
 The golden quince-boughs part, she sinks into a loved embrace.
 The stars are in the heavens, and the stars shine in her soul,
 The mighty joys of being loved, in waves around her roll;
 The air is full of music, and her heart is full of bliss,
 Oh, not another moment comes "of comfort like to this!"
 No, not another moment "of content so absolute,"
 For to the maiden's ear no sound is like the lover's lute.

But years have passed, grave years of duty, long and weary years
 Of joy and sorrow, hopes and doubts, and smiles oft changed to tears;
 Yet Memory still serenely walks amidst the flowers of spring,
 And hears the red-bird in the leaves, she hears him sweetly sing:
 A friend is by her side whose face bears an immortal youth,
 Lent by the force of intellect, lent by the power of truth,
 Lent by the witchery of wit, and lent by fancy's touch.
 Father, we thank thee for all gifts, for these we thank thee much!
 The evening sun is sinking as they stroll beside the stream,
 And Friendship's voice is musical as Love's first early dream.

“ Ah, see,” she says, “ our shadows as they lengthen o’er the waves ;
So shall our friendship grow and cast its shadow on our graves,
And ever grow until it reaches quite across Death’s river,
And strikes upon the shining bank of the eternal Ever ! ”

Now Memory sits upon the sward, the spring-flowers fall like snow,
And what she thinks, or what she dreams, may mortals never know ;
But close she clasps the hand of Spring, lest she the earth forsake,
And seems to say most pleadingly, “ Oh, keep me still awake ! ”

MISS NELLY MARSHALL.

THE subject of this sketch is the daughter of the distinguished General Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, celebrated in the annals of the South as a soldier and a statesman. She was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in the year 1847.

From her earliest childhood, Miss Marshall's intellectual development was remarkable, and her first compositions, though, as was natural, abounding in the crudities that mark the early efforts of all young writers, foretold that mental power and strength which have since won for her so many warm admirers and true friends. But those abilities which, in another, would have been carefully and tenderly nurtured, were, in her, subjected to the pruning-knife of opposition, and hence her talent may be said to have grown like the prairie-rose, climbing and clinging and blossoming at its own sweet will.

Reared in the strictest seclusion, and allowed only the freest communion with Nature, she has grown into womanhood with the trusting confidence of childhood in her heart and beautifying her character. She is described as *petite* in stature, delicately proportioned, and with large gray eyes and wavy light-brown hair.

Miss Marshall is perhaps one of the most popular writers in the South and West, although, as yet, her intellectual power is, as it were, undeveloped. Her friends claim and expect more marked manifestations of talent than she has yet given, and, judging by what this young lady has already accomplished, we think we may safely assert that they will not be disappointed.

The circumstances that led Miss Marshall to abandon the retirement in which she had hitherto lived, were very sad. The war, which brought devastation and desolation to so many homes in Kentucky, passed by "Beechland" with an unsparing hand. Unexpected trials, sickness, death, adversity, assailed that once merry household; and as a member of the shadowed and grief-stricken circle, Miss Marshall was compelled to resort to her pen, to stand in the breach between those

most dear to her and misfortune. She is now pursuing the profession of literature in New York, where she lives in strict retirement.

Miss Marshall recently published a novel, which was successful, entitled "As by Fire," published in New York by Geo. S. Wilcox.*

QUESTIONS.

Why are the days so drearily long?
 Why seems each duty a terrible task?
 Why have my red lips hushed their glad song?
 Why?—thro' the distance I hopelessly ask!

Why are the sunbeams ghastly and dim?
 Why have the flowers lost their perfume?
 Why wails my heart a funeral hymn?
 Why do my tears all my smilings entomb?

Was I predestined a child of despair?
 Must all my brightest hopes soonest decay?
 Must all my castles be reared in the air,
 And hope, taking wings, speed fleetest away?

Will he forever be haughty and cold?
 Never once melting 'neath love's sunny smile?
 Memories—sweet mem'ries of glad days of old—
 Teach me again how his heart to beguile!

Has the bright past no brightness for him?
 Is the warm love that he cherished quite dead?
 Ah, love's gay visions have grown strangely dim!
 Holdeth his heart a new passion instead?

If this dark knowledge of misery be mine;
 If the hope of his truth, because brightest, be fleetest:
 Then, come, beloved Death!—I'll gladly be thine;
 And of all Love's embraces thine own shall be sweetest!

* Prose selections from Miss Marshall's portfolio were twice lost by mail.

THE "FIRST" KISS.

Go, perfumed breath of summer flowers ;
Go, sigh it East and West ;
Say, I've been kissed!—so sweetly kissed,
By one that I love best!

I heard the beating of his heart!
And no doubt he heard mine!
Oh, in it all there seemed to be
A something half divine!

His arm it clasped me closely —
My head sank on his breast,
As natural as any bird
Would nestle in its nest!

The white lids drooped low o'er his eyes,
(I lifted mine to see!)
When, like a flash, he bent his head,
And—oh, go tell!—he *kissed* me!

Upon my own his glowing lips
In fervor warm he pressed ;
And, though we never spoke a word,
We each our love confessed.

Go, perfumed breath of summer flowers ;
Go, sigh it East and West ;
Tell every star, and tree, and flower,
We love each other best!

ALDER-BOUGHS.

Shake down, oh, shake down your blossoms of snow,
Green alder-boughs, shake them down at my feet ;
Drift them all over these white sands below,
Pulsing with perfume exquisite and sweet ;
And 'neath their kisses it may be my heart,
Frozen and cold all these long dreary years,
Into fresh being may longingly start,
Melting its ice into passionate tears :

Tears that must flow like a wide gulf between
 Two hearts that loved in the days long ago;
 Days, when these alder-boughs nodding were green,
 Flecked, as they now are, with blossoms of snow:
 Days, when my lover and I were both young,
 Both full of constancy, passion, and love;
 Roaming and dreaming these wild woods among,
 While a blue May sky bent smiling above.

Days that are dead as the dead in their graves;
 Days whose sweet beauty and perfume have passed,
 Like the white foam-fret on Ocean's green waves,
 Buoyant and lovely, but too frail to last.
 And as we bend o'er the cold forms of those
 Who have gone early to Death's sombre sleep,
 Folding their hands as to welcome repose,
 Thus have I come o'er these dead days to weep.

So bend low, oh, bend low! alder-boughs green,
 Till I can catch at your blossoms of snow;
 Nodding like hearse-plumes so soft in the wind.
 Over these smooth stretching white sands below!
 Never again while I live, alder-boughs,
 Will I your snow-blooms and verdant leaves see;
 But when I lie dead and cold in my grave,
 I pray God they'll blossom and fade over me!

MY DEAD.

June roses may come,
 And June roses may go,
 And autumn be followed
 By driftings of snow;
 The sunbeams may smile,
 And the sunbeams may fade,
 And birds may abandon
 The nests they have made;
 And green leaves may burst bud
 Beneath April's rain;
 But nothing can give me
 My dead back again.

And red lips may laugh,
And red lips may sigh
To soft winds that freighted
With fragrance go by ;
And blue eyes may sparkle,
And blue eyes may weep,
And joys may come faster,
And sorrows may creep ;
But whether there's shadow,
And whether there's shine,
There's nothing can give back
That dead love of mine.

The world will still roll on
Mid feasting and fast ;
And no meads seem green
As the dewy ones past ;
The sunshine will gild bright
The rockiest steep,
The sweetest of violets
In valleys will sleep ;
But shadow, nor sunshine,
Nor laughter, nor pain,
From death's sleep will waken
My darling again.

FLORENCE ANDERSON,

OF GLEN ADA, NEAR HARRODSBURG, KY.

NO sketch of this writer has before been given to the public, from the fact that she has always manifested great aversion to any appearance of seeking after personal notoriety. If her songs have found favor with her countrymen, she is content that they should praise and listen to the voice, while the singer remains invisible. But it has been ordered otherwise. In the name of the Southern orphan we have appealed, and the singer of Glen Ada, herself an orphan, has been found as powerless to resist before that sacred name, as were the Egyptians of old before the hosts of invading Persians, who bore as a talisman before them the symbols held sacred in the Egyptian mysteries. We subjoin the following brief sketch of one, who, from the uneventful and subjective character of her life, protests that she is not a theme for the biographer.

Florence Anderson is a Virginian by birth, a Kentuckian by adoption. Descended from families which for many generations had combined the highest attributes of scholar, soldier, and gentleman, men who from the dawn of our country's history had counted it no loss to peril all save *honor* in defence of that country's liberties, Miss Anderson inherited, as her birthright, a love of learning, of honor and true glory.

She had no teacher but her father. Her infant steps were steadied by him, as his hand guided her onward and upward to the fair temple of Knowledge. Deeply imbued as his own mind was with the love of classic lore, it was not strange that he should teach his docile and ambitious pupil a deep sympathy with his tastes. Before a dozen summers had blossomed over her, she had read Virgil and Horace; had felt her heart thrill at the recital of the mighty deeds of heroes, had wept o'er Hector slain, and fallen Troy. In "*Zenaida*," Miss Anderson's earliest work, the frequent, familiar allusions to classic subjects, and the use of words of classic derivation in preference to the more rugged and vigorous Saxon, were noted as defects in her style by more than one kindly critic.

The book* was written as a contribution to a little paper, edited by a sister and herself to enliven the winter evenings, in a quiet country home. Read aloud by that sister's voice of music, now mute forever, the imperfections of "Zenaida" were overlooked by its too partial judges, and the book was published before the more chastened and corrected taste of the writer had had time to prune its too great luxuriance. Its flattering reception by an indulgent public would, doubtless, have stimulated the young authoress to renewed exertion in the field of romance, had not the war absorbed her sympathies, and paled the light of the unreal by the glare of the actual. In Miss Anderson's ideal of true development, the artist is ever subordinate to the woman, the woman to the Christian. She turns from the profound speculations and beautiful theories of philosophers and sages with more confiding faith in the Christ, the True Light; recognizing Him as the Saviour of all mankind, but preëminently the Friend of woman. Believing as she does that the aim of life should be rather to make the whole life a poem, divine in its beautiful harmony, than to write poetry, her poems are to be judged more as the spontaneous expression of an emotional condition of the mind than as the labored effort of her muse. She has sung as the birds sing, because the song in her heart demanded a voice.

The following personal description is from the graceful pen of a sister-poet, Mrs. Mary R. T. McAboy, of Paris, Ky.

FLORENCE ANDERSON,

THE POET.

Thro' the fair summer-time she came to me
 As bright birds flit to grace a crumbling shrine,
 Or like a blossomed vine with graceful twine,
 That drapes with young, fresh life a leafless tree, —
 She came, like Undine rising from the sea,
 Yet so ethereal, in the soft sunshine,
 She seemed to me half mortal, half divine,
 So fair she was in maiden purity.
 I clasped her small white hand; she read to me
 From Poet, rapt to his divinest theme,
 And still she shone, as in a golden dream,

* "Zenaida," published by J. B. Lippincott & C^o., Philadelphia, 1859. .

The while she shared his nectared ecstasy.
 And then I said, her heart is like the snow,
 That reddens in the sunset's reddest glow.

ROSEHEATH, Ky., April 16, 1866.

M. R. M.

During the war, the Confederate prisoners at Johnson's Island and other prisons claimed the sympathies of the ladies of Kentucky. Miss Anderson's ready pen was called into requisition to cheer the loneliness of many a weary, homesick, and almost hopeless spirit. We give, as the conclusion of this sketch, a copy of a sonnet from the same pen, which will best illustrate this phase of the poet's mission.

PICCIOLA.

DEDICATED TO FLORENCE ANDERSON.

God gave the minstrel's art for her sweet dower,
 And dextrously she wove, with willing hands,
 Lays of the heart, and lays of sunny lands,—
 Tracked to their magic source with subtile power
 The streams of song, and brought a honeyed shower
 Of blossomed thought, sweet as the sweet refrain
 Of wood-birds chanting with the April rain,
 The violet's birthday in the spring-tide hour,
 To deck the prison-walls, where April shower,
 Nor bird, nor violet cheers the silent time.
 Brighter than spring-tide beamed her blossom'd rhyme;
 She brought heart-sunshine by her subtile power,
 And the lone prisoner blessed her priceless dower,
 And named her "Picciola, Prison-Flower."

M. R. M.

ROSEHEATH, Ky., 1865.

Lines on the Death of His Brother.

ADDRESSED TO —, WHILE PRISONER AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Our brother has fallen! One brave and true
 As ever the breath of freedom drew
 For Liberty, has died!
 Another of that peerless band
 Who stand to guard our native land,
 Our strength, our hope, our pride!

Well may the bleeding nation weep
When Death has wrapt in dreamless sleep
 The soul, whose generous glow
Inspired with zeal each drooping heart,
And bade each man act well his part
 To overcome the foe.

Though freedom's path led to the grave,
No backward glance he ever gave,
 But, for his country's good,
He gave up his ambition's aim
To win for her a deathless name,
 Though purchased with his blood.

Alas! the mourning South now grieves
Her sons, who fall like autumn-leaves
 Before the tempest's sway;
But Fame will twine above their tombs
A wreath of amaranthine blooms
 That never shall decay.

Our brother claims affection's tear,
And over his untimely bier
 The bitter drops must fall,
E'en while upon the blood-stained sod
We bow before the Almighty God,
 Who ruleth over all.

The loving smile, the cheering word,
The tones in anger never heard,
 Are hushed forever here:
We think of all his gentleness,
His sympathy, each dear caress,
 With many a burning tear.

Yet thank thee, God! that Thou hast given
Such love to shed the light of heaven
 Upon our earthly ties;
And though his smile beam here no more,
'T will greet us on th' immortal shore,
 And brighten Paradise!

In future years, when Peace shall come,
 We'll bear our brother proudly home,
 And o'er his honored tomb
 We'll bid the southern roses creep
 To shed above his tranquil sleep
 A wealth of gorgeous bloom.

GLEN ADA.

NOTE (1868).—The blood-red blossom of war fills the land no longer with the flame of its crimson petals. Peace has come. The remains of the dead have been borne by loving hands from the battle-field to their last resting-place, to mingle with kindred dust. And the lamentation of those who loved him is not drowned in a nation's pæans of victory; but the wail of their sorrow is in mournful harmony with the grand *miserere* chanted from the broken heart of a gallant but conquered people.

THE PRISONER'S SOLILOQUY.

A FRAGMENT.

DEDICATED TO COLONEL H. A. CARRINGTON, OF VIRGINIA.

Another day is almost gone, yet Hope
 Flies from my captive-cell, ashamed to mock
 My soul with siren-song. This aching brain
 And feverish brow tell me that still I *live*,
 Or I might dream that eager Death had seized
 This sad, foreboding, weary heart of mine,
 And walled it in with cold, un pitying stones.
 How close the poisoned air that curdles here!
 Oh but for one deep breath, full, glad and free,
 Of the pure ether of the outer world!
 For sight of fields, and trees, and waving grain,
 Or murmurs of cool water over rocks
 Fringed with long tufts of dripping, emerald moss;
 For scent of orchards in their vernal bloom,
 Snowing their white and carmine-tinted leaves,
 And murmurous with bees; and over all
 The golden glory of the sunset thrown,
 (From cups of cloud with gem-like sparkles wrought,)
 Dipt up from that great Fountain of all light,
 Unquenched since first in its life-giving beams
 The dews of Eden glowed like sparks of flame!
 Memory, magician of the mystic wand!
 From the fair golden Past, love's fairy-realm,

Thou canst bring back, with thy bewildering art,
 Scenes where I dreamed youth's evanescent dreams,
 With sunlight gild the fields and flowery lawns,
 Or steep them all, fresh bathed with glittering dew,
 In moonlight's mists of pearl. Bring back to me
 The breeze, to fan this fever from my brow,
 Laden with odors from the clustering blooms
 Of rose and jasmine, where the mock-bird sits,
 And trills his love-song to the listening night,—
 Or, sweeter than the song of bird, or breeze,
 Soft words low whispered to my trembling ear,
 Echoed in music by the beating heart
 Which woke to melody at Love's pure dawn,
 Like Memnon's statue at Aurora's smile.
 How Time has changed all save that music's voice!
 Its tender strains and mighty symphonies
 Roll through the haunted chambers of my soul,
 And on their waves, as on a billowy sea,
 My spirit mounts above all thoughts of fear.
 Can life e'er make such memories a regret?
 No,—sooner pale the planets' golden sheen,
 Or cease the motion of the spell-bound earth
 In her wide orbit round the burning sun!

THE WORLD OF THE IDEAL.

[Das Ideal ist das einzige Paradies aus welchem wir nicht getrieben werden können.]

On spirit world! by thy golden streams,
 I sit in a trance of delicious dreams;
 A magical flush in the air doth rest,
 Soft as the tint on the sea-shell's breast.

The summer ne'er fades in thy shady bowers,
 And long, bright branches of clustering flowers
 Trail thick over paths by the river's side,
 Wooed, wooed by the murmurs of the tide.

There is no sun in the blue above,
 And yet a glow, like the light of love,
 Diffuses its radiance over all,
 And binds the spirit in magic thrall.

The air is stirred by a faint, soft breeze,
There's a sound like the humming of myriad bees,
And oft to the listening ear doth float
The exquisite swell of a song-bird's note.

No friendship ever may enter there
That would feel a taint in the soft pure air;
No lover intrude on the hallowed spot,
Whose vows are unheeded and forgot.

No votary kneel on thy holy sod,
Whose soul is traitor to his God;
Nothing unholy, nothing untrue,
Can dwell 'neath that arch of stainless blue.

But friends, whose tender and loving smile
Can all remembrance of grief beguile,
Walk with the spirit, and share its joy,
Unmixed with envy's base alloy.

And poets tune their mystic lyres
Where slumber sacred, hidden fires,
And, skilled in music's subtlest lore,
Unfathomed depths of the soul explore.

To the fair aurora-tinted heights
Of the world beyond they wing their flights
And stand and beckon from their bands
The angels of the immortal lands.

They sing of beauty, of love, of youth,
The value of life, the power of truth,
Of all things holy, of all things pure,
Which shall eternally endure.

Such bowers of rest do the angels plan
For the earth-worn, weary soul of man;
And none have the power to disinherit
From its world of dreams the Ideal spirit.

BLIND TOM'S MUSIC.

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Why was a gift so wondrous given to one so frail as thou,
Without the stamp of intellect, of thought upon thy brow?
When I would humble all my pride to win a power like thine,
That I might thrill my list'ners' souls with voices so divine:

I would not still the mechanism of my too active brain,
Although it works unrestingly till every throb is pain;
I would not lose my power of thought, although it brings to me
A sharpened sense of suffering through its intensity.

But I would feel my soul, like thine, in the Creator's hand,
Breathing such wondrous harmonies no mortal could withstand;
And I would hear their melodies, as angels round me throng,
And pour their love and worship in a golden flood of song.

For fame? for wealth? no, no, not these; they are of fleeting breath,
A fairy vision, vanishing at the approach of Death;
But all for that Diviner Love, eternal as the soul,
Which holds my life, my destiny, in its supreme control!

Would I could hear thy silvery notes far from th' applauding throng,
Whose voices seem to desecrate the mystery of thy song;
Not in the glare of garish lights, where cold and curious eyes
So closely watch and criticise emotions as they rise.

But in the rosy summer-morn, when to the earth is given
A glory and a beauty — like thy gift — the boon of Heaven;
Or in the holy eventide, when through the open door
The quivering rays of moonlight seem to listen on the floor!

When through the latticed windōws, awakened from their sleep,
With crimson hearts all trembling, the spell-bound roses creep,
As if thy guardian ministers had whispered it abroad,
Thou wast a soft celestial harp, played by the hand of God.

Or when the myriad eyes of Night, from their clear veil of blue,
Transfix the soul as they would read its deepest mysteries through;
When all discordant sights and sounds no more the attention draw,
And "midnight's tingling silentness" has touched me with deep awe.

Then on thy magic melodies, as on the wings of prayer,
 My soul, freed from the fetters of this world's corroding care,
 Would seek the very gates of heaven — in adoration bow,
 Before His Throne who has inspired a being such as thou!

O dream! sweet dream of harmony! steal o'er me yet again,
 Transport me to that mystic realm where thought no more is pain;
 Unfold the pearly Eden-gates, and let me not be hurled
 Back to the stern realities of this discordant world.

Soft, soft, ye holy symphonies! fall like the silvery showers,
 And waken into brighter life the heart's poor drooping flowers;
 Or like the twilight's faintest sounds upon the spirit float,
 Until responsive feeling thrills to every liquid note!

Why will the tear unbidden rise, the heaving bosom swell?
 Is pain, as well as pleasure, closely woven in thy spell?
 Does thy rapt spirit, in its dreams, the touch of sorrow know?
 Or from its bright Aurora-heights behold the abyss of woe?

I hoped one taught of God, like thee, would bring us from the skies
 Naught but the glad joy-chorus that rings through Paradise;
 But thou dost waken longing thought, too deep for human words,
 As unseen spirits move thy hands along the sighing chords.

PARIS, KY., *July 21.*

THE ADMIRAL'S SWORD.

A PROPHETIC LEGEND.

"His name shall live in song."

A down the years, as their vistas gleam
 Goldenly in the poet's dream,
 A vision arises, — a Southern home
 Which the sea-waves touch with crests of foam.

At sunset, with children about her knee,
 Sits a woman, whose face, still fair to see,
 Shines with the radiance of soul and mind,
 Clear, tender, delicate, and refined.

Her lips are mute, but an eloquent smile
 Trembles about her mouth, the while
 She gazes afar at the glowing west,
 Then down at the nursling on her breast.

"Tell us more stories, O mother dear,"
Said the children's voices sweet and clear,—
"Tales of the forest, — of fairies bright,
Who dance on the lawn all the summer night."

With a deep, long sigh, and a lingering look
At the pages of some enthralling book,
A beautiful boy stands by her side;
One sees that he is the mother's pride.

"I have finished the book, sweet mother mine,
And rare grand deeds on its pages shine;
But I'd rather hear from your dear mouth
Some tale of the war in our sunny South."

Her dark eye is kindled at the name,
Her lips catch the glow of the sunset flame,—
While the passionate thoughts, by memory stirred,
Thrill to the heart in each eloquent word.

Her lute its sweet part in the harmony bore,
The waves rippled soft on the near pebbly shore,
As she sang of the hero whose fame from afar
Shines clear o'er the sea, like a tropical star.

She sang how he baffled the North's mighty ships
With the swift Alabama,—and from her red lips
Rang out the bold deeds of the Admiral brave,
Who ruled, for long months, autocrat of the wave.

How this swift Alabama, crowned Queen of the Sea,
Disdaining the prize of the foeman to be,
Had sunk to escape from this terrible doom,
Like Egypt's fair queen, finding fame in the tomb.

She told how the hero unbuckled his sword,
That it never might own any foeman its lord,
Then in the deep ocean the rich prize had hurled,
Lest it win, as a trophy, the scorn of the world.

"My son, it is said that the Ocean-King keeps
The Admiral's sword in the unfathomed deeps,
And the Undines still polish the weapon with care,
Till it mirrors the light of their faces fair.

"When a hero shall rise in his godlike youth
To champion the right, or to die for the truth,
A patriot, generous, peerless, and brave,
The sword will be brought from its guardian wave.

"The hero will grasp it in his knightly hand,
And vict'ry shall follow it at his command,
While over old Ocean's exulting domain
The deeds of the Admiral shall echo again."

"This night," cried the boy, "I will ask the deep sea
To bring the great Admiral's sword back to me;
I will kiss the bright blade ere I wave it on high,
And swear to avenge all our wrongs, or to die."

She looked at the grace of the strong, slender form,
And the mother's heart thrilled with wild, vague alarm.
"Not so, dearest boy," then the pallid lips say;
"For vengeance is His — and 'the Lord will repay.'"

The thought of that sword like a strong magnet draws;
The boy learns to brood o'er the lost "Southern Cause,"
Till his young brow is stern and his fair cheek is thin
With the tumult and strife of emotion within.

His ardent soul thrills with a passionate flame
As he walks all alone by the far-sounding main,
His heart with the fire of ambition aflame,
To win for himself such a glorious name.

"O thou mystical ocean! O bounteous sea!
Heed the prayer that alone can be granted by thee;
As King Arthur of old saw 'Excalibur' leap
With its quick jewelled flash from the generous deep,

"Do thou send a nymph from the Nereid's band
With the Admiral's sword in her lily-white hand;
In a patriot's grasp it shall never know stain —
Oh, answer my prayer, thou beneficent main!"

In a dream by the sea thus the young sleeper cried;
The answer came back in the swell of the tide,—
"Go, rival his deeds! go, win thee a name!
And the sea will exult as it echoes thy fame.

"The wave shall uplift, and the free winds shall waft
To vict'ry and glory thy snowy-winged craft;
But they may not grant the boon thou dost crave:
Ask it not of the wind; ask it not of the wave."

"I covet no gift that the dark caverns hold, —
Not corals, nor pearls, nor the rich, ruddy gold.
Go, give to another the spoils that they hoard;
I ask — I crave only the Admiral's sword!"

"Unsundered forever!" now thundered the sea;
"I keep the great trust he committed to me,
More precious to me than all kingliest gems —
The sword of the Admiral Raphael Semmes."

The authorship of this poem has been accredited to several other writers; but we publish it with Miss Anderson's poems, where it properly belongs. It was written on the occasion of Admiral Semmes' visit to Harrodsburg, and was read by Col. Chenoweth, of the late C. S. Army, at the dinner given to the distinguished stranger by Gov. Magoffin.

MRS. CHAPMAN COLEMAN AND DAUGHTERS.

MRS. COLEMAN is more widely known as a woman of society, and as the daughter of the late John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, than as an author. She was born at Frankfort, the capital of the State. Her educational advantages in early life were not such as are now enjoyed by the young ladies of the present day; but they were *the best* that Kentucky at that time afforded. At her father's house she met with the most distinguished men of the State, and grew up among the thinkers and talkers of the day.

In 1830, Miss Crittenden married Mr. Chapman Coleman, of Louisville, and resided in that city, the centre of a gay and brilliant circle, until her husband's death, in 1850. Mrs. Coleman is a most brilliant conversationalist. Says a friend, who has been intimate with her for over thirty-seven years: "She has always been ambitious of attaining to distinction and the highest degree of excellence in everything she attempted. Her duties as a daughter, a wife, a mother, a sister, a friend, have always been performed in the most conscientious and admirable manner."

Mrs. Coleman has been the mother of seven children, and from their birth she ever devoted herself to their education. After her husband's death she went to Europe, and lived in Germany for the purpose of educating her children. She studied with them, and mastered the French and German languages, with what success, the clever translations from both languages, given to the world by herself and daughters, best testify. Eugenia, Judith, and Sallie Coleman assisted the mother in these translations, of which the series of romances of Mrs. Mühlbach, relating to "Frederick the Great," are best known. The Misses Coleman are lovely, refined, and charming young ladies, full of grace and culture; how could the daughters of such a mother fail of being otherwise?

Mrs. Coleman's knowledge of literature is extensive and accurate. She has a prompt and bright judgment, and her industry and energy are invincible. Could she be induced to give her own thoughts to the

world of readers, they could not but be delighted with their originality, cleverness, and her piquant style.

Since her return from Europe, Mrs. Coleman has resided principally in Baltimore. She was one of the select committee sent from Baltimore to petition President Johnson in behalf of Mr. Jefferson Davis, then in prison.

Mrs. Coleman has in contemplation a Life and Times of her father, the Hon. J. J. Crittenden, one of the distinguished men of the country,—as she is, and has always been, regarded as one of the most distinguished among the brilliant women of Kentucky.

S. ROCHESTER FORD.

MRS. FORD, whose maiden name was Rochester, was born at Rochester Springs, Boyle county, Kentucky, in 1828.

She was the eldest of three daughters, and only in her fourth year when her mother died. "This loss was providentially supplied by the judicious supervision of her maternal grandmother, a woman of great mental and physical vigor, who devoted herself to her grandchildren with true motherly interest. Accustomed herself to out-door exercise, the management of a farm, and the superintendence of a large family, and being withal a woman of highly religious character, she appreciated and enforced the kind of training which is now apparent in the strong characteristics of our writer."* From the same authority we get the following :

"Her advantages for acquiring Biblical knowledge were rather unusual. She was a lover of books and a close student. Her uncle, Rev. J. R. Pitts, occupied an adjacent farm, and gave her free access to his library and counsel. She cultivated the acquaintance of clergymen, especially those of her own denomination, and took an intelligent and deep interest in the study of the distinguishing principles of their theology. In this way she laid the foundation of the skill with which she has since defended the faith of her people."

She married the Rev. S. H. Ford in 1855, who was at that time pastor of a Baptist church in Louisville, Ky. A short time after his marriage, Rev. Mr. Ford became proprietor of a religious monthly, called the "Christian Repository," which he conducted with success until the "war-cloud burst."

Mrs. Ford commenced her literary life by contributing to this magazine, in the pages of which first appeared "Grace Truman; or, Love and Principle."

This work was published in 1857, by Sheldon & Co., of New York, and gracefully dedicated to "Elizabeth T. Pitts, my loved and venerated grandmother, who, beneath the weight of eighty years, still

* "Women of the South," by Mary Forrest.

cherishes, with clear conception and unabated zeal, those principles which, in orphan childhood, I learned from her lips."

This book had a very large sale.

In 1860, through the same publishers, appeared Mrs. Ford's second book, — "Mary Bunyan, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter," — a tale of religious persecution. Says the *New York Evangelist* :

"The simple incidents of Bunyan's life, his protracted imprisonment, his heroic endurance and lofty faith, are of themselves full of the deepest and most thrilling interest. It needed only the picture of his blind daughter, Mary, in her gentleness and patience under sore misfortune, to give completeness to the tragic yet noble scenes in which Bunyan figures, so modestly yet grandly conspicuous. The author of the volume before us has carefully gathered up such historical facts — and they are, fortunately, numerous and well authenticated — as could throw light upon her subject, and has employed them with great sagacity and effect in the construction of her story."

During the war, Mrs. Ford was a refugee in "Dixie," doing her utmost for the soldiers of Dixie Land. For some time, in the later part of the war, Rev. Mr. Ford was stationed in Mobile. "The Raids and Romance of Morgan and his Men,"* which appeared serially in a weekly paper, was published by S. H. Goetzel, Mobile, on dingy paper, with "wall paper" covers, and had a large sale, and was read and re-read by camp-fires and in bivouacs. Mrs. Ford is now residing in Memphis, where her husband is editing the "Southern Repository," a monthly journal.

AUNT PEGGY'S DEATH-BED.

Wasted by disease, worn out with the strife of life, a calm, patient sufferer lies upon the bed of death. She knows her hours are almost ended, and as she feels the shadow of death stealing gently over her, her countenance becomes more and more radiant with the light of heaven.

'Tis a little cottage room, — neat, yet very plain; its whitewashed walls, and snowy window-curtains, and nicely dusted chests, and old-fashioned bureau with its bright brass knobs, all attest the hand of care.

In the right-hand corner, near the fireplace, stands a low bed, with its clean pillows and blue yarn coverlet, and on that bed lies a resigned sufferer,

* An edition was published by Sheldon & Co., New York, 1866.

breathing out her mortal life. She is sleeping now; for the anodynes have done their work of mercy, and all pain is for the time entirely lulled.

Beside the bed are two watchers, silent, lest the slightest noise might disturb the sleeper. One holds the old attenuated hand in hers, and gently notes the ebb and flow of the wellnigh spent life-current. The other is seated by her side, watching with anxiety every changing expression of the earnest face.

The sleeper awakens, opens her eyes, and looks intently round the room, as if in search of some one whom she had been long expecting. Not finding the object of her lengthened gaze, she asked, in a low, feeble voice:

"Hain't he come yit?"

"No, Aunt Peggy, not yet."

"An' won't he come dis mornin', Miss Gracey, don't you think? I wants so much to see him."

"Yes, Aunt Peggy, I am looking for him every minute."

"I hopes he will; for I wants to talk wid him once more afore I goes. He'll surely come by-'m-by; he never misses a day."

"Yes, Aunt Peggy, I know he will come," she answered, bending over her, and giving her a cup of cold water. "He will be here, I am sure, in a few minutes; Mr. Holmes has gone to town for some medicine for you, and he will come with him."

"Med'cin's no more use for me, Miss Gracey. I'se almos' done wid dis airth, bless de Lord; my time is come to go and be at rest. I tink before de sun sets dis day, I shall be far away from here in my Massa's house."

"Do you feel any pain now, Aunt Peggy?" said Fanny, approaching nearer and taking the wasted hand in hers. She looked up as if she did not understand the question.

"Does anything hurt you now, Aunt Peggy?" she repeated, bending over her, and speaking in a louder tone.

"No, no, Fanny dear. I feels no more pain now; it's all gone, an' I think I'll never have any more on this airth; an' I'se sure I'll not have any in heben."

As the old woman uttered these words of hope and resignation, they both felt her words were true; that soon the spirit which was now so faintly animating that sinking frame would be released from its clay prison-house, to be forever at rest in the paradise of God.

"Can I do anything for you, Aunt Peggy?" she asked, as she saw the old servant direct her eye to the little table at the foot of the bed.

"Jest a leetle drop of water, dear; I feels so hot here," and she laid her hand on her breast; "an' raise dis ole head a leetle higher, chile, dat I may see him when he comes. An', Miss Gracey, draw dat curtin a bit to one side, to let de light in, for my eyes is a-growin' dim. I wishes he'd come."

Her requests were attended to. She was raised, and supported by pillows in the bed, so as to have a full view of the door.

"Dat will do, Fanny dear; I kin see him now, if he comes afore my sight is gone."

Fanny turned aside to hide her grief as the old servant spoke of the unmistakable signs of approaching death. Aunt Peggy had been to her a friend since the day she had first seen the light of earth. She had watched over her as if she had been her own child; and often had her kind hands supplied her childish wants, and her kind words consoled her childish sorrows. And in after-years, too, she had given her aid and comfort when her heart was sorely stricken; had pointed out, in her own homely way, the path to those joys that fade not — that possession which is "undefiled, and that passeth not away."

Mrs. Holmes, who had every day come to see the faithful old servant, entered the room. As soon as she caught a glimpse of her face, she read therein the evidences of approaching dissolution. Going to the bedside, and taking up the wan hand, she leaned down and asked her how she felt.

"I'se almos' home, Miss Jane," and a faint smile for a moment parted her parched lips.

"And are you happy, Aunt Peggy, in the prospect of so soon standing in the presence of your great Judge?"

"Yes, yes, Miss Jane, I'se very happy. I has nothin' to fear. My Saviour will ans'er for me when I'se called to give my account. He has died for me, and his death has took away all my sins."

She stopped short for want of breath. Her respiration was becoming gradually more and more difficult. She folded her hands, and, closing her eyes, remained perfectly still for several minutes. Then looking anxiously up at her mistress, who was still by the bedside, she said, feebly:

"I wishes he would come."

"She speaks of Edwin, I suppose," said Mrs. Holmes, addressing herself to Grace.

"Yes; she has several times expressed a desire to see him."

Just then footsteps were heard through the half-open door. The old woman, her hearing apparently rendered more acute by the great anxiety of her mind, seemed to catch the sound instantly, and turning her head on the pillow, said in a strong, clear voice:

"He's comin' now! I hear his step," and her eye lighted up with an expression of earnest expectancy.

"An' so you's come at last," she said, looking up into his face as he stood by her bedside, and making an effort to extend her hand to him. He perceived her intention, and immediately, with the gentleness of a woman, took her wasted hand, and pressed it within his own.

"And how do you feel now, Aunt Peggy?"

"I'se very happy now, Massa Ed. I'se so glad you's come. I thought I should n't see you agin, maybe, for I'se almos' gone. I've jes been tellin' Fanny here, dat before de sun goes down I shall be in my Massa's house."

Mr. Lewis felt her words were true. He saw that the spirit could not much longer linger in its frail tenement.

Mr. Holmes mixed the medicine he had brought from Dr. Denny, and offered it to her.

She shook her head slowly. "It's no use now, Massa John; it won't do no good."

"But take it, Aunt Peggy; it will keep you from suffering."

She reached out her hand in the direction of the cup, but she had not strength to take it. Mr. Holmes elevated her head, and she swallowed about half of the mixture; and then, as if exhausted by the effort, she fell back upon the pillows. The frill of her cap was thrown back from her forehead, revealing her gray hair; her gown was opened about the throat, and her bosom was partially bared, for she had complained of a 'great burning within, which nothing they could give her would allay. One hand rested on her breast, the other lay extended by her side. Not a muscle moved; her breathing became low and lengthened; and as they looked upon her, they felt it must be death. She had remained some time in this state of stupor, while every breath was thought to be her last, when, suddenly arising, she unclosed her eyes, and fixing her gaze upon Mr. Lewis, who stood next her, she motioned for him to come nearer. He leaned over to catch her words. She seemed to be waiting for him to speak. He put his lips close to her ear, and said:

"Do you feel that His rod and staff comfort you, Aunt Peggy?"

Gathering up her whole energy, as if for the final struggle, she answered, in a voice which was understood by all present:

"Yes, yes; I fear no evil, bless de Lord. De grave has no terrors for me; and the sting of death is took away! I can say wid de 'postle, 'I has fought a good fight; I has kept de faith,' and I know dare is a crown laid up for me in heben, which my Saviour will soon place on dis poor ole head."

"Your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ is sure and steadfast, Aunt Peggy; no clouds to hide his face from you."

"No, no; my Saviour is wid me, an' his smile fills me wid joy. Christ died for poor sinners like me, an' he is willin' and able to save all dat comes unto him."

Her voice failed her, so that she could not proceed further, and she remained motionless, with her eyes fixed upon Mr. Lewis, as if desirous of saying something more to him. At length she continued:

"Go on, Massa Ed, to preach the gospel of Christ to sinners; never give it up. Try to build up de little church, and God will help you."

Her eyes passed from one to another, and rested at last upon Mr. Holmes.

"Go on, Massa John, in de way you has set out; you, and Fanny, and Miss Gracey. You has all been kind to me, and I'se sorry to leave you; but I'se going home, and you'll all come arter me soon. Den we shall never part no more. I bid you all farewell," and she moved her powerless hand

slightly toward them. Each one approached the bedside, and clasped the death-cold hand, while tears bedewed their cheeks.

"Good-bye," she murmured to each pressure.

They watched her as her breath grew fainter and yet more faint; a slight shudder passed through her frame, a gasp, and all was still! Her spirit had gone up to dwell on high.

For some moments not a word was spoken. Each one stood gazing on the lifeless form before them with sorrowful heart; for she who lay there, wrapped in the mantle of death, had been a friend to each — to all.

MARY AND JOSEPH BUNYAN VISIT THEIR FATHER IN PRISON.

The declining sun throws its rays more faintly over the russet landscape. The air is damp and chilly; clouds gather in the heavens, but the sealed eyes see not the beauty around her, nor the light airy forms of the gathering clouds above. She unconsciously *feels* it all; but there is a deeper feeling in her bosom which swallows it up, and it makes no impression on her busy mind. The blackbird and the song-thrush warble their sweet notes amid the withering verdure of the wayside hedges, and where in spring-time innumerable insects made the air murmurous with their low ceaseless hum, now bursts forth in snatches the melody of the finch. But naught of music now arrests the quick ear, all unattuned to sweet sounds. On, on the little feet go, now and then pausing for a moment to rest their weariness.

"Is this the way to Bedford, sir?" the timid voice asks, while the face is averted. It may be some one she knows, and she would avoid discovery.

"Yes, that is the road — keep straight on;" and the countryman hurries by and gives not another thought to the two little ones, who, for aught he knows, or cares, are homeless and without an earthly friend.

"Oh, it's such a long way to where father is, Mary! Do you think we will ever get there? I'm so tired," and little Joseph clasps more tightly his sister's delicate hand and quickens the pace of his little weary limbs.

"We will get there after awhile, Joseph, and then we will see father. Won't you be glad to see father?"

"Yes, that I will; but I am so tired, Mary;" and the little fellow stopped as if he wanted to sit down.

"There, sit down and rest awhile, we'll soon be there." A horseman swept up. "Ask the man, Mary, how far father is from here."

"Hush, hush, child, he may not know."

"Don't everybody know father, Mary?"

"Don't you know our father, sir?" and the boy looked inquiringly up into the face of the rider. "Please tell us how far he is from here?"

The horseman galloped on, and the little fellow was ready to cry as he saw that his mighty effort had been thrown away on the unheeding traveller.

"It cannot be far now, Joseph, and father will be so glad to see us. Come, jump up, and let's go on."

"Won't father come home to us any more, Mary?"

"I don't know, my dear; they have put him in the old dark prison."

"He can steal out and come back, can't he? I'm going to tell him to do it, and we'll bring him home with us."

"They have locked him up and he cannot get out; the walls are so thick and strong, and the door is so heavy, father can't get through. But I hope they will let him out after awhile, and never put him in that ugly old jail again."

Her voice trembled, and the tears glistened in her darkened eyes; but she must not cry; for the little fellow's sake she must bear up.

On, on, hand in hand, the two little wanderers go, weary but not discouraged; they are going to see their father. This buoys up their little hearts, and soothes the pains of their aching limbs.

The little boy prattles of the houses and the birds and the laborers in the fields by the way. He dreams not of danger; there is no fear in that guileless heart; the sister holds his hand in hers.

Surely they are almost there. She has been once or twice before, but it was with her father, and his strong hand and kindly words made the way seem short. She asks a footman:

"How far is it to Bedford, sir?"

"It's just before you, little girl; don't you see it yonder?"

"I see it! I see it, Mary! the houses, and the river, and everything. Oh, I'm so glad we are there! I'm going to tell father how tired I am, and how mother cried when brother came home;" and the little fellow bounded away from his sister and ran on, crying out, "Come on, Mary, come on, I'm going to see father."

"Will you please show us the way to the jail? I am lost and don't know where to go."

"And what do you want to go to jail for, you little vagabond?" asked the fierce man, grumly.

"We are going to see father; will you please tell us the way?"

"You could n't find it, if I was to. Who is your father?"

She trembled beneath the severity of his tone, but she drove back her tears and replied as well as she could:

"Preacher Bunyan, sir! They put him in prison to-day because he would preach the gospel."

"You had better say because he would n't obey the laws of the land, the vile offender. He deserves his fate. But how are you going to find the jail? You can't see what you are about."

At any other time the sensitive child would have been overcome by such cruel language; but now she felt that she could endure anything, however hard, if she could but find her father.

"Come along with me, and I'll show you where the jail is, where they put all such rebels as your father. Come along, will you? I have no time to wait."

Mary pressed Joseph's hand in hers as if to crave protection and sympathy, and obeyed the stranger's bidding. Taking her along that street, and then turning to the right, he led her to a point from whence the bridge "whereon the jail stood" could be seen.

Halting suddenly, and pointing with his coarse, rough hand toward the prison, he said:

"See that bridge yonder, and that house on it? Well, that's the jail. Go there and knock at the first door you come to, and ask for the jailer. Maybe he'll let you in. Do you see—say?"

"I can't see, sir, I'm blind."

"I see it! I see it! I'll show Mary the way," said Joseph. "Come on, Mary, we'll find father now."

With quickened step they passed along the street to the jail! They forgot their weariness in the joy they felt at so soon seeing their dear father and being clasped to his bosom.

"Where is the door, Joseph?"

"I don't see any; the man told us wrong, Mary. We can't find father now, and we will have to go back without him," and the poor little boy, whose heart had borne up so nobly under the fatigue of the great journey to him, was about to give up and sit down to cry, when a man made his appearance on the bridge in front of the jail. The children did not hear him until he stood before them.

"What do you want, children? You poor little shivering things, what are you doing here this cold day?"

"If you please, sir, we want to go to the prison to see Preacher Bunyan," replied Mary, almost overcome by the remembrance of the vulgar man whom she had last spoken to.

"He is our father, sir, and we have come all the way from home to bring him something to eat. Mother said he was so hungry, and there was no one to give him any bread, and we have brought him some. Please, sir, let us see him;" and she turned upon him her rayless eyes, all eloquent with entreaty.

"You can't go into the prison; it is against the rules."

"Oh, if you please, sir, let us see father;" and the tears ran down the imploring cheeks.

"We won't take him away with us; let me and Mary see him. We want to give him this bread we have brought all the way for his supper."

"I cannot break the rules. You cannot go into the prison."

"Oh, can't we see father, sir?" and the child, no longer able to contain herself, burst into loud sobs. "Just, if you please, let him come out, that we may speak to him, and we will go away and not trouble you any more. Please, sir, let him come."

The jailer's heart was touched.

"You may talk to him, but you cannot go where he is;" and, unlocking the huge front door, he admitted them into the court-yard, where he left them standing while he went within.

He unlocked the prisoner's cell.

"Two little children want to see you in the court-yard, one of them a little blind girl. You can come out and see them for a minute."

"Their mother has sent them, bless the dear woman!" and he arose from his seat and followed the jailer to the grated door.

"You can come no farther now. You may talk to them through the grate." So saying, he passed into the court and locked the door after him.

Bunyan's great heart was melted. He who had stood before the judges and received the sentence of imprisonment without dismay, but rather with "blessing the Lord," and had gone to the gloomy cell with God's comfort in his soul, now wept as his eye rested on the shivering forms of his half-clothed children, and he realized that their love for him had nerved their little timid hearts to brave the dangers of an unknown way to spare him the pangs of hunger. Oh, how he longed to press them to his heart and kiss their cold pinched cheeks; but iron grates intervene, and he must be content with words.

Joseph sees his father, and stretches up his little hands to reach him, and Mary puts forth hers. They strike against the cold dull iron. Shudderingly she withdraws them, while an expression of horror passes over her raised face. The father sees it and sighs—not for himself—no; he can endure all things for his Master's sake,—but for the effect upon the guiltless heart of his innocent child.

"God bless you, my poor little ones, I cannot reach you," he said as soon as he could find utterance. "You have had a long, weary way of it to find me. Did your mother send you?"

"No, father; mother's sick," answered little Joseph quietly. "We come to bring you some supper. Here it is." And he lifted Mary's covering and took from her the roll of bread and meat and handed it to his father.

"God bless you, my little boy; I cannot take it; the man will give it to me when he comes. So your mother's sick, my daughter?"

"She took it so hard when Thomas told her of you, father, that she had to go to bed."

"My poor wife!" sighs Bunyan; "the Lord keep her from danger. Did you leave her by herself, my child?"

"No, father; Aunt Harrow was with her. She made mother go to bed, and she tried to comfort her."

"Father, won't you go home with us to see mother? She's so sick."

"I cannot go, my little Joseph; I cannot get through these great iron bars."

"Won't the man unlock the door, father, and let you go home to see mother? Oh, you don't know how sick she is."

"No, my boy; you must take care of your mother; I can't come now."

"When will you go home, father?" and the tears rolled down from the clear blue eyes as he felt that his father could not go.

"When they let me out of this dark prison, then I'll come home to see you all."

"Can't I stay with you, father?" and the little fellow put up his hands beseechingly.

"No, Joseph, you must go home with Mary. Who would take care of her?"

"These children must leave, and you must go back to your cell," said the jailer, gruffly, appearing in the narrow court.

A word of farewell and blessing, and the little ones are driven through the door to find their way home alone and unprotected, a distance of more than three miles, in the gathering darkness of a November evening.

The Omnipotent Eye watches every step of the weary way; the Omnipotent Hand protects them from every danger. Bunyan trusts, as seeing "Him who is invisible," and goes back to the cell to pray.

MISS ALLIE TORBETT.

AMONG our young writers, there is none more worthy of mention than Miss Allie Torbett, a young girl of seventeen, whose contributions to the Press, though few in number, display so marked an ability as to promise for her a very brilliant future.

Miss Torbett was born in Shelbyville, Ky., and losing both parents during her early childhood, was adopted by her mother's sister, Mrs. Vassie R——, who, being a lady of wealth, refinement, and very decided literary tastes, devoted herself assiduously to the intellectual culture of her niece, whose active mind and keen thirst for knowledge amply repaid the care expended upon her.

There is in her writings a similarity to the earlier productions of Mrs. Browning. The same cast of mind is perceptible in both; though experience and severe study, added to the peculiar circumstances of her life, developed Mrs. Browning to an extent that could never have been reached by any unassisted genius.

Miss Torbett's "Parthenope" is among her best poems. It has been widely copied, and received unqualified commendation.

PARTHENOPE.

She moaned within her sea-grot cool and deep,
And louder moaned the tortured sea without;
The angry wind, with strong arms, beat the waves,
That, frightened, rushed for refuge to the shore.
They foam with rage; they howl with fear and pain;
And thro' the din the whirlpool's voice is heard,
Altisonant and wild, alike a voice
Of Tartarus that haunts a sea of fire.
Athwart the morn the murky clouds drive fast,
And on the sea-coast shrieks a bird of night.
Still moans the siren in her sea-grot cool;
Her song — that once could change the fate of braves
And thrill the night with joy, and once could cause
The rosy waves to dance with ecstasy
So sweet that she herself would faint with love —

Had failed to win the hero of her heart.
 From out her long, black, rippled hair, she twists
 The wreaths of coral and of amber beads;
 And from her rounded arms and throat she draws
 The strands of pearl, and flings them to the deep.
 Out on the waves she threw her burning arms,
 And sought to cool her fevered agony;
 She pressed her parching temple to the sea,
 And to her throbbing heart the sea throbbed back;—
 And then her passionate wild voice she raised
 Above the howl of waves and shout of winds.

“Prepare within thy depths, this night, for me
 A peaceful couch to rest me on, O sea!
 I’ve wreathed my brow, I’ve sung my song in vain
 To win my home-bound hero from the main.
 I tire of life—the loveless cheat;—and soon
 Deep in a jewelled cave I’ll sleep serene.
 O wavelets, sing your requiems soft and low,
 For, grief-propelled, beneath I go! I go!
 I’ll sleep serene until some midnight hour—
 O hero, home returned!—by love’s strong power
 I’ll stir me from my death-sleep in the sea,
 And haunt thy dreams with songs erst heard by me;
 And I will meet thee at the gate of sleep,
 To draw thee to my cave-home thro’ the deep.
 O wavelets, sing your requiems soft and low,
 For, grief-propelled, beneath I go! I go!”

Her prose is equally striking and effective, as may be observed in her description of a friend:

“The contemplation of a prophetic and ravishing specimen of God’s work, though uncompleted, is blinding and transporting. I see one now who is touched with the chrism of adoption, and,

‘In a molten glory shined
 That rays off into the gloom,’

so dazes and bewilders eyes, all used to darkness, as to render description an impoverishment.

“However, this one is my subject: but she possesses so much of countenance and character that is versatile and varied, as to almost elude speech.

“Her faces are as numerous as the fabled Typhœus, and her dispositions are quite as various. It may be said that her individuality is versatility.

"Behold to-day a countenance that is sweet innocence! Her eyes have the mysterious shade and immaturity of the dawn, and she is as trusting, and joyous, and pliant as the sweetest child. When suddenly you view the face of a hero, sublimated and unutterable; a face that represents the character of an Anne Askew, or the 'Maid of Orleans,' earnest, powerful, and indefatigable, and the might and truth of genius is dominant. 'The truth is the right,' she says; 'it matters not who blindly judges, it matters little who defames, so that *I have lived my life.*'

"Again you are presented to *la belle de la jour*. The fair physique is regnant; debonair and nymphish, splendent and dazzling, her face and figure being a perfect typification of June. A sensuous tinting and opulence in cheek and hair; a sweetness and fulness in lips and contour; a matchless ease and languor in figure, and a pervading atmosphere of such perfume and ripeness that verily represents the June embodied, and you would undoubtedly exclaim, 'Why, lo! the summer is here!'

"Or, again, she is a queen of tragedy, or a poetess, sad, weary, and touching. However, it must be said, there is over all a dignity and loftiness that is innate and patent, and which is the seal and stamp of her character.

"Yet is there another part of this nature that an unanointed pen can never depict.

"It is a lease of the Lord, an ascension spot, a haunt of spirits white and sanctified, and a voice says, as the voice of the Almighty to Moses from the burning bush, 'Tread with feet unshod, for this is holy ground.'

"There are divine radiations from this heaven within that come to us. A returning of love for hatred; 'a cup of cold water administered to a calumniator, and I have a vision.' It is this:—

"A hospital of vagabonds, wherein is foulness and miasma; a dismal gloom, and through this gloom there passes a light. Is it a ray of the halo about the Redeemer's head?

"A cot, whereon a creature, physically depraved and obnoxious, and beside the cot a woman, chaste and luminous, kneeling, and, with white, undefiled hands, washing the feet, grimed and blackened, of the wretched Pariah.

"And 'the light' is this saintly presence. It is seldom that we find physical beauty, wit, brilliancy, and depth of intellect, sweetness of heart, an austere virtue, and a saintly devotion and charity, so lavishly given, so collectively bestowed. But one would say that these munificences are not misplaced, as they are possessed with so much modesty and unconsciousness, and so religiously and discreetly employed.

"There are some verses that one who knew her would say should have been written of her:—

"And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.

"And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
'Tis an angel with a name.'

"And all hearts do pray, — 'God love her!'
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may be sure he doth."

In personal appearance Miss Torbett is rather *petite*, yet her figure is full and perfect; her eyes are hazel; her hair, a shining golden-brown, and her complexion clear and brilliant. She resides with her aunt at a beautiful country-seat a few miles from Louisville, Ky.

A MADRIGAL.

I.

Bend in homage, stately roses, for a queen doth pass to-day.
Breathe not, lest you taint the pure robes of the queen who goes this way:
She is whiter than the lilies; she's the sweetest of the sweet;
She is all that's fine and perfect — oh, my one with grace replete!

In the woodland dim and silent coos and coos a wee sad dove.
Hush! O sighing ring-dove, till I hear the footfall of my love.
List! she cometh! she — my angel; and her azure covering
Is a part of heaven's own blueness 'bout her fair form hovering.

And I look to see the halo 'round the golden of her hair,
And my heart-pulse throbbeth fainter as she cometh — oh, the fair!
Cometh thro' the yielding, ravished, scented, amber evening air,
Up the ranks of startled roses, marshalled in the gay parterre,

With a motion like a blossom swaying in the summer wind.
Stop, my splendor! wait a minute! lest thy glory strikes me blind.
Holy lips and glitt'ring tresses, sweet, celestial eyes are hers.
Oh, my Florence! oh, my *faultless*! thy grand sweetness *quicken*s tears!

Bend in homage, stately roses, for a queen doth pass to-day.
Breathe not, lest you taint the pure robes of the queen who goes this way:
She is whiter than the lilies; she's the sweetest of the sweet;
She is all that's fine and perfect — oh, my one with grace replete!

II.

In the desolated woodland, moan and moan, O little dove!
Naught's below but wide-drawn darkness, and gray autumn-clouds above.
Yet I care not for the pale day, wasting, dying patiently,
For I'm listening, lest I hear not, should God's angel call for me.

Where's the face, so white and glorious, erst did move my soul to bliss?
Oh, my Florence—mine, my sainted! she is dead to me, I wis;
And the blossoms, gay and graceful, that adorned this garden-path,
They have had their day, O sweet ones, and are gone with autumn's death,

And I stand alone, heart empty, with my idol turned to clay—
She, the one I named "my sainted," 's only earth, *dead earth*, to-day.
Just a woman, small and slender, with two wild'ring eyes of blue,
Burnished bands of golden hair, and a rose mouth moist with dew.

La femme Florence, sweet and winsome, is a beauteous treachery.
O my God! my other Florence, "saint unspotted," where is she?
Where's the face, so white and glorious, erst did move my soul to bliss?
Oh, my Florence—mine, my sainted! she is dead to me, I wis.

In the desolated woodland, moan and moan, O little dove!
Naught's below but wide-drawn darkness, and gray autumn-clouds above.
Yet I care not for the pale day, wasting, dying patiently;
For I'm listening, lest I hear not, should God's angel call for me.

MRS. MARIE T. DAVIESS.

MRS. DAVIESS is of pure Revolutionary stock. Her two grand-sires, Capt. George Robards and Col. John Thompson, having fought through the war for Independence, married fair and excellent daughters of the Old Dominion, of which all parties were natives, and soon after removed to Kentucky, settling on adjoining plantations. Drawn together by the common memories of their service in the field, their acquaintance ripened into warm intimacy, which had the not uncommon result of an alliance by marriage between the two families. In 1807, Miss Robards and John B. Thompson were united in marriage, and, after a short residence on their farm, removed to Harrodsburg, where they ever after resided, Mr. Thompson practising successfully his profession—the law,—occasionally serving in the Legislature of his State. He was a member of the Senate when the cholera swept over the land in 1833, taking him among its victims. The death of Mr. Thompson, in the prime of life and usefulness, seriously contracted the horizon of his family's future; but a proud and energetic mother did all within her power to keep this sad reverse from interfering with their substantial good. She gave her four sons liberal educations, and her daughters such opportunities as the village school afforded, which was then, and is now, among the best in the West. The sons were all educated in their father's profession, and the eldest, John B. Thompson, the only one that entered into public life, was for many years a representative of Kentucky in Congress, and, while Lieut.-Governor of the State, was elected, at the death of Henry Clay, to fill his seat in the Senate of the United States. Mrs. Daviess's opportunities for the acquirement of social distinction were of the finest. Residing in Harrodsburg, which every summer for many years was a resort of fashion and gayety, she was brought in constant contact with the *élite* of Southern and Western society that for six months of the year thronged this "Saratoga of the West." Doubtless, in the scattered homes of this smitten region, when their now sobered tenants dwell on the happy days of "lang syne," Miss Marie Thompson has ever a place in the revived tableaux.

In 1839, Miss Thompson was married to William Daviess, son of Capt. Samuel Daviess, and nephew of Col. Joseph Hamilton Daviess, a gentleman of worth, of fine address and remarkable colloquial powers. He was educated for a lawyer, but never practised. He entered upon a public career with great zest and promise of reward to his ambition, but, falling into wretched health, resigned his place in the State Senate, and has since contented himself with rural pursuits; and seldom does a roof-tree shelter a more hospitable home or a more agreeable family circle than does the one of Hayfields.

Mrs. Daviess's writings, especially poetry, were not, as now is frequently the case, the result of her training in belles-lettres, but simply the overflow of feeling and fancy that would not be repressed. Her coming before the public was not with the intention of ever writing professionally, nor the pursuit of the *ignus fatuus*, fame.

A bridal compliment to a friend was so kindly received, that, by request from one and another editor, Mrs. Daviess threw out many waifs of beauty on the passing current of journalism, seldom under her own name, but signed by such name as the passing fancy suggested. Her effusions were extensively copied, and complimented for their smooth flow of rhyme and almost redundant beauty of expression. "The Nun" was the most elaborate poem she ever published. Most of Mrs. Daviess's MSS. and copies of her published articles were destroyed by an accident, and we have but few poetical specimens to choose from. "A Harvest Hymn" breathes a spirit of gratitude to Him who sends his seedtime and harvest alike upon the just and the unjust, and which we should all feel, whether we abide on the mountain-tops of prosperity or in the valley of humility.

For some years after her marriage, if the fountain of Mrs. Daviess's pen flowed at all, it was like some of those strange streams that sink beneath the earth's surface, and wind on their way unseen, yet gathering strength and purity to reappear in and fertilize fresh fields. The first fruit of Mrs. Daviess's revived authorship which I met were "Roger Sherman — A Tale of '76," and "Woman's Love," both very well conceived and sustained stories. But her strong conviction that the plain, practical duties of life should command, if necessary, the whole of every woman's time, seems to have tinged the very holiday hours she secured by extra exertion for the exercise of her taste; and of late her writings seem to have been a kind of photograph of her every-day life. She received from the Kentucky State Agricultural

Society a premium for the essay on the "Cultivation and Uses of Chinese Sugar-Cane," a product she was the first to introduce into the State, prophesying it would, as it has, become a staple of the West. Subsequently, she was awarded a diploma for an essay upon some literary theme by the National Fair, held in St. Louis a few years ago. For some time she has been special contributor to several leading agricultural papers. Among them, Colman's "Rural World," of St. Louis, and "Cultivator and Country Gentleman," Albany, N. Y. Her letters in these journals are among their most charming features, and the most useful exercises of a fluent pen. Viewed from one standpoint, all literature can be divided into two classes, the writers of Art, and the writers of Nature. In one, the composer is admired as a master-architect, who has ingeniously fettered together base, shaft, and cornice; where thoughts stand like pillars carefully hewn, and whose figures adorn them, as curiously-wrought carving these columns. In the other class, we look upon the author as a friend, who, with absorbing conversation, beguiles us into a walk, and all the while points out to us the charms of the landscape spread out before us; showing us the mist-enveloped truths that rise like blue hills in the distance, but lingering on the familiar things that surround us; descanting with as much grace on the usefulness of the herb as the beauty of the flower; commenting with equal interest on the value to commerce of the distant river which bears on its waters the produce of our own and foreign lands, and the meanderings of the babbling brook that, fretting over the rocky ledges, descends into the peaceful valley on foamy wings.

Mrs. Daviess belongs to the latter class, and can please her readers as well with explanation of the useful as descriptions of the beautiful, often blending the two together in a manner we think quite her own.

Mrs. Daviess is a living refutation of the world-wide charge of the incompatibility of literary and housewifely tastes. You might surprise many of her neighbors with the information that she "wrote for publication." She has always seemed to mingle literary habits so easily with the overwhelming cares of a large family, that we hope that genius as well as water will find its level, and that she will some day find leisure for a free exercise of her pen, and we see her take a prominent place among the "Southland Writers."

HARVEST HYMN.

"And ye shall eat neither bread, nor parched corn, nor green ears, until the selfsame day that ye have brought an offering unto your God: *it shall be* a statute for ever throughout your generations." — Lev. xxiii. 14.

The Hebrew reapers on their blades leaned and gazed o'er the plain
Wet with the toil-drops from their brow as from a summer's rain ;
Then, tho' upon their dreary minds the vision clear arose
Of home, and all its smiling group, and evening's sweet repose,
They gathered of their harvest fruits, and ere the trump that woke
From every hill and grassy glade its wild thanksgivings spoke,
They from ten thousand altar-fires sent to the bending skies
The incense of their grateful hearts in harvest sacrifice.

And smiled the eye of heaven more bright on ancient Palestine,
Than it is wont in summer hours on our fair land to shine —
Did genial rains fall freer there, or the fresh, lifeful breeze
Come with more stirring hopes to them from wide commercial seas
Than unto us — or had they hearts more glad, or arms more strong,
Than has our free land's sturdy race — that we have not a song,
Or altar-fire, or trumpet-note, at harvest home, to call
Forgetful hearts to thankfulness to Him who giveth all ?

Come ! if the temple hath no voice that claims that task of love,
Come round the household altar now, and yield to Him above
Thanks for the treasure garnered in ; ask for thy strength again
To reap where'er His kindness spreads the golden harvest plain ;
And pray thy nation may not prove ungrateful as that race,
That Heaven may never make thy home a bare and blighted place ;
That, tho' a conq'ror tramples now o'er Judea's courts and plains,
No tyrant step shall stain our land or scar her sons with chains.

VALUE OF PERMANENCE IN HOME AND VOCATION.

(EXTRACT.)

Another fruitful cause of discontent lies in what phrenologists term locality. Coupled with that, and almost as pernicious in its influence upon our characters, is the want of a feeling of permanence in our vocations.

It was a great day for human progress when the revolutionary axe was laid to the law of primogeniture, that bitter root whence sprang all the unjust and baneful usages of aristocracy; yet it was a pity that with the genealogical tree should perish the many fair virtues that clustered in its shade, as love of home, pride of name, and fealty to kindred blood. It is an animating thought to the spirited younger brother, that he has an equal interest in the honors and name of his sire; and that, when the sire has been gathered to his rest, law will give him an equal interest in his heritable goods. Yet it is a shame because no law entails the homestead on the name—that the place which a father's pride and mother's taste have combined to render a paradise, should have none but a salable value in their children's eyes. So with our callings. It is a proud thing to feel we are not born serfs to any soil or condition—that, by virtue of our own good deeds, and in the strength of our own will, we may rise to any station in our country's scale of honor; and yet it is sad to feel that almost all our homes, and talents, and vocations are, like Chinese junks, ever floating, and that all we have and are can be had at a price. Ay, there is purity, and should be strength, in the tie that binds us to the homestead. The family that realizes its present to be its future home for all time to come, will not be drones or idlers, dreamers or speculators, in the many El Dorados that lure the sanguine to ruin.

The trembling grandsire will plant, because he knows his fair young grandchild shall gambol in the shade of his cherished tree; the young will sow, because they shall reap; and thus, planting and tending together, make strong the bonds that hold, by happy associations, all to the old hearth-stone. In a like manner, a faith in the permanence of our vocations conduces to skill and proficiency, and generates an honorable emulation to excel in that craft with which we know our name and memory shall ever be identified. And this feeling of permanence in our homes and vocations gives higher tone to our moral nature. Knowing that upon the acquaintances of to-day we are to depend for the courtesies and kindness that must sweeten our evening hours of life, we allow our hearts to throw out their tendrils freely, nor fear they shall be rudely broken. Cordiality and benevolence take, in our intercourse with our kind, the place of formality and selfishness; and, instead

of a restless desire to find how we can make all we meet subserve our interests, we know no higher pleasure than basking in the sunshine of gratitude which our own unselfish service of our kind has caused to light and glow around us. Living under these influences, the homes that are now so often profaned by the reckless steps of vice and the hideous voice of discord would become what they should be, the highest, purest type a Christian knows of heavenly rest. Then should we understand that feeling which makes it unsafe to give voice to the songs of Switzerland in the ears of her exiled soldiery; the sentiment that makes the stricken foreigner beg his way back to his "Vaterland;" the unquenched desire that sends the outcast Jew in his death-hour to lay his bones in the desolate land of his faith.





LOUISIANA.



SARAH A. DORSEY.

SAYS one who knows her intimately, and "none know her but to love her, none name her save to praise," alluding to the "Recollections of Henry W. Allen:"

"To comprehend the organization that gave being to this book, one must have known the author—a woman highly strung, and yet calm; nervous, and yet courageous; sensitive, and yet not susceptible; and strongly practical and considerate of the common usages of life. For one of such poetic taste, such ardent fancy, and withal devoted in no ordinary degree and with no common fidelity to her duties, her friends, her country, and her God, she possesses in an extraordinary degree the faculty of friendship, so to speak—that pure disinterestedness of soul which enables its possessor to put aside all selfish considerations in behalf of its objects of regard, and to separate from any warmer or more sentimental feeling the affection that may so legitimately exist between the sexes.

"She had known Governor Allen from her childhood, is twenty years his junior, and was actuated in his service not only by friendship and zeal, but a sort of hero-worship, which our late disastrous struggle was well calculated to arouse in the Southern breast."

Sarah Anne Ellis was born on her father's plantation, just below Natchez. Her parents also had a residence in the suburbs of that city, where she was brought up. Her parents were both young and very wealthy, belonging to the oldest and most influential families in Mississippi and Louisiana. Her mother was Mary Routh; her father, Thomas George Percy Ellis. She was the eldest child, born before her mother was sixteen; therefore, being rather an earnest, grave sort of a child, her mother always declared "Sarah was much older than she was." Her parents were both gay, and much beloved in society. Her mother was a very lovely woman, and her father was very gifted and brilliant. He died very suddenly at an early age. Sarah was his idol, being the only daughter with two sons, until a girl was born three weeks before his death. She adored her father; his death made a deep and ineffaceable impression on her, even at the early age of nine years.

The dim outlines of the groundwork of "Agnes Graham's" * family story were Mrs. Dorsey's own. Her great-grandfather, grandmother, and aunts suffered in that terribly mysterious dispensation of God. The earliest recollection of Mrs. Dorsey recalls her grandmother, a beautiful, stately woman, with exquisite hands and moulded form, an inmate of her father's house, hopelessly melancholy, possessing everything that the prestige of birth, and rank, and wealth could give; but the "skeleton in the closet" was always there, and for years this dreadful thought pursued her, even from childhood, as it had all of her family (her gifted aunts as well), making their inner lives deeper and more thoughtful than the life of most people.

Her mother married Gen. Charles G. Dahlgren, afterward of the C. S. A., brother to the now Federal Admiral. Sarah was passionately fond of books, and was most carefully educated by her mother and stepfather. She had every advantage that money could procure. Her youth was very gay at Natchez, noted as the "society town" of the South. We are told that Mrs. Dahlgren entertained charmingly, in true, open-hearted Southern manner. She died of *disease of the heart*, in 1858.

In 1853, Miss Sarah Ellis was married to Samuel W. Dorsey, of Tensas Parish, La.

From earliest youth, in common with most *thinking* Southerners, she has been deeply interested in the laboring class, and can say honestly, in the face of Heaven, she has devoted every faculty she possesses to their improvement, so far as she could, while she owned them. This she did as a matter of duty. She now does what she can for them as a matter of humanity. Every Sunday, in her plantation-home in Tensas Parish, she has a class of from fifty to sixty scholars of negroes. She teaches them to read and write, and religion. She is an Episcopalian, and believes a full ritual the only way to interest or reach these masses. Her husband lost nearly a quarter of a million of dollars by the war. They took their negroes to Texas during the "struggle for Confederate independence." They are devoted to them, and are still with them. Some of the experiences of Louise Peyrault (in "Lucia Dare") were real. Indeed, most of the Southern incidents in this book are true, most of the characters from life. The scenes in Natchez are merely idealized; any old resident can locate them.

* Published serially in the "Southern Literary Messenger," 1864, and a revised edition in book-form is at this time (March, 1869) in press.

Mrs. Dorsey began to write for the press by accident,—a lucky one was it for the public. Writing on business to the New York *Churchman*, she ventured to answer a question propounded in that paper concerning the use of the choral service and full ritualism for negroes. She had adopted the full ritual, and had herself adapted the American liturgy to some of the cathedral services and music of the Anglican Church, and wrote her experience of five years' use of this musical science to the *Churchman*. The editor published her letter, and, in a subsequent number, another, signing the articles "*Filia Ecclesiæ*," daughter of the church. She liked the name and has ever since retained it.

Mrs. Dorsey has lived almost equally at Natchez and on Lake St. Joseph, where her family have had their plantations since the first settlement of the State.

All of Mrs. Dorsey's writings are Southern in tone and character, and have nationality, and are valuable, inasmuch as they are true pictures of that phase of Southern existence which is over and will soon be forgotten in the misery into which our unhappy country is plunged.

Mrs. Dorsey is passionately fond of study, but has necessarily been a woman of society and of the world, all her life. The friend, once before quoted, speaking of her memory of what she read, as illustrated in her "*Recollections of Governor Allen*," remarks :

"The writer of *this book* has so 'encyclopedic a mind,' so to speak, that her daily conversation is quite as much strewn with the result of her reading as are the pages here recorded. I have sometimes, when in her society, been reminded of Sidney Smith's remark about memory — when he termed it a wondrous engine of social oppression. Yet is she frank, eager, and artless as a child."

Her married life has been smooth and unruffled. She recognizes all of God's goodness to her, having had more than "the fourteen happy days of the Moorish monarch."

During the war, Mrs. Dorsey spent two years in Texas. While there, she aided in nursing in a Confederate hospital, and did such work for the church as she could. She travelled twice from Texas to the Mississippi River by land, once with her husband, two overseers, and several hundred negroes. The measles broke out among them; they had a very distressing time, and buried the poor creatures all along the road. They were frequently compelled to encamp for days and weeks at a time. She had a tent made of a piece of carpet, but

it did not always protect them, as it was not water-tight. Mr. Dorsey had to leave her to go after some negroes in the northern part of the State, and she was alone with the overseers and negroes for ten days in the immense pine forests of Winn Parish.

In 1860, Mrs. Dorsey sent to New York, to be published for gratuitous distribution, the choral services she had arranged and used so successfully among her negroes for years. The now Bishop of Florida had charge of this for her, but the intended publisher failed, and the war came, and the service remained unpublished. She is an enthusiastic Episcopalian, and was a dear friend of the lamented Bishop-General Leonidas Polk. She is very much interested in the establishment of an order of deaconesses, connected with the church in New Orleans, which was her reason for making Agnes Graham (in the novel heretofore alluded to) end as one. This effort she desires to make in obedience to a promise exacted from her by Bishop Polk, on his last visit to her, in 1860, "that she should do everything in her power, as long as she lived, toward the establishment of a Sisterhood of Mercy in New Orleans." The bishop considered this a matter of primary importance to the *Church* and *Protestantism*.

During the war, Mrs. Dorsey's house was burned in a skirmish, and several men killed in her flower-gardens.

She is a highly accomplished lady, reading six languages, though by no means a pedant—a musician, performing on the harp with the same exquisite taste as "Agnes Graham" is described as doing. We quote the passage:

"The young lady, after passing her fingers lightly over the strings of the harp, took her seat and played a brilliant, merry polka. . . . Striking a few modulations upon the strings, the music changed from the gay polka movement to a slow, plaintive measure. The red lips parted, and breathed most touchingly the exquisite melancholy strain of Schubert's 'Wanderer.' The song ended, the chords swelled on the air. She sang the scena and aria from *Der Freischütz*, '*Wie nahte mir der Schlummer bevor ich ihn gesehn.*' It is a gem of music, and it was sung to perfection. The joyous allegro movement at the close, '*All meine Pulse schlagen,*' was admirably rendered."

She uses her pencil like a born artist!* And yet Mrs. Dorsey is by no means a "literary lady," as that term is often used, priding herself much upon her domestic qualities, being a capital nurse for the

* The vignette title-page of this volume was drawn and painted by Mrs. Dorsey.

sick, a good teacher, an excellent housekeeper, and, when it is necessary, a superb cook.

In 1866, Mrs. Dorsey published, through M. Doolady, New York, "Recollections of Henry Watkins Allen, Brigadier-General Confederate States Army, Ex-Governor of Louisiana," of which volume the private secretary and friend of Governor Allen thus speaks:

"It is the most faithful and thorough portrait of him that could be drawn, the best word-likeness that has been produced this century. It is accurate in point of fact; it is full in materials; it is tasteful in arrangement. The coldest critic cannot deny it the merit of sincerity and strict adherence to truth. The most exacting literary critic would stultify himself if he were to say that he found no beauties in the style, no pathos."

Reading a copy of this volume after a friend of the author has read and wept over it, we find many passages "pencilled," with remarks made on the same. Speaking of the burial of a brother of Henry Allen on the prairie of Texas, the author says (pp. 26 & 27):

"It is a pleasant resting-place,— one of those Texan prairies,— they are so thick with bloom and verdure. In that dry atmosphere the wild flowers seem peculiarly fragrant. Bulbs abound—hibiscus, glowing crimson; narcissi, a sort of blue narcissus with a golden centre; ornithogalliums of fine-rayed corollas double as daisies, white, with chalices of tender lilac bordered with green, so delicate they droop in the plucking; crimson poppy mallows, hanging their heads heavily, as Clyte did hers in the Greek sculptor's thought, on their long, slender, hairy footstalks; purple iris, small, Tyrian-dyed, flecked with white and gold dots; larkspurs, pink, and white, and blue; pale, flesh-colored prairie-pinks; long, full racemes of straw-colored cassias; great bunches of light papilionaceous blossoms, set in ovate leaves of light olive-green; starry heleniums; coreopsis too, yellow, eight-cleft, darkening into brown-red disk florets; foxgloves, white and violet-spotted; pink and purple campanulas, cymes of golden bloom, like English wall-flowers; panicles of downy, azure, four-petalled blossoms, like Swiss forget-me-nots; bull-nettles, with prickly runcinate leaf, guarding a tender, snow-white, soft bloom, which rivals the Indian jasmine in its exquisite fragrance and graceful beauty. All sorts of salvias, verbenas, mints, and wild balms grow profusely on those prairies, mingled with the delicate, fine-leaved, close-creeping vines of the lemon-colored and pink-blossomed, vanilla-scented sensitive plants (mimosas), and the rich green of the musquite and gamma grasses, making a lovely covering even over graves. And above all this blossoming earth stretches out a vast dome of clear blue sky, vast as the horizon on the 'wide, open sea.'"

To which the friend pencils: "*She writes con amore here. There is not a flower among all of those mentioned that she has not painted to the life.*"

ALLEN.

"What Allen lost on earth of love and hope, he seemed to lay up with childlike trust in the hands of the Divine All-Father! He had the most unquestioning faith in the received doctrines of Christianity. He believed in God, in Christ, in the restitution of all things, in the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body. He did not like to hear these vital questions of religion attacked or even discussed philosophically; he became restless, uneasy, impatient under such arguments. His own soul was so permeated with simplest faith, that he had neither pity, patience, nor sympathy with doubtings or infidelity in any form. This is a very rare and beautiful trait among men; especially was it so in Allen, who had never taken time nor had interest enough in doubt to study closely the vast, perplexing questions of theology, which, after all, generally prove to be a Dædalian labyrinth to all those who enter its winding paths, and which almost deserves to have inscribed above its doorway the doleful inscription:

'Lasciate ogni speranza voi chi entrate;'

a labyrinth where is seldom found an Ariadne with a golden clue, or still fairer Beatrice, to guide one upward into lovelier resplendent regions of everlasting light. Allen knew no more of religion than what his mother had taught him; neither was he an adherent of any church or sect. His life had probably been controlled by as pure principles as that of most men. Mistakes he made, errors he was guilty of, but his faults were of such a quality as only made friends smile and love him better than before. And his enemies, if he had any, could never accuse him of anything premeditated, calculated, malignant, or bitter. And the eye of the Great Impartial Judge has probably made sufficient allowance for impetuosities of temper and fire of organization in one of his creatures who never claimed to be all-perfect. A fermenting nature he had — rapid, rushing as a mountain-torrent, hurrying along the narrow, rocky channel of life, eager, restless, ambitious, dashing itself clear and pure against obstructions, until at last it lay calm in its crystal transparency, and was a still mirror to reflect the soft moonlight and steady radiance of the stars of Eternal Truth and Divine Beauty. It must ever be so where faith in God, in man, and in one's self make the substratum of a nature. Integrity, love, and truth have preservative and clarifying prop-

erties — like alum and charcoal in muddiest waters, or like the innate refining qualities in pure grape-juice. They perhaps increase the fermentation for a while, but leave the true wine of life clear and sparkling upon the lees at last.”

GENOA.

“Gustave Pierre Toutant Beauregard is a descendant, on the maternal side, of the ducal family of the Reggios of Genoa. Beautiful Genoa! who has sat, a crowned queen, on the side of her mountains so many, many centuries, with the blue Mediterranean kissing her feet, and tossing in homage before her all the treasures of commerce of the world, its spices and pearls, its silks, its jewels, gems of art and perennial beauty, bearing riches to her—to her, throned on the everlasting hills, on the crests of its sapphire waves—those azure waves on which once sailed the mimic fleet of ships and straws made by the child Columbus in his merry play, before the dream of the undiscovered world ever rose before his spirit. It is but a step from the home of Columbus to the former palace of the Reggios; and just below, close by the sea, stands yet the ancient mansion of Andrea Doria.”

Mrs. Dorsey has seen all this and enjoyed it!

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

“Miss —— had waded in water up to her waist more than once, and walked miles to carry warnings to Harrison’s pickets. After the skirmish at New Carthage, Mrs. —— learned that Harrison, being compelled to retreat, had left the dead body of a young Confederate soldier lying unburied at New Carthage. She and her niece got in a ‘dug-out,’ a very dangerous sort of a craft for any but an Indian to paddle, rowed themselves several miles down the bayou, went to the Federal commander, and asked for the body of the young Confederate, which was lying out on the levee, where he had fallen. They received permission to take it. These modern Antigones lifted it up, laid it carefully in their canoe, rowed back home, dug a grave, and buried it. Two months after, I saw these ladies camped by the roadside in Franklin Parish, with a few boards over their heads as a temporary shelter from the rain and sun; lying at night on the ground, with only a blanket between them and the earth, and a ‘cashmere shawl’ as a covering for themselves and two little children; living on corn-bread and bacon; homeless, but cheerful, strong, and brave; without a change of clothing, until they procured some homespun to make some garments. They had lost everything but their courage and their patriotism. Then

we did not doubt for one moment our ultimate success, and so we laughed at privation, toil, and exposure. It was almost a satisfaction to us to endure them. Were not our best beloved, the idols of our hearts, bearing them in camp *for us*? We were proud to be the mothers, wives, and sisters of our heroes, *and to suffer with them*. Southern men have been noble in this war; Southern women have been nobler. The remembrance of the sufferings I have witnessed, borne with the steadfast soul of an Alcestis, by some of my noble countrywomen, makes me draw my breath gaspingly, and sends a shudder through every quivering nerve. The South may have been wrong in the *casus belli*; but we were not wrong in our self-denial and patriotism. With the politics of our men we have nothing to do. But we were right, *very* right, to aid '*our own*,' even, like our Pelican, with our very heart's blood. We are not to be blamed for the instinct of nature and true womanhood."

The following extracts are from the "Preface" to "Recollections of H. W. Allen":

"Many friends of the late 'Confederate' Governor of Louisiana, cognizant of the close friendship and intimacy which existed between us, instigated by an affectionate curiosity, awakened naturally by the unusual circumstances in which, as a people, we find ourselves placed at this epoch of time; desirous to know all that can be made public of the private life of one who expiated in exile the 'crime' of having fought for us and served us; these still grateful friends have requested me to write a sketch of his life and give it to the public. It is very essential, for the sake of Southern honor and the position which may be accorded us in the future pages of impartial history, that we Southern people should also put on record on the files of time, so far as we can, our version of the terrific struggle in which we have been so recently engaged, and from which we have emerged,—after four years of unparalleled suffering, gallant resistance, and stern endurance of all the fiercest vicissitudes of any war ever waged by any people,—broken in fortunes, defeated in battle, crushed, bleeding, and subjugated. Yet, amid the misery and ruin that surround us, we feel sadness, but no confusion of face; regret, but no humiliation. We did put lives and wealth in the balance of fortune, risking, and willing to risk all for what we considered more valuable than they. We believed our rights invaded, our liberties attacked, and we fought to defend them as well as we could.

"That for which man offers up his blood or his property must be more valuable than they. In short, only for the nobility within us, only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit. But this nobility, this virtue, presents different phases. With the Christian martyr, it is faith; with the savage, it is honor; with the republican, it is liberty."—*Jean Paul F. Richter*.

"In the thought of the Southern people in 1861, all three sentiments were

combined — faith, honor, love of liberty. They conscientiously believed all these to be attacked. I am by no means asserting here that it *was so*, — that the Republican party of the Northern States was and had been for years preaching, with all the fervor and enthusiasm of Peter the Hermit, a crusade against Southern institutions, and outraging the Southern heart in its keenest and most vital susceptibilities. *That* question must be decided in the mind of each individual, for him or for herself. I only say, the Southern people *thought so!* and acted under the force of that impression. The justice or injustice of their cause must be decided by a higher and more impartial judge than I.

“According to *human* judgment, *success* is the measure of righteousness in any cause. In that aspect, the South has been judged already. She fought, she *was weak*, she *is defeated!* She, however, — and on this point we must insist, — she fought this war from beginning to end, believing, conscientiously, she was doing only her natural duty.

“The ‘Confederate Cross,’ we were persuaded, was raised in honor, and when it sunk below the world’s horizon, crimson with the blood of Southern men, shed so freely and so vainly, we felt it went down behind the purple sea of war without *dishonor*. Frankly and courageously, we, as a noble, true people should do, have accepted the issue from the red hand of Mars. . . .

“*Memory* and gratitude are all that is left us. *Our hopes* are laid in the deep graves scattered through our once fertile valleys; are buried under the mounds, rising like beacons on our hillsides. Be silent, then, and let us weep!

“We are not mourning over a desolated land! The soil is quick and prolific. It will bloom again, even under the hands of the invaders. We are not raising the sad lament over burnt homesteads and hearth-stones dyed in blood! They can be rebuilt. We do not groan over riches that have flown away in smoke on the pinions of fire, or that lie heaped in ashes at our feet. We weep only for our *dead*, our slain in battle, fallen in vain. We are weeping silently tears of blood in our seemingly quiet hearts over that man, the embodiment of our cause, the faithful servant of our will, shut up so long in the dreary prison-walls of Fortress Monroe — for those beloved ones who have felt themselves driven by necessity away, ‘to lay their mutilated limbs in strange soil.’ Day after day we number over the leaden hours and think of that man in that weary, weary prison, the marks of the chains still on those noble limbs that the generosity and the *strength* of a great and victorious people ought never to have permitted to be fettered. We are not indifferent to all these things. We would be more or less than human if we were. But we are very patient, and are a very sad people.”

GOVERNOR ALLEN.

"Allen was singularly earnest in nature. His intellect was very quick and bright. If a jest or an amusing anecdote was repeated to him, he would seize the point instantly, and his merry laugh would ring out with all the enjoyment of a child. But he had himself no innate sense of humor, no appreciation of what Mr. Ruskin calls 'the grotesque.' The simplicity of his nature, on this point, was amusing, and produced, sometimes in those who loved him most, a sort of tender, wondering, smiling pity; because, from the lack of this inherent consciousness of the ludicrous, he was sometimes betrayed into the assumption of positions that in other men would have been ridiculous. The incongruity, however, never striking him, he would do and say peculiar things, that would make people smile, with such entire *bonhomie*, such singleness of purpose, honesty of heart, and open warmth of expression, as Sir William Hamilton expresses it, '*such outness*' of truth, and goodness, such high ideal perception of romantic sentiment, and so much clever, shrewd, practical, intellectual ability shining through everything, that, while he was often peculiar, frequently amusing, he never was absurd or frivolous! Though sometimes he seemed *vain*, he was never *affected*. He was honest even in his foibles. If he had had any sense of humor, he would not have *seemed vain*. People that are gifted with a quick perception of wit and humor, instinctively avoid placing themselves in what they fancy might be '*a ridiculous position*.' Their vanity is deep, perhaps, but it is hidden. It is a sensitive nerve, that warns them, and preserves them from peculiarity. They are sensitive to ridicule, and fear being '*laughed at*.' Allen never had that fear; he never for an instant supposed anybody *would laugh at him*. He liked the badinage and railleries of a friend; they amused him, even at his own expense. Allen never saw anything amusing in his making a desperate charge at Shiloh, with his head bound up in white cotton! He considered it all *en règle*. It was the best to be done, under the circumstances!"

THE LAURIES AT HOME.

(From "*Lucia Dare*.")

"The 'Charmer,' for so was fancifully named the boat that had transported Lucian up the broad river, reached Natchez just at sunset. Lucian found a carriage and servants of Mr. Laurie's waiting for him at the landing 'under the hill.' When the carriage—it was an open brette (the fashionable *afternoon* carriage for driving at Natchez)—reached the top of the long hill, at least five hundred feet in height, round which the road wound on an inclined plane up to Natchez 'on the hill,' Lucian, chancing to look behind him, could

not refrain from uttering an exclamation at the beauty of the view. The coachman, thinking that Lucian spoke to him, checked his horses. Lucian stood up in the carriage and looked down to the river, rolling its vast volume of waters at the foot of the bluffs. The village of Natchez, under the hill, was clustered close to the water's edge; the bluffs rose precipitously, garnished with pine-trees, and locusts, and tufted grasses; the vista here terminated in Brown's beautiful gardens, gay with flower-beds and closely clipped hedges. Far away over the river stretched the broad emerald plain of Louisiana, level with the stream, extending for many, many miles, its champaign chequered with groups of white plantation-houses, spotted with groves of trees, rich in autumnal beauty, glowing with crimson, gold, and green, softened by veils of long gray moss. This plain was dotted with lovely lakes, whose waters shone in the slanting rays of the declining sun like so many great rubies in a setting of smaragdus. The sun went down quickly, as he does at sea, a round, red fire-ball, while light splendid clouds of purple, pink, lilac, and gray on the blue, blue heavens refracted the ascending, slender, quivering rays of the disappearing orb, the type of Deity in all natural religions, the Totem of the Natchez Indians.

"The 'Charmer' was moving off, under full head of steam, up the river, and a number of skiffs and small boats were plying about over the broad Mississippi. Lucian gazed with delight on all this beauty; then seeing the night coming on fast, he bade the coachman drive on. They had some distance to go — nearly two miles out of the suburbs — before they could reach their destination. They drove rapidly up the streets of the village, for the town itself was scarcely more than through the suburbs, of handsome residences, whose gardens, all adjoining and dovetailed into each other, almost realized the descriptions of Damascus, that queen of the desert, with its triple chain of gardens, its necklaces of 'paradises.' Lucian was confused and excited by the rapid motion of the carriage, rushing on through acres of bloom, perfume, foliage, and verdure; passing here and there the glimmering white pillars of stately houses, in most of which lamps began already to burn and glow, and throw out long, narrow shafts of penetrating light on the darkness, glittering through the glossy shining leaves of the evergreen *lauri-mundi*, the native almond-laurel, and casting a cheering radiance over the wayfarer as he passed along. Notes of music, and singing of sweet voices, and the gay laughter of little children, sounded on his ear and died into silence instantaneously as the carriage rolled by.

"Beloved city — bright city of 'the Sun!' — how often have I paced with child's feet the road that Lucian was now travelling over, and listened, as he did, but more lingeringly, to the sounds of gentle human life stirring within thy peaceful homes! How often have I thanked God for my beautiful childhood's home — for my precious Southern land — for its sunshine, its verdure, its forests, its flowers, its perfume; but, oh! above all, for the loving, refined, intelligent, gentle race of people it was my great, my priceless privilege to

be born among — a people worthy to live with — yes, *worthy to die for*. The stern besom of war has swept over you, beloved Natchez. Your fairest homes have been desolated, your lovely gardens are now only remembrances. Your family circles are broken up; your bravest sons are sleeping in the dust of death, or weeping tears of bitterness in exile; your daughters, bowed down with penury and grief, are mourning beside their darkened firesides; your joyous households transferred to other and kindlier lands; the forms of my kindred faded into phantoms of the past; strangers sit now in the place that once was mine; but yet thou art lovely, still lovely in thy ruin, in thy desolation. City of my heart — city of my love — city of my childish joy. Oh, city of my dead!

"The carriage stopped suddenly at a gate, the footman swung it open, the two leaves flew back with a clang, the carriage proceeded at a slower pace through an avenue, or rather wound through 'a piece of woods' that an Englishman would call a park. It was almost a hundred acres of primeval forest-trees, under which the red-man had often danced, consisting for the most part of oaks, — white, red, and water oaks, — with mixture of hickory, gum, maples, magnolias, and the cucumber-tree, with its umbrella-like top, its immense leaf, and the enormous white vase seated in the centre of radiating foliage like a huge chalice of perfume, handsomer even than its sister, the magnolia grandiflora.

"Natchez is in the temperate, not the tropical zone; so there is exaggeration in the fanciful descriptions of its climate and productions, as given by Chateaubriand and Lady Georgiana Fullerton; but it is a warm, bright, sunshiny place, with marked and changeful, though not extreme transitions of temperature and seasons. Its pleasant, gently rolling hills and dells are laughing and gay with blossoming trees and shrubs; the old earth breathes forth flowers from every rough pore — not heavy, stupefying, deeply-colored tropical bloom — but great luxuriance of fresh, delicately tinted blossoms of all hues and forms, spreading successively their capricious, flaunting beauty, mantling the old mother anew with every morning's light. The wild flowers there are worthy of being the subject of Adelbert Dietrich's delicate pencil, or of Miss Prescott's glowing word-painting. One need only describe faithfully what exists, not attempting to heighten or exaggerate with human imagination or invention what God has made so lovely, to paint attractive pictures of those 'magnolia' hills and of the park through which Lucian was now being driven.

"When the carriage entered the smaller circle of fencing that enclosed the house and gardens, the noise of the wheels grating on the gravel of the drive caused the heavy doors of the portal to fly open, and Margaret and Jenny, forestalling the decorous servant, emerged from the gloom and advanced to welcome the traveller. Margaret looked like a fairy standing in the moonlight, her red-brown hair clouded about her; and Jenny, who was as usual all dusk, except the curd-like teeth and shining eyes, might have passed very

well for her attendant dwarf. Jenny was small of her age and had elfish ways. Her peculiarities of appearance were heightened on this occasion by costume: she sported a large white apron with a wide ruffle, much too long for her, really borrowed from Betsy for the purpose of adornment; a white handkerchief tied on her head, turban-fashion, tall as a dervish's cap, a long strand of blue glass beads around her neck, a pair of immense gold ear-rings, and her broadest and widest grins.

"‘This way, Lucian, this way,’ said Margaret; ‘not up the staircase;’ leading him, as she spoke, beneath the flight of stairway which led up into the gallery of the first story. Margaret led him then through a hall level with the ground, paved with black and white marble, which ran under the arch of the stairways.

"‘Here they all are, in here. You know this is such a queer old Spanish house! You’ll soon find out all about it, though it *is* puzzling at first.’

"The newly arrived guest was kindly received by Mr. Laurie and Annie, who were sitting alone near a blazing wood fire in the family parlor. The nights were too chilly for the blind man, even for that early period of the fall.

"‘Come to the fire, Lucian,’ he said; ‘one gets cool riding, and this old house of Guyoso’s is damp as a basement, almost.’

"Lucian looked around with some curiosity at the rather old-fashioned, quaint furnishing of the apartment they were sitting in it. It was handsome, but not new. On the wall just opposite hung the portrait of a man in full armor—a dark, oval face, handsome and swarthy. Annie saw his glance. ‘That,’ she said, taking up a lamp and holding it so that the light could fall on the picture,—‘that is a portrait of Bienville, by Champagne. Bienville was a relative of my family. Here is another of Guyoso, the Spanish Governor of Mississippi.’

"‘Has n’t he got a long nose?’ interrupted Margaret, disrespectfully.

"‘Here’s another of Stephen Minor, who was second in command under Spanish domination.’

"‘Do you like his uniform, Lucian?’ asked Margaret.

"‘It is all red, with yellow facings, and see the big star on his breast!’

"‘Here is some gold plate belonging to Vidal, that he brought from Spain to the colony. His whole dinner-service was gold—*is* gold, I should say; his descendants, our neighbors, still use it on grand occasions.’

"‘And who is this?’ asked Lucian, as he examined a small miniature hanging below the portrait of Bienville.

"‘That,’ said Annie, ‘is a likeness of our grand-uncle, Philip Noland, who disappeared in 1807, and was never heard of again. He was a lieutenant in the navy of the United States; his wife lost her reason from grief at his prolonged absence. She had just been married—was barely more than a child in years at the time she eloped with and married Philip against the will of her family. We have some of his letters still extant. He seems to have been an intellectual, but not a good man, from all I can learn. His

wife still survives ; she is over sixty years old now, and has been harmlessly insane since she was sixteen. She lives here, Lucian, in one wing of the house. You may probably see her. Though she is constantly attended by a faithful nurse, and can rarely be persuaded to quit her room, or even her couch, sometimes she becomes restless and wanders over the house : her mind is usually in a mazed state. We do not confine her at all ; it has never been necessary ; we only watch her ; she goes where she likes usually. Patty is always with her, but Aunt Jane is so old she does not want to go about much ; she dislikes strangers. It is one never-ceasing cry from her lips after her husband. No matter what she may be talking about, in a little while she begins to moan for Philip and ask where he is—to wonder that he does not come. “Philip stays so long! he never used to,” is her constant cry. To think that has been going on for fifty years! The love of the woman has survived everything—youth, beauty, reason. Human hearts are fearful things to play or trifle with.’”

REFUGEEING.

(From “*Lucia Dare.*”)

(Passages from Diary of Lucia Dare, kept for her cousin in England.)

[Philip Branger, a wealthy planter, is in the army. Believing the Mississippi River cannot be held by the Confederate army, he ordered his wife, Louise, to remove to an estate they owned in an interior parish.]

“The overseers have already gone with nearly all the negroes. Philip is a very extensive land-owner—has large tracts of land in the northwest of the State, and he thinks it will be safer to occupy his negroes on some more remote plantations. It was very affecting to see the negroes go off, marching in procession two and two, singing wild plaintive Methodist hymns as they walked, following a long train of wagons which preceded them, laden with their goods and most cherished valuables. It was surprising to see the articles they had massed together in those wagons! Louise ordered the overseers to be as indulgent as possible to the negroes’ whims. So they had piled up the queerest, most useless, and most incongruous articles—iron pots, kettles, tubs, chicken-coops, old clothes in long sacks stuffed to bursting. You never could conceive all the trash they had collected together—about as useful as the glass beads or broken bits of mirrors of savages. The small children were transported in large covered wagons, the nurses and old women sitting solemnly in the midst to carry the babies; and every wagon swarming with tiny black, woolly heads, and bright eyes peeping through every crevice of

the coverings. Louise moved about among 'the people,' seeing after the arrangements for their comfort. She promised to join them very soon. They seemed satisfied when she told them that, though before their countenances had expressed some anxiety. They did not understand all this movement about them, and were reluctant to quit their well-known localities. Like all inferior organizations, they have strong animal attachments 'to place.' Louise stood by me, her little children clinging to her skirts, watching the long procession or train until it disappeared from her gaze, her mobile face expressing every fitful emotion of her fiery soul. I could almost read her thoughts—the flush of anger—the indignation at what she believed wrong and oppression—the deadly hate of her enemies. As the last wagon passed out of sight and the mournful hum died away, the quick, hot tears gushed from her eyes, and she hid her face a moment in her hands, as she sobbed passionately. I slipped my arm about her waist; her proud head drooped an instant on my shoulder as she moaned:

"'Oh, my country, my Philip, and my poor slaves!'"

.

"On our way to Texas, Louise and her little ones, all the slaves, and I . . .

"We lead the strangest life, cousin, and—'camp out,' as they call it, every night, take our meals, gipsy-fashion, by the roadside. We have tents—Louise and I; but the negroes threw away their tents as too cumbrous, and they content themselves with bowers, or lairs, built up of pine branches. It is very picturesque. We stop for the night, usually at sunset, near a stream of water. The wagons are drawn up in rows; children, old women, and bed-clothes emptied out of them, and then such a motley scene of confusion you could not imagine—everybody so busy; our tents hoisted while Louise and I sit on a log or fallen tree-trunk, and survey the excited multitude of negroes building up their green booths, shaking out their blankets, rattling skillets and frying-pans over the numerous fires which spring up as if by magic. Louise showed me the 'fire-horn' of the negroes, a small end of cow's-horn filled with half-burned cotton lint, and a jack-knife and a piece of common flint. The children race about like mad things, joyful to escape from the confinement of the wagon. Louise's little ones play with the tiny darkies; she does not pretend to keep them asunder. 'The little negroes are not wicked,' she says, in answer to my remarks on this point. 'They are very good to my children, and I like my little ones to love these little slaves. Why, I love the poor creatures, Lucia.' And so she does. Every evening she goes about among her slaves, seeing after the sickly and delicate ones."

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"It is really right pleasant here on the roadside sometimes, when the night is clear and the stars are bright and soft—the pine-trees murmuring hoarsely in the cool, sighing breeze; the limpid streams gurgling, glimmer-

ing silverly in the moonlight, sometimes pausing to fill large, still pools fringed with ferns and green mosses. Such numbers of glow-worms too: the grass and mosses are all alive with these tiny living lamps of love. The flowers are peculiar in these pine forests. It seems to be as if they all assume pyramidal spiked forms; for instance, the eupatoriums, which are so profuse in clusters of round, flat, feathery blossoms, or hang in tufts upon rampant vines near the river in the swamps of Louisiana, here take the stiff, pyramidal shape, and grow up pointed bloomheads of low shrubs. I find a number of strange plants. The insects, too, are *eccentric*. So many-jointed, horsehair-looking creatures that seem spikes of pine, green and vegetable in aspect, but with such long, awkward legs, with which they scamper off in the twinkling of an eye on being touched. But I don't like the numerous caterpillars and spiders, and even snakes. Sometimes we see *them* gliding away under the dead wood through the thin, wiry grasses.

"The crossing the ford of Black River this morning was very picturesque. This stream here had subsided within its banks, receding into the very narrow channel in its centre, leaving a broad stretch of entirely level meadowland running along each margin, extending, perhaps, a hundred or more yards from the brink of the present river to the bases of the ridges or high crests, rising so much, probably, as forty or fifty feet perpendicularly, which form, in the flood or winter time, the customary banks of the river. These high ridges were wooded with primeval forest-trees to the very edge. The river makes a sudden bold curve just above and also below the crossing, widening in the turn, but bringing, by this abrupt curvature, the lines of stately forest-trees together, forming thus a magnificent amphitheatre of several miles' dimensions.

"The short level sward of this artificial central meadow was emerald-green, till it met on either side the pure limpid water, flowing in liquid crystal, winding in its heart. Beautiful cattle, white, speckled, and mixed with red, were quietly feeding on the rich grasses. Some of the negroes, mounted on horses of varied color, white, black, and sorrel, were splashing across the sparkling, shallow stream; the heavy wagons, slowly descending or ascending the precipitous roads cut through the high banks on either side; the negroes swarming about these wagons, clinging around them like so many bees about their comb; the variety of color in costume; the heavier grays and purples relieved by garments more fanciful of bright crimsons or yellows; the laughing, shouting, heaving, pulling, holding back by the huge wagons, and the brilliant, radiant canopy of blue fire we call 'sky,' over it all,—made one of the most striking landscapes I have ever seen. The day was glorious in its sunshine. The green of the woods and the grasses and the water was almost scintillating, brilliant in beauty, and the rich deep brown of the steep, rugged banks—that perfect chocolate-brown—gave tone and contrast to all the lighter colors.

"I crossed first in my carriage, taking little Philip and Amenaide with me to keep them out of harm's way. The little creatures are so fearless they dart off from their nurse unexpectedly like humming-birds, and fly in the midst of the negroes, and sometimes in dangerous proximity to heavily laden wagons lumbering down these descents. They are so lovely, so full of life and spirit—little sparks of fire. Louise followed; and while I sat down holding the babies fast by their wee hands, watching the crossing from the height of a safe hillock, she stood directing and advising, both with hand and voice, the crossing of the caravan with its heavy freight of human life. If I had Millias' pencil, I would like to paint this scene.

"Often in travelling along on our slow journey, little Philip and Amenaide grow weary of the confinement of the carriage, and begin to cry and fret. The elder negro men or women approach and ask to have the children lifted out. They take the tiny creatures up in their arms, seat them on their shoulders, talk to them, fill their little hands with wild flowers or large pine-burrs, and in a few minutes the weary children are laughing, prattling away merrily, happy as imaginary kings and queens, or a Scandinavian prince exalted on his shield, in the midst of their sable attendants. Louise never feels the slightest timidity or anxiety about her little ones while in the hands of her slaves. Sometimes we drive on rapidly to the camping-ground for the night, and the negroes, walking with her babes on their shoulders, do not come up for a half hour or so; but she is never uneasy. If I express any anxiety, she laughs at me. 'That's your English prejudice, Lucia. The negroes love my babes and love me. I am not at all afraid to trust them.'

"We have been nearly two months en route. We travel only ten miles per diem, as the negroes walk for the most part, and the roads are sandy and often very heavy.

"The measles have broken out among the slaves. Louise is very troubled and most unhappy about her little children; still she will not desert her sick slaves. We have pitched our camp in a shady pine-grove, and wait till the epidemic abates. She devotes herself to the sick.

"Louise's children are both ill this morning. It is piteous to see the dry agony of their mother's eyes! The little creatures lie tossing in delirium on their bed—spread on the carpet on the ground in Louise's tent. Several of the negroes have died. Louise had them decently buried, and, taking her manual, she read the office for the dead over each one, as far as it was lawful for a lay person to read it. Before the children died (the negroes, I mean) she baptized them with her own hands. She spoke so tenderly, so kindly to the weeping mothers!

"Louise's babies are very ill. Old Martha, the 'plantation nurse,' came to-day to Louise's tent, where we were both kneeling down by the sick babies.

Old Martha held a vial which had contained quinine, now nearly emptied of the precious powder.

"Look here, missus, the quinine is most gone, so I thought I'd bring this, what 's left, to you, to keep for the blessed children. You know it's onpossible to get any more here in this 'ere wilderness."

"Louise looked up from her task of bathing Philip's burning head with cold water. 'Is that all that's left, Martha?'"

"'Every grain; you see the measles left all them children so weak I had to give it to them pretty free.'

"'Yes, I know; but how are Jenny and Sally? Did you give them the doses I ordered for them?'"

"'No, I never, missus; seeing how little was left, I thought you ought to keep it.'

"'But, Martha, those children will die without the tonic — they must have it.'

"'Deed then, missus,' persisted Martha, shaking her gray head, 'I know your own babies will need it.'

"'Then, Martha, we will have to trust in God. I can't rob those little negro children of their only chance for life. My own may never need it.' A groan escaped Louise's pale lips.

"'Go,' continued Louise, waving her hand to the faithful slave; 'give the medicine as I ordered it.'

"Louise bent again over her infants.

"'Oh, Lucia! I would almost give my life for one piece of ice to cool my poor baby's head. See how hot it is! how he suffers! My child! my little wee one!'"

"O God! the sorrow of this night! The babies are dead; — sweet Ame-naide! — bright little Philip!"

"I have just aided Louise to dress the pure forms of clay, and have covered them with wild flowers, verbenas, and long fern-leaves. My poor Louise, she does not shed a tear! She moves like an automaton, or a woman of stone; she gives every necessary order in a cold, constrained, clear voice, that rings sharply on the ear. It makes me put my fingers in my ears to hear her speak — there is such piercing heart-break in her voice. Not a word of natural grief out of those compressed lips! It is an eagle stricken to the heart.

"We have no *coffins* for the little ones — no means of procuring one in this trackless wilderness! Louise, with her own hands, has wrapped the fine linen sheet about her precious children; sewed it firmly around them. Then she took a white satin skirt of a dress of hers, ripped it from the waist, and made a shroud, and folded it over them; then a costly shawl, then a soft blanket over all.

"The children were laid on their sides, with their arms clasped about each other. . . . Louise took her prayer-book, some holy water, and a gold

crucifix — motioned the negroes to follow with her children's bodies. The negroes all crowded about her; they wept bitterly: they had lined the grave with fine foliage and soft ferns. The little bodies were laid down tenderly. Louise placed the crucifix upon them; she sprinkled the holy water abundantly over them. She took up her manual to read, but it was too much; the book dropped from her hand. 'O God! I cannot!' I caught her as she fell forward heavily insensible in my arms. The negroes filled the grave while we carried Louise back to the empty, noiseless tent."

MRS. MARIE BUSHNELL WILLIAMS.

MRS. M. B. WILLIAMS is a native of Baton Rouge, La. Her father, Judge Charles Bushnell, came to this State from Massachusetts within the first decade after the purchase of Louisiana had been accomplished, and in due time married into a Creole family of substantial endowments and high repute. Judge Bushnell was well and favorably known at the bar of Louisiana. He was a gentleman of great legal erudition; but, though devoted to his profession, he found time to cultivate the general branches of literature, and to participate in their elegant enjoyments.

His favorite daughter, Marie, early manifested a studious disposition. She was a fair, bright-eyed, spiritual girl, of more than ordinary promise. Though slight in figure, she was compactly formed. Her features were cast in nature's finest mould, and her clear dark eye and smooth fair brow were radiant with intellectual light.

When this description would apply to Miss Bushnell, she became the *élève* of Alexander Dimitry, whose fame as a scholar has since become world-wide. The management of a pupil so richly dowered with God's best gifts was a pleasing task to the professor, and he soon imparted to her not only the fresh instruction which she required, but a deep and profound reverence for learning akin to that which he felt himself.

This relation of teacher and scholar continued for several years, and was not severed till Miss Bushnell became a complete mistress of all the principal modern languages. Indeed, the range of her studies was quite extended, and we hazard very little in saying that she was, when they were completed, the most learned woman in America.

At length, when she had rounded into perfect womanhood, physically as well as mentally, the honor of an alliance with her was sought by many of the proudest and wealthiest gentlemen of Louisiana. The successful suitor proved to be Josiah P. Williams, a planter of Rapides, and since the date of her marriage, in 1843, she has resided near Alexandria, on Red River, with the exception of a brief experience of refugee-life in Texas when the war was at its height.

As a wife, and the mother of an interesting family of children, Mrs. Williams performed her whole duty. But though the domestic virtues found in her a true exponent, they by no means lessened her interest in literary pursuits. For her own amusement and that of a choice *coterie* of literary friends—her constant visitors—she was accustomed to weave together legends of Louisiana, both in prose and verse, which soon established her reputation among those who were admitted into the charmed circle. She, however, had no fancy for the plaudits of the world. For years she refused to appear in print, but when at length a few of her articles found their way into literary journals, she was at once admitted to an assured position among judges as a singer and a teacher. With a vast fund of acquired knowledge; a mind original, philosophic, and sympathetic; a fancy at once brilliant and beautifully simple, added to a mastery of language when force of style was found necessary, and an easy, happy facility in all the lighter phases of literary effort,—Mrs. M. B. Williams will yet, when the world knows her merits and does her justice, take her place among the first of the distinguished women of America.

We have not before us any complete list of the productions of her pen, nor shall we attempt any critical analysis of those specimens which are to follow this article. They shall be left to the good taste and judgment of our readers, with a full confidence that they cannot fail to please.

We shall merely say, in conclusion, that Mrs. Williams suffered severely by the reverses which marked the latter years of the "lost cause." The death of her husband was her first great sorrow: the destruction of her beautiful residence, "The Oaks," by the vandal followers of Banks in his Red River raid; the wounding of one son; the untimely death of another; the material misfortunes which reduced her from affluence to poverty,—all followed in such disheartening succession, that few indeed could have borne up under such a series of calamities. But her faith was strong. She could look religiously through the storms of the present into the calm and glory of that peace which is to come. Few have ever met reverses with greater fortitude, or fought the battle of life more bravely. For years past she has been a constant and valued contributor to the New Orleans "Sunday Times," and while her writings have proved her a brilliant thinker, they show no traces of egotistic grief. The sorrows by which

she has been surrounded are mourned by her only as sorrows common to the whole desolated South.

Mrs. Williams has in preparation, to be published in a volume, "Tales and Legends of Louisiana," in a lyrical poem — a poem which we hope will introduce her talents to the whole country, making her name familiar as a "household word."

As a translator from the French, German, and Spanish, Mrs. Williams is deservedly successful, her translations from the German language being very felicitous and faithful.

PLEASANT HILL.

Roll my chair in the sunlight, Ninetta,
Just here near the slope of the hill,
Where the red bud its soft purple clusters
Droops down to the swift-flowing rill.

See the golden-hued wreaths of the jasmine,
Like stars, through yon coppice of pine,
While the fringe-tree its white floating banners
Waves out from the blossoming vine.

How the notes of the mocking-bird, ringing
From hillside and woodland and vale,
Greet the earliest flush of the morning
With trills of their happy love-tale!

Ah! beauty and music and gladness,
Ye follow the footsteps of spring;
The breeze, in its pure balmy freshness,
Seems fanned from some bright angel's wing.

Look yonder and see, little daughter,
Where locust-trees scatter their bloom,
Have the pansies, in velvet-eyed sadness,
Peeped yet through the turf near the tomb?

Nay, then, turn not aside, my Ninetta;
The grave of our Walter should gleam
In the earliest flush of the spring-time —
The glow of the autumn's last beam.

For he loved them, the flowers and sunshine,
The birds, and all beautiful things;
But he loved best the dim purple pansy
That over his resting-place springs.

Ah! just there, where that laurel is glancing,
Just there, in that sink of the dell,
Came a surge of the deadliest combat,
Sweeping on in its terrible swell.

And I saw him, my darling, my treasure,
My boy with the sunlighted hair;
I could see the proud sweep of his banner,
And the smile that his lip used to wear!

Ah! he led them, how bravely, Ninetta!
His voice, with its silver tones, pealed
Through the hurtling storm of the battle,
As it swept o'er the blood-streaming field.

I watched a strange wavering movement,
I watched from yon low cottage-door,
Till a riderless horse bounded upward—
Then I lay with my face to the floor.

There he lies now, my sunny-haired darling,
My boy with the frank, fearless eyes!
And I fancy to-day that they watched me
From the depths of the shadowless skies.

Ah! watching his sorrowful mother,
And watching this sorrowful land,
That his heart's crimson life-tide had moistened
For the tread of a fanatic band.

What! in tears? Ah! my gentle Ninetta,
Your mother has mourned for her child
With none of that womanly weakness
That softens an anguish too wild.

But I look at his grave in the sunlight,
And my heart in its radiance grows strong,
For he died in the flush of his triumph,
And not in this tempest of wrong.

Yes, he fell in the heat of the battle,
 Nor dreamed of the thralldom and shame
 Which have blasted this fair Southern valley
 With breath of their ravening flame.

And his grave, oh! thank God, is a freeman's!
 Ay, freely the flowers may wave;
 No foeman those garlands of honor
 May tear from the sleep of the brave.

Ah! take me within, my Ninetta;
 My gallant young soldier sleeps well;
 And ere the first glow of the summer,
 I too must lay down in the dell.

BERTHA.

She passes through the crowded street—
 Her silken-slipped, dainty feet
 To-day, methinks, are wondrous fleet.

No friendly greetings stay her flight;
 She looketh neither left nor right:
 One object holds her inmost sight.

She pauses at a lowly door—
 She gently treads a pauper's floor—
 Its tenant whispers: "Ah, once more!"

And smiles with dim and languid eye,
 And holds her palsied arm on high,
 To call the lovely lady nigh.

She listens to the tale of pain,
 Repeated o'er and o'er again,
 And till *she* came, alas! in vain.

And near the pallet takes her seat;
 And, with soft touch and soothings sweet,
 She stills the tortured pulse's beat,

And holds to parched lips the wine.
 Ah! sure, with glory half divine,
 The pauper thinks those tresses shine!

And dreams, upon her bed of woes,
Of climes where healing water flows,
And angels wear the face *she* knows.

But ah! ere *then* comes cruel death;
The sinful woman holds her breath,
Remembering that furze-crowned heath,

Where she, a little child at play,
Throughout the long, bright summer's day,
In frolic sports danced time away;

And where, in guileless maiden prime,
Ere ceased the well-known Sabbath chime,
Her footsteps reached the ancient lime;

And 'neath the spreading boughs she stood,
With blushing cheek within her hood,
And eyes fixed on that dim fir wood,

Where winds the path that *he* must take—
He who has vowed for her sweet sake
All godless courses to forsake!

Ah, woe and grief!—ah, shame and sin!
Ye entered with that stranger in,
Hiding the goal true hearts should win.

Through stormy days of care and strife;
Through years with guilt and madness rife—
Oh, stifled conscience! wasted life!

She hid her eyes with one thin hand;
Her heart is pressed in iron band;
She lies, a curse upon the land.

She—who was once a playful child,
A modest maiden, pure and mild—
Now shrieks out curses harsh and wild.

But as she shrieks, the sad surprise,
Which rose in Bertha's radiant eyes,
Turns wildest storm to piteous sighs.

And like a weary child she weeps—
"Ah, still just God his promise keeps,
Who sows the wind the whirlwind reaps."

Rise, sweetest voice, which tells how He,
Who conquered death for such as she,
Can set the sin-bound spirit free!

Teach, earnest lips, the tale of yore,
Of her, who, bid to sin no more,
Grew meek and humble as before!

Ah, blessed tears!—the holy rain
Which laves no arid heart in vain—
These answer Bertha's soft "Amen."

She found a hovel, lone, and free
From all but sin and misery;
She leaves hope, faith, and charity!

Ah! holy footsteps, linger long,
And list the angel's joyous song,
Which rises o'er the city's throng,

And lulls thee to the perfect rest,
That boon in life's sad wilderness,
Which God has sent to those who bless.

[THE LEGEND OF DON RODERICK.]

In the ancient annals of Spain, Don Roderick, "*ultimo Rey de los Godos*," occupies a conspicuous position. The royal city of Toledo was his abode, and strange indeed are the marvels told of it by the old monkish chroniclers. In this city were the necromantic tower of "Pleasure's Pain" and the wondrous "Cave of Hercules," the latter of which extended from the centre of the city beneath the bed of the Tagus and for three leagues beyond. Toledo is declared to have been founded by Tubal, the son of Japhet and grandson of Noah; but whether this be so or not, its existence certainly runs back to a very remote period, and its history is full of marvels. Around it are curious vaults and subterraneous habitations, supposed to have been the retreat of the inhabitants in case of invasion or through fear of floods. "Such a precaution," says the worthy Don Pedro de Roxas, in his History of Toledo, "was natural enough to the first Toledans, seeing that they founded their city shortly after the deluge, while the memory of it was still fresh in their minds."

In the posthumous works of Washington Irving, published by his relative,

Pierre M. Irving, the curiosities of Toledo are treated of at considerable length, connected as they are with the legend of Don Roderick. The place had always a necromantic tendency, the diabolical mysteries of magic having been taught there for many centuries. This was indeed so much the case, that the neighboring nations defined magic as the *Arte Toledana*.

Irving gleans from the venerable Agapida many mysteries relative to the Magic Tower of Toledo, which he relates with great unction. The tower, he says, "was round, and of great height and grandeur, erected upon a lofty rock, and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper and various colored marbles, not larger than a man's hand, so subtly jointed, however, that but for their different hues they might have been taken for one entire stone. They were arranged with marvellous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long passed away; and the whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass, and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders."

We have written the foregoing as an appropriate introduction to a poem, entitled "The Enchanted Tower of Toledo," written by Mrs. M. B. Williams, one of the very best of the female writers of America. This poem was written at "The Oaks," a beautiful place in Rapides Parish, near Alexandria, in June, 1861. Since then, The Oaks, and the delightful home to which they gave their name, have been swept away by the storm of war that passed over our beloved land, and nothing remains of them now save sad and desolate reminders of the past.

Soon after a notice appeared in this journal of "Irving's Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies," Mrs. Williams wrote to us as follows: "By the way, what is that legend of Don Roderick, mentioned in the late collection of Irving's fugitive pieces? I hope he has not anticipated me, for in 1861 I wrote a poem (never yet published) on one of the adventures of that monarch, which I found in some musty old Spanish legends, never translated in this country." With a modesty as creditable to her as her genius, Mrs. Williams adds: "If the great master has anticipated me, my work will lose its only merit, originality."

On this point we feel inclined to take issue with the writer. Her poem loses nothing by comparison with the felicitous prose description by him whom she has reverently termed "the great master." Indeed, the stately march of her rhythmic periods brings the romance of the old legend into far bolder relief than it could possibly be presented by the best of prose.—*Editor N. O. Times.*]

THE ENCHANTED TOWER OF TOLEDO.

“En este torre los Reyes
 Cada uno hecho un canado,
 Porque lo ordinare ansi
 Hercules el afamado,
 Que gano primero a Espana
 De Gerion gran tirano.”

(Romances nuevamento sacados Lorenzo de Sepulveda.)

“Here we meet thee, King Rodrigo! outside of the city’s wall,
 For the words my lips must utter on no other ear can fall;
 Thou descendant of the Godos, crowned and sceptred King of Spain,
 Thou must listen to the warders of the Tower called Pleasure’s Pain.

“In the first days of this kingdom, when Alcmena’s godlike son
 From Geryon’s bloody thralldom all this pleasant land had won,
 Midst Toledo’s orange-bowers he by strong enchantment’s might
 Raised this tower from base to summit in one single summer’s night!

“Earthly hammers were not sounded, but a passing rush of wings,
 And the sword of bright Orion down its starry scabbard flings;
 Men grew pale, and women fainted, for the midnight air was filled
 With such sounds that earthly daring in each mortal breast was stilled.

“But the dewy moon dawned brightly, and the giant’s task was done;
 Pale he looked and sighed right sadly in that golden summer sun:
 ‘I have locked the Tower of Magic — bid each future king of Spain
 Bolt and bar the dreadful secret, lest he win a bitter pain.’

“There no human foot must wander — there no human eye must scan,
 Till the tower and secret perish from the memory of man;
 Fate may send some daring spirit: let him pause and ponder long
 Ere he does his name and country such a deadly, grievous wrong.

“King Rodrigo, we have spoken! never did we speak in vain,
 For each king has left his token on the Tower of Pleasure’s Pain;
 Twelve good locks are on the portal; thine will make the fateful one.
 Sire! thy royal hand must place it ere the setting of the sun.”

Laugheth loud the King Rodrigo — “Certes, thou hast care for me;
 But these marvels, gentle warder, I am strangely pressed to see;
 Never spell of darkest danger but some Christian knight’s devoir
 Was to break the curst enchantment, tho’ ’t were locked in magic bar.”

Looketh round the King Rodrigo: "Knights, ye fight for love and laws,
And ye deal your blows right stoutly for the sake of Holy Cross; .
But to-day we war with magic in the Tower of Pleasure's Pain;
He whose heart beats scant measure, let him shun the coward's shame."

Looketh up the King Rodrigo; still his haughty crest of pride
Sought not aid from earth or heaven, but the fears of both defied;
And his bright eye laughed right gayly, and his lips curled scornfully,
As he marked his comrades shudder, and their heads droop mournfully.

"Woe unto thee, King Rodrigo! woe to all the Spanish land,
When the sacred guard is broken by a monarch's impious hand!"
And the hoary warder kneeleth, with his gray head in the dust:
"Woe to him whose path of power lieth o'er a trampled trust!"

"King, we crave thee pause and hearken." Loud the stately footstep rung,
Louder still the scornful laughter — "We must work ere set of sun;
And we pray thee, pious warder, tho' thou lend'st no helping hand,
Not with idle fears of dotage thus to daunt my gallant band."

On the brazen lions couchant rose the tower like a dream;
Jasper walls and diamond turrets lave the sunset's latest beam;
Twelve good locks are on the portal, and, though struck with might and main,
Morning's sun rose on the workers ere the inner court they gain.

There unrolls the strangest vision: pictured walls surround a dome,
Anadyomene smiles downward from her shell upon the foam,
And the builder's twelve great labors all in precious stones are wrought,
Every figure on the fabric with a weird-like motion fraught.

On a couch of Indian iv'ry rests a giant's marble form,
And upon its lifeless bosom, lo! a lettered scroll is borne,
Golden-lettered, and it readeth to the king's astonished eyes:
"Woe to thee, O reckless monarch! thou hast gained the couch of sighs.

"Thou, O traitor! thou art fated for this kingdom's overthrow;
Thou, whose impious hand would conquer secrets which no man should know,
Read thy fate in yonder casket; let the magic web unfold;
Man, thy kingly state must nerve thee till the dreadful tale is told."

From a casket, gem-enwoven, floated forth a web of white,
And upon its snowy surface, lo! a pictured summer night;
Sweepeth broad the silvery Tagus, and the shadows of the trees
Rest upon the starlit waters, rippled by the evening breeze.

And 'neath orange-boughs, dew-laden, drooping to the water's side,
 Stands a maiden idly dreaming, casting flowers o'er the tide;
 Seeking in the stars above her, in the river at her feet,
 Symbols of that first dear fancy whose divine unrest is sweet.

Scarce a child, and scarce a woman, yet a woman's stately grace
 Lent pride to the broad, white forehead; though, on the enchanting face
 Lingered still the smile of childhood, that she learned before her speech,
 When her visions were as sinless as the blossoms in her reach.

But a moment — and the thicket parts before a heavy tread;
 Shrinks the maiden, and her features quiver with a mortal dread;
 Mail-clad knight now stands before her, with his barred visor down,
 But above his head appeareth semblance of a golden crown.

Oh, the pantomime of terror which the magic canvas gave!
 How the mail-clad knight low pleaded! how the maiden seemed to rave!
 Till, with gesture of defiance, like a hawk upon its prey,
 In his grasp he seized the maiden, and the picture passed away.

"By God's truth," cried King Rodrigo, and his anger, like a flame,
 Reddened, and he clenched his gauntlet — "By God's truth, 'tis bitter sham
 Who the traitor knight that ventures thus to do this deadly wrong?
 Would to heaven he stood before me; knightly spurs were his too long."

From the casket slowly rises plaintive sighs and anguished wail —
 Woe! woe! for the lost Florinda; ye have read her piteous tale;
 Woe for the dishonored maiden! woe for the dishonored knight!
 Spain! O Spain! thy days are numbered! sinks thy fame in endless night!

"Traitor! ravisher! Rodrigo — read thy kingdom's blasted fate!"
 Then the web again unrolleth — lo! the Moors are at the gate,
 And the Christian tocsin soundeth, but the Paynim horde pour in;
 Holy cross and knightly helmet sinking with the battle's din.

Shrill the Tecbir's war-cry ringeth, kettle-drum and atabal
 But above the din of battle rose a woman's frenzied call:
 "Curses on thee, King Rodrigo! to revenge my deadly wrong,
 I have called the Paynim army, and the Crescent waxeth strong.

"King Rodrigo! King Rodrigo! on thy soul the curse be laid
 Of a Christian maiden ruined, of a Christian land betrayed.
 God will judge between us, monarch, for the closing day draws near,
 And before His throne of justice, lo! I bid thee, king, appear!"

Then, with wild, unearthly laughter, down the magic web was sent;
 Sounds of forms of nightmare terror through the dim court came and went;
 Standeth firm the King Rodrigo — on their knees his knightly band —
 Yet his mortal terror speaketh in blanched brow and trembling hand.

“Ha, good knights! ye seem too fearful; yet, if magic web speaks truth,
 Here stand I a traitor monarch, faithless knight, and lost to ruth.
 St. Iago! but the mummers played their part with right good will,
 For I hear the Moorish cymbals, and the woman’s shriek rings still!”

And his trusty sword he lifted: “While this brand my arm can wield,
 I can conquer all these omens in the first good battle-field!”
 Loud then scoffed the King Rodrigo: “Book of Fate shall ne’er enclose
 Such a page of shame and sorrow — not for me such train of woes.”

Forth from the enchanted tower quickly passed the knightly train,
 Crashed the iron doors behind them, and the locks sprung on again;
 With a torch within its talons, sweeping round in circling flight,
 Lo! a golden eagle lighteth on the tower’s topmost height.

With its wings it fanned the fire, till the rushing flames burst forth,
 And a jet of burning crimson sprang up to the farthest north;
 Quick replies the lightning flashes — loud the answering thunder rolls;
 Downward sink the couchant lions — like a scroll the tower unfolds.

Deep within its burning centre, lo! a funeral banner stood,
 And upon its midnight surface naught save one great wave of blood;
 But the wave surged up and downward, till a crimson, fiery flash
 Swept the tower from base to summit, and it sank with heavy crash.

Years of pride, of shame, of anguish o’er the Spanish land have passed,
 And in yonder field of battle Christian rule hath struck its last.
 By the Guadalete’s waters, discrowned, dying, and alone,
 Roderick lies, his bitter anguish far too deep for tear or moan.

O’er his dying vision floateth all that wondrous web of fate —
 Falsest knight, dishonored monarch sueth Heaven’s grace too late,
 For above the din of battle rose that summons high and clear:
 “God shall judge between us, traitor! — at His throne, O King, appear!”

THE OAKS, *June 19, 1861.*

FRANZ JOSEPH AT PESTH, AND MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO.

The East was a flush of roses, but the Danube's waters lay
 Yellow, and dull, and turbid, till the burst of the perfect day;
 The loud-tongued cannon thundered as the Orient's monarch sprung,
 And quivers of golden arrows through the cloudless ether flung.

The air was a sea of banners, the earth was a gem-wrought plain;
 Flashed scarlet and white and purple from the gay Banderia train;
 Rays glanced from the golden shabracks, and played on the helms of steel,
 Plumed chevrons, and jewelled housings, that swept to the war-steed's heel.

Under wreaths of the fadeless laurel rode the noble Magyar band,
 Each hand on his trusty sabre that flashed for the fatherland;
 Through the tide of light and color swept on like a gorgeous dream
 This kingly guard of honor, with the people's ceaseless stream.

'T was a dream of the Caliphs' Bagdad, the glow of its golden prime,
 The rush of a martial splendor, the warmth of an Eastern clime;
 'T was Rome in her height of revel, 't was Greece in her noon of art,
 The soft Thalassian's foam-wreath, on the throb of the war-god's heart.

There were hands embrowned with labor, and peasants with sandalled feet,
 But the heart of lord and vassal to one common measure beat;
 Here the wild Croatian lancers keep time to the stately march,
 There the stole-clad priests bend lowly, and glide 'neath the laurelled arch.

A blast from the silver trumpets, and the kettle-drum replies;
 A shout from the list'ning millions goes up to the happy skies;
 Lo! "He comes," the noblest presence, the king of a line of kings,
 But sealed by a higher unction than Kalocsa's primate brings.

St. Stephen's sword flashed brightly that he drew on the sacred mound;
 The shouts were stilled, but heart-beats thrilled the air to a throb of sound;
 But the kingly crest rose higher as the glancing sword he waved,
 And saw the glist'ning sunlight fall in aureolas on the blade.

He waved to the sunset heavens, he waved to the orient lights:
 "I swear by my kingly honor to guard my people's rights!"
 He waved to the northern mountains, he waved to Slavonian land,
 "I, King and Kaiser, pledge me, by the sword in this good right hand."

Answer the thundering salvos in one blinding flash of light,
 And the shout of "Eljin! Eljin!" rose up like a tempest's might:

"Long live our King Franz Joseph! Live the noble Magyar band!
Long live the laws and customs of the freed Hungarian land!"

And the Kaiser looked right proudly on his ranks of loyal men,
All his! in life or death all his! and his heart's vow rose again:
Ah, blessed God! on the golden sands of hours so proud and high
Did no shadow fall of a clanking chain and a captive's hopeless sigh?

Ten days — but ten — another scene — the glare of a tropic sky;
A pallid, worn, but princely form, dragged forth at noon to die.
"Muerte!" from the hellish throats of a base, ignoble crew,
Through the purpling bloom of Aztec land the savage death-cry flew.

"Muerte!" what is death to him who has felt the clinging shame,
The loss of kingdom and of crown, fate's spite to an ancient name?
Howl on, O wild demoniac chant! the agony was o'er,
When a knightly faith in peoples' truth was lost forevermore.

The Kaiser's glance from the sacred mound looked forth from his brother's
eyes,

But a nobler king looked up that day to blue remorseless skies.
One bore St. Stephen's sacred sword, his gem-wrought diadem,
Guarded and girt from scathe or hurt by the hearts of loyal men.

The other, in his martyr's crown, had his guard of honor too;
His stainless fame, his knightly truth kept vigil firm and true.
He looked not at the hostile crowd, but his thoughts went out afar,
To poor Carlotta's wild despair, in the peaceful Miramar.

But the blighted hopes and blood-hounds' yell, the sorrow, pain, and dearth,
Blenched not the lordliest glance that took its last farewell of earth.
The angels know how the heart was wrung, for love must claim its own,
But the foeman saw on the kingly brow no trace of the hidden moan.

A sudden flash! ah, salvo meet when a noble soul is borne
From pain and shrift of martyr's stake to the foot of the golden throne:
O gracious God! must it ever be the blood-curse is in vain?
Men look at its scathing, blasting tide, like drops of summer rain.

We turn from wastes of stern despair to that tragic Aztec clime:
Again the accursed might of wrong comes down to this modern time;
We shed no tears for the murdered king, but raise our hands on high,
And swear the death of gallant knight is bliss to a captive's sigh.

THE LAST WILD FLOWER.

Down sheltered hollows, or by hillsides, blooms, from November to the first severe cold of December, the last wild flower of our Louisiana forest—the saponaria or gentian.

There can be nothing more exquisite than the clear sapphire of these fairy bells, rising from the sombre brown of dead grass and faded leaves. So bright, so intense in hue, that it needs little stretch of imagination to fancy them flakes of the clear blue sky fallen on earth. We have seen them, when the winter has been early, rising from snow-drifts, their tender, delicate corolla peering above the wintry shroud, a very eye of hope, shining with brighter and purer lustre through the chill and gloom of earth.

Flowers sometimes read us a lesson that needs no headings to make it comprehensible to our hearts, for its text was written in the garden of Eden; but in the flush of spring, the plenty and gorgeousness of summer, this lesson is incomplete. Its highest moral reaches us through the storms and darkness of winter, when we shrink and shiver in cutting blasts, which seem to give fresh vitality to some of the frailest and most delicate creations on God's earth. The idea of an Omnipresent protection, adjusting itself to every need, somehow presents itself to the mind, and we shelter and nestle under the very thought.

The gentian, too, always a favorite, is now to us a reminiscence of an event which, two winters ago, made us very sad.

In journeying to and fro across the Sabine, one cold day in December, we met on its banks, at Burr's Ferry, a refugee train, which, like ourselves, was detained on the Louisiana side until some repairs had been made on the ferry-boat, to enable us to make the "traverse" with safety in that tempestuous weather. Any one who has ever crossed the Sabine in wind and storm knows well what a dreary, desolate, dangerous crossing it is. Primitive enough, too, with its ropes stretched from bank to bank, by which the ferryman steadies his boat and shapes its course. Should it break, down would sweep the frail craft into the wild reaches of the river, and, nine chances to ten, either upset or sink there.

A common danger establishes an immediate sympathy between utter strangers, and by the time the leaky ferry-boat was ready for its first load we knew the names, the hopes, the fears of the whole party, and even their destination. We entered, too, with the liveliest interest into the solicitude of an aged couple for the comfort of their invalid daughter—an only child. She was a beautiful girl of about seventeen or eighteen, and one glance at her pallid, sharpened features, told us that she was nearer the end of her last journey than her devoted parents seemed to realize. We had heard of her before,—“the Lily of A—,” as she was called,—heard of her beauty,

accomplishments, and wealth, and we listened with profound compassion to the tale told by one of her friends—a tale which showed how little all the rich gifts of nature or fortune had availed to shield her from that common lot of humanity—sorrow.

We have no time or space to dwell on particulars. Like many others in Louisiana, where the war was carried on in the very yards or parks of the planters, she had seen her lover, the gallant Captain F——, fall in a skirmish not ten paces from her door.

The shock, coming upon a constitution more than delicate, had hastened its decay, and the Lily of A—— faded slowly beneath one of those inscrutable maladies that have hitherto perplexed and baffled all medical skill.

More from the restless fancy of an invalid than from any fear of an invading army, she had persuaded her parents to join the refugees from the neighborhood, and they were now *en route* for Mexico.

She was made as comfortable on the leaky boat as circumstances would admit, but the waves dashed over the low sides and saturated her wrappings. In moving her hand restlessly over the side of the boat, a handsome emerald ring dropped into the river. She held up her hand with a faint smile. "All," she said; "I might have made this sacrifice to destiny with a better grace some years ago. It was exceeding happiness that always sought to propitiate fate; but I gave up my treasures long since." And she shivered and complained of the piercing cold as a wave, larger than the rest, swept over the boat, almost swamping it.

With difficulty we reached the other side, and warming ourselves by a large fire built by some German emigrants who were camped on the bank, we then made preparations to pass the night in an uninhabited hut by the roadside. A large fire was kindled on the hearth, blankets hung against the walls to keep out the wind, and every means in our power used to shield the invalid at least from exposure. But she insisted on lying near the open door, gazing across the swollen, turbid stream at the gloomy pine-forest on the Louisiana side. Her large, sad eyes filled by degrees with tears, but by a strong effort she kept them back, and gently but firmly resisted all her parents' entreaties to be moved from her exposed situation.

"Let me look a little longer," she pleaded; "remember, I may never see it again. Do you know, I understand now those Polish exiles near A——, who had brought a little piece of their native soil to lay over their hearts when they died. *Pour avoir encore des rêves de la patrie*, they said. Dear Louisiana, I never knew before how I loved you." And she lay back exhausted for some moments.

Suddenly her eyes were attracted by a flower growing on the sloping bank near the water's edge. "Get it for me," she cried, eagerly. We plucked it, a long, beautiful spray of gentian, and laid it in her hand.

"How beautiful! how more than beautiful!" she murmured; "so triumphant over blight, decay, and even death itself; so redolent of hope and pro-

mise; so full, too, of the old happy time." And she pressed it passionately to her lips with low, indistinct murmurs.

"Mamma"—turning to her mother—"do you remember the little tuft of gentian near the summer-house at Bienvenue, how it blossomed through the frost; and when a heavy fall of snow at last destroyed it, the blue of the petals was as bright, its texture as silky as if living and growing? Beautiful Bienvenue! I almost wish I had not left it. Do you think the orange-tree at my window is dead to-day, for this is a piercing wind?" Her mother turned aside, almost unable to answer.

"Thank you," she said to us, "for the gentian. Flowers are my passion, and this one, coming to me to-day, amid all this dreariness, seems to have brought back the blue sky, hidden by those heavy storm-clouds."

As night came on, shiverings, and at last delirium, seemed to point to a speedy termination of the young life that was now visibly ebbing fast away in that lonely log hut on the Sabine. Dumb and paralyzed by their crushing grief, the parents sat beside her, while pitying friends employed themselves in kind offices. The dying girl seemed unconscious of all her surroundings; she was once more in her Louisiana home, babbling of the flowers she had loved and tended, and of the little gentian by the summer-house. No sad or troubled memory seemed to intrude on her peaceful, happy visions. The dead might have been with her, but they were once more living and loving.

From the tents of the German emigrants near, at times swelled up some song or chant, which seemed to harmonize with the sick girl's dreams, for she would smile faintly and listen. The deep, mellow voices at last struck into that saddest of all sad melodies—"Die langen, langen Tag."

Some memory must have been evoked from the profound depths of that wail of a breaking heart, for she moved restlessly, and whispered, "My lone watch-keeping." But in a second the peaceful look came back, and half raising the gentian she still held convulsively in her hand, the broken Lily of A—— was among the fadeless flowers of the Eternal River.

Thence comes it that the gentian, to us, is full of hope and memory.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

THIS accomplished daughter of the South, known so long as a poet by the sweet, wild title of "Moïna,"* was born in Georgetown, South Carolina.

Her father, W. F. Shackelford, an eminent lawyer of that State, removed, with his youthful daughter, from that city to Charleston, where he placed her under the care of the Misses Ramsay, daughters of the celebrated Dr. D. Ramsay. Inheriting from her father a talent for poetry and a delicacy of taste, she also received from him the encouragement of her youthful genius, and the development of her refined and graceful word-painting.

At the early age of fourteen, her young heart was given to J. C. Dinnies, a gentleman of New York, but then settled in St. Louis, Mo., and, preferring the white flowers of true affection and manly worth to the lonely laurel crown, "Moïna" encircled her fair brow with an orange wreath, and her young life with a true, devoted love.

Though married to one capable of monopolizing all her thoughts and worthy of all her young heart's devotion, still, in her hours of leisure, Mrs. Dinnies found a delight in expressing in words the deep feelings of happiness that welled up from her poetic soul; and sweet as the notes of a happy bird were the songs which issued from the serene and quiet home of the youthful poet-wife.

Many of her published pieces were written before her marriage, though they still hold a high and honored place in American literature. The history of the "Charnel Ship" has been read and admired by youthful hearts and sober heads; yet few dreamed that a child had penned those thrilling words "which filled each heart with fear."

A number of Mrs. Dinnies's most valuable manuscripts were destroyed by fire in St. Louis—among them a long poem, nearly finished, in six cantos, and several tales ready for publication; but too happy to write for fame, and only caring to speak in song when feeling prompted

* Mrs. Dinnies adopted the signature of "Moïna" when quite young. Since the close of the war, Reverend Father Ryan, author of "The Conquered Banner," and other poems, has used the same pseudonym.

imagination or suggested subjects worthy of her pen, "Moïna" sought not to retrieve the loss.

In November, 1846, Mr. Dinnies removed to New Orleans, and it was during their residence in the Crescent City that there fell upon the heart and home of the poetess a shadow which, as yet, neither time nor friendship has ever brightened. To her had been given the sweet task of watching the opening mind of a lovely gifted daughter — one who inherited all her parents' nobleness and worth, and who, had she been spared, might well have shared her mother's laurels. But this bright young creature, this idol of a mother's heart, this fair reality of a poet's dream, was called in her earliest girlhood from earth to heaven. Over this broken flower, "Moïna" bowed her head in anguish; but engraving upon her daughter's tombstone the sacred, consoling words, "*Sursum Corda*," she wrote the same upon her heart. And in the sweet sad songs of "Rachel," we have seen and felt that, though a mother's heart be crushed, a poet's "soul is lifted upward" on the wings of grief and resignation. Mrs. Dinnies's poetry, like everything connected with this gifted woman, breathes of refinement and imagination, mirroring forth the purity of her heart and the high culture of her poetic nature. Always sweet and melodious, it rings at times with martial tones and thrilling eloquence, capable of arousing the soldier's enthusiasm for his country, or the fond devotion of woman for all that is good and holy. She does not deal in a profusion of words — for it seems to be her peculiar talent to find the fittest expression for her beautiful ideas — thus allowing them to shine forth in all their native strength, through their graceful coloring of language.

But it is at home that Mrs. Dinnies realizes her own beautiful illustration of the white chrysanthemum; or rather it is in that charmed setting that the gifted poetess appears as the "peerless picture of a modest wife," beaming with love and tenderness upon her husband's home and heart, and shedding upon all who enter the circle of her influence the charms of intellect and the blessings of woman's kindly heart.

In 1847 appeared the only volume Mrs. Dinnies has published. "The Floral Year," in the style of an annual, was published in Boston. The volume is entirely original. Its design is novel and happy. It consists of one hundred poems, arranged in twelve collections. Each one of these illustrates a bouquet of flowers, such as may generally be culled in the garden or the green-house during its appropriate month;

and the flowers in each bouquet are illustrated individually and collectively. Thus the charm of unity is added to the beautiful fancies and pure sentiments that are thus thrown upon the waters like a garland from the garden of the Muses.

One reviewer said: "'The Floral Year' may be justly considered as a work of art throughout. By its design, the flower is adapted to the sentiment, and the sentiment to the poem. When the one is of a character that rises to passion, the other is distinguished by power of thought, feeling, and expression. But when the sentiment is of a gentle or negative sort, the poem is remarkable for its simplicity, beauty, and melody."

While residing in St. Louis, in 1845, Mrs. Dinnies edited a newspaper, "The Chaplet of Mercy," for a Fair for the benefit of orphans. The contents of this paper were entirely original, and some of the most distinguished writers of the country contributed. After removing to New Orleans, several years elapsed without her publishing anything, except a few fugitive pieces in the newspapers. In 1854, she contributed a series of didactic articles, under the head of "Rachel's What-Not," to the "Catholic Standard," a weekly journal edited by her husband; and also a series of "Random Readings," consisting of short extracts from various authors, with comments or reflections by herself.

Just before the war, Mrs. Dinnies commenced calling in the stray children of her brain, intending to place them in some kind of order, and perhaps publish them in one or more volumes. She had revised and transcribed about twenty tales, when New Orleans was captured, and the arrest of Mr. Dinnies and imprisonment, by order of Gen. B. F. Butler, caused her to put aside her design for more prosperous times. Mr. Dinnies's health — first broken during his imprisonment at Forts Jackson and Pickens — continued to decline until he has become a confirmed invalid; and her heart and thoughts are so occupied by the condition of his health, that she has lost all interest in everything save the means of restoring his constitution. In a poem, written when she was little more than a child, she seemed to have a prevision of her present fate. "These lines have much sweetness, and flow from a deep fountain of earnest feeling."

"I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer;

Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
 Nor shed a single tear ;
 I could have smiled on every blow
 From Life's full quiver thrown,
 While I might gaze on thee, and know
 I should not be '*alone!*'

"I could—I think I could have brooked,
 E'en for a time, that thou
 Upon my fading face hadst looked
 With less of love than now ;
 For then I should at least have felt
 The sweet hope still my own,
 To win thee back, and, whilst thou dwelt
 On earth, not been '*alone!*'

"But thus to see from day to day
 Thy brightening eye and cheek,
 And watch thy life-sands waste away,
 Unnumbered, slow, and meek ;
 To meet thy look of tenderness,
 And catch the feeble tone
 Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
 And feel I'll be '*alone!*'—

"To mark thy strength each hour decay,
 And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
 As filled with heavenward trust, they say,
 'Earth may not claim thee longer:'—
 Nay, dearest! 'tis too much; this heart
 Must break when thou art gone ;
 It must not be—we may not part—
 I could not live '*alone!*'"

Mrs. Dinnies is still a resident of the Crescent City, where she is beloved and revered by her friends.

"There are few American writers whose productions have met with more uniform approbation than the poems of Anna Peyre Dinnies. Entirely free from affectation, they never offend the critic by the inflated or the meretricious. On the contrary, they are distinguished by the correct elegance that is the characteristic of some minds in letters, as it is the trait of high breeding in society. Nor does it in her appear to be the result of study or of art, but it sits gracefully upon her, as if it sprung naturally from intuition," says a writer in the "Southern Literary Messenger."

A poet, in noticing her poems, says: "They are full of feeling, expression, melody, and their words fall upon the heart like distant music, awakening the startled memories of all life's pleasant things, and flinging over the soul its fine net of captivating sounds. Her images are clear, her expression free, as if the heart itself were touched by the contemplation of its own bright and fanciful creations."

The writer quoted above says: "We would style her writings *the poetry of the affections*. Not deficient in imagination, but abounding more in the every-day emotions of life than those which depend upon unusual events to call them into play, the heart, especially the female heart, is the instrument upon which she delights to show her skill, and its chords vibrate to her touch as freely and truly as the harp gives forth its melody to the master's practised hand.

"The thoughtful Shelley defines poetry to be 'the expression of the imagination.' To the feeling Moïna, it is the language of the heart. She utters its syllables in tones of sweetness, frames its sentences with the nice perceptions of art, and speaks with the energy of deep emotion. Her style is seldom diffuse, and rarely redundant in tropes and figures. Who cannot recall to his mind the bright days of his early youth, when the keen and refined perceptions of the soul, with all the freshness of a vernal morn, were first awakened to the glories and the beauties of nature; when the universe was a great volume, every page of which was eloquent with a deep and mysterious lore, filling the whole soul with astonishment and delight; when the heart thrilled to all external influences, as the Æolian strings that are hung amid the trees respond in melody to the soft-breathed wooings of the passing zephyr? And feeling thus, the world of Moïna is the heart—the heart is her universe—the heart the great volume whose pages she loves to illustrate.

"The strong fountains of passion burst from their hidden depths at her command, and pour forth their floods of tenderness, disdain, or scorn. The gentle streams of sentiment rise at her behest, and flow in gladness and beauty through her strain. 'The cataract of thought' comes rushing up from the recesses of the soul. The pleasant dreams of fancy awaken at her call. Love, hope, faith, and confidence glow in her songs; while pride, ambition, scorn, and despair are admirably portrayed in some of her effusions. The lighter emotions, possessing in themselves less of the poetic, are not often the subjects of her choice. The ludicrous she seems to avoid as undignified, and the sarcastic as unfeminine. The wild and mysterious excite her fancy, and lead it to speculations upon primal causes, which result in poems of a highly religious character. The beautiful in nature and art also leads her to the contemplation of the Divine Author of all beauty, and awakens melodies filled at once with hope, devotion, and faith in a brighter world. The flowers fill her with sweet associations and glowing fancies. The winds whisper of danger, and teach her own dependence upon a Higher Power. The stars, the clouds, the moonbeams, all hold strange companionship

with her spirit, bearing it afar from earth. Music touches the sealed fountains in her bosom, and excites or saddens according to the strain. Deeds of daring, acts of magnanimity, feelings of gratitude, all create the poetic inspiration. These are the *materiel* from which she culls, combines, and arranges her fancies into verse."

THE LOVE-LETTER.

The full-orbed moon
In regal splendor proudly tracked the sky;
And the fair laughing flowers of early June
Slept, fanned by Zephyr as he floated by;
The night was hushed, but beautifully clear,
As though enchantment late had wandered there,
And left her charm unbroken; so profound
The deep tranquillity that reigned around.

Close to an open casement, which o'erhung
The quiet scene, there pensively sate one,
Who gazed, not on the loneliness thus flung
Over the earth beneath, but sad and lone,
Held converse with her soul.

She was not fair;
Beauty had set no impress on her brow,
Nor genius shed his heaven-caught lustre there;
Yet there was one who loved her, and whose vow
Was met with all that tenderness which dwells
Only in woman's heart; those fancy spells
That poets dream of.

Now within her hand
She clasped a letter; every line was scanned
By the pure moonbeams round her brightly thrown;
She murmured half aloud, in love's own tone,
His last and dearest words; her warm tears fell
Upon that line, and dimmed the name she loved so well!

"Cease not to think of me," yet once again
She read—then answered in this heartfelt strain:

I could not hush that constant theme
 Of hope and reverie;
 For every day and nightly dream,
 Whose lights across my dark brain gleam,
 Is filled with thee.

I could not bid those visions spring
 Less frequently,
 For each wild phantom which they bring,
 Moving along on fancy's wing,
 But pictures thee.

I could not stem the vital source
 Of thought, or be
 Compelled to check its whelming force,
 As ever in its onward course
 It tells of thee.

I could not, dearest! thus control
 My destiny,
 Which bids each new sensation roll
 Pure from its fountain in my soul
 To life and thee.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

(At one o'clock on the night subsequent to the battle of Cedar Mountain, the Rev. Father S—— and Doctor W—— visited the scene of the conflict to seek the wounded, if any such had been forgotten there. "The moon was full, and it seemed to envelop the noble dead with its softest and most effulgent light." — *MS. of Father S——.*)

Slowly, softly passed they over
 The ensanguined field that night;
 Almost fearing to discover,
 By the moon's refulgent light,
 Which, upon the dead and dying,
 Like a holy veil was lying,
 One familiar to their sight!

Slowly, softly, onward moving,
 Gazing on each upturned face;
 Seeking, with a care most loving,
 Through that silent resting-place;

While the moon her pure rays shedding
O'er the paths their steps were treading,
Life's faint glimmer still to trace!

Slowly, softly still they hearkened,
Till a sound their course impedes :
Pain with many a shade has darkened
Hearts replete with daring deeds ;
But beneath the moonbeams mellow
Find they oft some noble fellow,
Who yet suffers, lives, and bleeds !

Slowly, softly draw they near him ;
Priest — physician — both are there ;
Words of love are said to cheer him,
Promises of aid and care ;
And the moonlight falling o'er him,
Whispers they will soon restore him ;
Hope has banished every fear.

Slowly, softly bends the Father
With a list'ning, anxious ear,
Murmured words of prayer to gather,
Sad confession's tones to hear ;
As the moon in holy beauty
Throws around this solemn duty
Silvery radiance — tender, clear.

Slowly, softly comes the feeling
Of repose to soothe him now ;
Peace, within his bosom stealing,
Stamps her presence on his brow.
While the midnight glow supernal,
Typical of Light Eternal,
Sanctifies that scene of woe !

Slowly, softly then they leave him,
Till the morrow's dawn appear ;
Nothing more on earth shall grieve him,
Sleep — or death — is drawing near.
Soon these moonbeams, soft and tender,
His "account of life" shall render,
In a holier, happier sphere.

Slowly, softly thence returning,
Priest and doctor now pass on ;

Grateful hearts within them burning,
That the fearful field was won!
While the moon serenely shining,
Earth and earthly thoughts refining,
Lifts their souls to Mercy's throne.

THE TRUE BALLAD OF THE WANDERER.

A maiden in a Southern bower
Of fragrant vines and citron-trees,
To charm the pensive twilight hour
Flung wild her thoughts upon the breeze;
To Cupid's ear, unconscious, telling
The fitful dream her bosom swelling,
Till echo, softly on it dwelling,
Revealed the urchin, bold and free,
Repeating thus her minstrelsy:

"Away! away!—by brook and fountain,
Where the wild deer wanders free,
O'er sloping dale and swelling mountain,
Still my fancy follows thee;
Where the lake its bosom spreading,
Where the breeze its sweets is shedding,
Where thy buoyant steps are treading,
There, where'er the spot may be,
There my thoughts are following thee!

"In the forest's dark recesses,
Where the fawn may fearless stray;
In the cave no sunbeam blesses
With its first or parting ray;
Where the birds are blithely singing,
Where the flowers are gayly springing,
Where the bee its course is winging,
There, if there thou now mayst be,
Anxious thought is following thee!

"In the lowly peasant's cot,
Quiet refuge of content;
In the sheltered, grass-grown spot,
Resting, when with travel spent,

Where the vine its tendrils curling,
 Where the trees their boughs are furling,
 Where the streamlet clear is purling,
 There, if there thou now mayst be,
 There my spirit follows thee!

“In the city’s busy mart,
 Mingling with its restless crowd;
 ’Mid the miracles of art,
 Classic pile and column proud;
 O’er the ancient ruin sighing,
 When the sun’s last ray is dying,
 Or to fashion’s vortex flying,
 Even there if thou mayst be,
 There my thoughts must follow thee!

“In the revel—in the dance—
 With the firm familiar friend—
 Or where Thespian arts entrance,
 Making mirth and sadness blend;
 Where the living pageant, glowing,
 O’er thy heart its spell is throwing,
 Mimic life in ‘alto’ showing:
 There, beloved, if thou mayst be,
 There, still there, I follow thee!

“When the weary day is over,
 And thine eyes in slumber close
 Still, oh! still, inconstant rover,
 Do I charm thee to repose;
 With the shades of night descending,
 With thy guardian spirits blending,
 To thy sleep sweet visions lending,
 There, e’en there, true love may be,
 There, and thus am I to thee!”

Months and seasons rolled away,
 And the maiden’s cheek was pale;
 When, as bloomed the buds of May,
 Cupid thus resumed the tale:
 “Over land and sea returning,
 Wealth, and power, and beauty spurning,
 Love within his true heart burning,
 Comes the wanderer wild and free,
 Faithful maiden! back to thee!”

THE BLUSH.

“An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.”

Was it unholy? Surely no!
 The tongue no purer thought can speak,
 And from the heart no feeling flow
 More chaste than brightens woman's cheek.

How oft we mark the deep-tinged rose
 Soft mantling where the lily grew;
 Nor deem that where such beauty blows
 A treacherous thorn's concealed from view.

That thorn may touch some tender vein,
 And crimson o'er the wounded part,
 Unheeded, too, a transient pain
 Will flush the cheek and thrill the heart.

On Beauty's lids the gem-like tear
 Oft sheds its evanescent ray;
 But scarce is seen to sparkle, ere
 'Tis chased by beaming smiles away.

Just so the Blush is formed and flies,
 Nor owns reflection's calm control;
 It comes—it deepens—fades and dies—
 A gush of *feeling* from the soul!

 THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

(It is a custom, familiar to all who have travelled in the Catholic countries of Europe, to mark the spot where a murder has been committed, by the erection of a cross. The following lines were suggested by a picture of a wooden cross overgrown by a vine.)

It stands, as ages past it stood,
 Beside the road, that cross of wood,
 By living vines o'ergrown;
 And from their tendrils as they twine,
 As from all nature's vast design,
 A lesson may be drawn.

'Tis said that in the olden time
 Upon that spot a fearful crime
 Of blood and wrong was wrought;
 And that in after-years there came
 A gray-haired man, bowed low with shame,
 Its faded trace who sought.

Here, 'mid repentance deep, and prayers,
 He raised this cross, bedewed with tears,
 And sighs in anguish given;
 And pious pilgrims bend the knee,
 Whene'er the sacred sign they see,
 In prayer for one in Heaven!

But be the legend false or true,
 Who feel not, as this cross they view,
 Emotions strong arise?
 And filled with hope, or bowed in fear,
 Who lifts not in devotion here
 The heart beyond the skies?

On Life's highway, who hath not known
 Some cross, all unexpected shown,
 His heedless course to stay?
 And as the chastened spirit knelt,
 Like a peace-messenger hath felt
 The hallowed sign, to pray?

Sustaining grace who hath not found,
 When like this vine the cross around
 Each bitter grief was flung?
 Its apex pointing to the sky,
 Hath raised the drooping soul on high,
 Which firmly to it clung.

Symbol of shame! whereon once died
The Lord of Life, with thieves beside,
 And scoffing crowds below;
 How changed thy destiny, since He,
 To whom all nations bow the knee,
 Was doomed thy pangs to know!

Symbol of Glory! now we turn
 To countless spires on which upborne
 Thy golden beauty plays;

Beneath the sun's meridian light,
Or through the starry veil of night,
And mark thy beacon rays,

Guiding the faithful near or far,
And shining now, as shone the star
Of Bethlehem, when of yore
The sages of the ancient days,
With firm resolve and steadfast gaze,
Followed its mystic lore.

They knew the holy herald led,
Though resting o'er a lowly shed,
To life's true source, within;
And urged by faith, impelled by love,
They strove the precious boon to prove,
Cleansing the soul from sin.

And taught by him * whose simplest word
Conviction won from all who heard,
We learn to honor thee;
The Cross of Christ, the crucified,
Our only hope, our only pride,
Our only glory be!

Hail, blessed symbol of the faith,
Whose precepts o'er life's pilgrim hath
An influence strong as pure!
Bidding each wayward passion cease,
While to the careworn comes thy peace,
In hopes that must endure.

When danger frights, and courage fails,
And tempting vice the soul assails,
And years their trials bring,
Oh, how the faithful spirit yearns
In fondness to the cross, and turns,
Thus vine-like, there to cling!

Then gladly on his weary way,
Here let the traveller pause, and pay
The homage of his prayers;
For to his soul like landmarks given,
Guiding his wandering steps to heaven,
Each wayside cross appears.

* St. Paul.

* THE CHILD AND THE CLOCK.

Child. "Tick! tick! How ye fly,
Little seconds, passing by!
Won't ye stop and tell me why?"

Clock. "Hearken to the song we sing,
While upon life's restless wing;
To your soul 'twill wisdom bring!"

Child. "Tick! tick! close behind ye,
Time, with scythe and spear, to find ye
Speeds as though to catch, and bind ye!"

Clock. "Time is but a lazy pace,
He is weary of the chase,
We are fresh upon the race!"

Child. "Tick! tick! still ye fly,
Up and onward to the sky,
Where the stars in glory lie!"

Clock. "Farther than the stars we go,
Farther leave this world below:
Follow, if our course you'd know."

Child. "Tick! tick! Far above
Seem your twinkling wings to move
To the halls of Hope and Love!"

Clock. "Yes! To God we lift our flight;
Soon we'll leave you out of sight:
Follow, to the Throne of Light!"

Child. "They have gone! and never more
Come they back, but on before
Calling me, aloft they soar;

Bearing to the eyes of Love
All they witness as they rove,
Seeming thus in sport to move;

While upon the tale they show,
Everlasting weal or woe,
Many a throbbing heart shall know.

Little seconds aggregate
Till they reach a fearful weight,
On whose record, rests our Fate!"

JULIA PLEASANTS CRESWELL.

A WONDERFULLY clever writer!" exclaimed a noted critic, one who was well acquainted with her writings. The poetry of Mrs. Creswell is full of sweetness and gentleness; and, as has been said of Felicia Hemans's poetry, so can we truly say of the verse of the subject of this notice, viz.: "That it is of a soft, subdued enthusiasm, breathing, moreover, throughout such a trusting and affectionate spirit, that it must ever find a welcome and a rest in all true, loving hearts."

Mrs. Creswell has a right to expect an inheritance of talent on both sides of her house. Her father belonged to the Pleasants family, of Virginia, which has contributed several distinguished names to the annals of that State. John Hampton Pleasants, of Richmond, who fell in the famous Ritchie duel; Governor James Pleasants, among the dead; and Hugh R. Pleasants, among the living, are not unknown to fame. The Pleasants are from Norfolk, an old family of England, which I judge, from its recurring in the pages of Macaulay and other historians occasionally, maintained an honorable position centuries back. The first emigrants to this country embraced the tenets of William Penn, and for more than a hundred years his numerous descendants, who have spread all over the United States, preserved that faith. Everything concerning the history of so gifted a woman as Julia Pleasants Creswell is interesting, and the following, relating to her ancestors, is of interest: "John Pleasants," says my Virginia correspondent, "emigrated to this country in the year 1665, the '*animus mirabilis*' of Dryden, and settled in the county of Henrico. He left two sons: the younger inherited the estate called Pickernockie, now owned by Boyd and Edmond, on the Chickahominy. From this his descendants were called 'Pickanockies.'"

From this younger branch of the family sprung the names I have mentioned above. The Pleasants blood has been blent with some of the finest old families in Virginia—the Jeffersons, the Randolphs, the Madisons.

Says my correspondent: "The family have generally been very hon-

est people, and quite remarkable for intelligence; very few of them, however, have been distinguished in public life, their besetting sins being indolence and diffidence!"

Tarleton Pleasants, Mrs. Creswell's grandfather, was a highly educated and accomplished gentleman, to judge from his finely written letters. He was ninety-four years old when he died. His means were limited, and Mrs. Creswell's father left his home in Hanover county at the age of sixteen to push his own fortunes. He sojourned awhile in the Old Dominion State as printer's boy, and then as sub-editor. The Territory of Alabama was then attracting the Western world, and he went thither, landing at Huntsville, one of the earliest settlers. His popular manners won him golden opinions from all, and he was elected to the office of Secretary of State, Thomas Bibb being at that time Governor of the State. Mr. Pleasants married the second daughter of the Governor.

Julia was the second child of the marriage. Soon after his marriage, Mr. Pleasants abandoned politics, and engaged in mercantile life. Ex-Governor Bibb owned immense estates, and Julia was, so to speak, reared in the lap of luxury. Mr. Pleasants wrote with ease and facility, having a fondness for the pursuit. From childhood Julia was fond of fashioning her thoughts in rhyme, and her father fostered the inclination. He was especially solicitous to secure to his children all the advantages of which, in some measure, his own youth had been deprived, and Julia was indeed fortunate in having for eight years the instruction of a very superior woman. With pleasure I give the meed of praise to one of the many teachers with whom "teaching" is a noble employment, not mere drudgery, who deserve a great reward for their well-doing, albeit they seldom receive it in this life. Miss Swift (from Middleton, Vermont) was a remarkable woman—one who always acted on the broad ground that learning is dear for itself alone; and in her admirable school no prizes were held out to cause heart-burnings and deception—no dreadful punishments to intimidate the fearful and appall the wicked. The consciousness of having done well was the only reward, and the sweet satisfaction of knowledge gained the happiness. Miss Swift was selected by Governor Slade, of New York, to take charge of a Normal school, designed for the education of teachers for Oregon. Says Charles Lanman, in his "Adventures in the Wilds of America"—2 vols. 1854—alluding to the subject of this sketch:

"But of all the impressions made upon me during my visit to Huntsville, the most agreeable by far was made by Julia Pleasants, the young and accomplished poetess. She is as great a favorite in the entire South, as she is in this, her native town, and is destined to be wherever the thoughts of genius can be appreciated. She commenced her literary career by contributing an occasional poem to the 'Louisville Journal.' Born and bred in the lap of luxury, it is a wonder that the intellect of Miss Pleasants should have been so well disciplined, as its fruits, in spite of their unripeness, would leave one to suppose it had been. But death having recently made her an orphan, and taken from her side a much-loved sister, she has been schooled in the ways of Providence, as well as of the world, and now, when she strikes the lyre, it responds chiefly in those tones which find a resting-place in her sorrowing heart. Like Mrs. Hemans, Miss Pleasants is a thinker and writer of high order, and her mission upon earth cannot but be both beautiful and profitable."

Miss Pleasants' cousin, Thomas Bibb Bradley, a gifted, ambitious, ardent, and aspiring young poet, who died at an early age, ("a brilliant bud of promise was cut off in him,") first drew her poems from their obscurity, and startled her timid bashfulness by launching them upon the "sea of publicity." The generous spirit of George D. Prentice found kind and tender things to say of her timid fledglings of the imagination.

Mr. T. B. Bradley gathered up some of his own and his cousin's poems, and brought out a joint volume. Mrs. Creswell says, in alluding to this volume:

"The book was not creditable to me, and still less so to my cousin. My own poems were disfigured by misprints, and only one in the book is a fair sample of my cousin's brilliant powers. He was younger than myself, and at that age when a writer falls readily into the style of the last author he has been reading. . . . There is one poem in the book — 'My Sister' — giving the full sweep of his wing, which the lovers of true music will not willingly let die. I have no hesitation in saying that it challenges criticism, and is, without doubt, one of the most perfect poems in our language."

Miss Pleasants was left an orphan by the simultaneous death of her parents, after which she resided several years with her grandmother, Mrs. Bibb. Here she lost her sister Addie, about whom she sang her sweetest songs. In 1854, she was married to Judge David Creswell, a man of distinguished talents, and a native of South Carolina. Judge Creswell was a wealthy planter near Shreveport, La., but lost his

wealth by the war, and has resumed the practice of the law. Mrs. Creswell is teaching a village school, proud to be able to assist her husband thus much. When misfortune and poverty tempestuously assail, then "our women of the South" are distinguished for their heroic acts and brave hearts.

Mrs. Creswell has a volume of poems ready for publication. Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia, have recently issued a novel from her graceful pen, entitled *Callamura*.

"Greenwood," the home of Mrs. Creswell, is near Shreveport, La. Here she is the centre of a happy circle, surrounded by a quartette of children, of whom the only daughter, named Adrienne (the *nom de plume* under which Mrs. Creswell wrote), having inherited the poetic temperament, at the early age of ten dabbles in "rhymes."

THE MINSTREL PILOT.

On the bosom of a river
Where the sun unloosed its quiver,
Or the starlight streamed forever,
 Sailed a vessel light and free:
Morning dewdrops hung, like manna,
On the bright folds of her banner,
While the zephyr rose to fan her
 Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow a pilot, beaming
In the hues of youth, stood dreaming,
And he was in glorious seeming,
 Like an angel from above:
Through his hair the breezes sported;
And as down the wave he floated,
Oft that pilot, angel-throated,
 Warbled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks, so brightly flowing,
Buds of laurel-bloom were blowing,
And his hands, anon, were throwing
 Music from a lyre of gold:

Swiftly down the stream he glided,
Soft the purple waves divided,
And a rainbow arch abided
On his canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts, with fond emotion,
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Praying that no wild commotion
Midst the elements might rise :
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water-flag's corolla
Trembled to his music sighs.

But those purple waves, enchanted,
Rolled beside a city haunted
By an awful spell, which daunted
Every comer to her shore :
Nightshades rank the air encumbered,
And pale marble statues numbered
Lotus-eaters, where they slumbered,
And awoke to life no more!

Then there rushed with lightning quickness
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
While the dews in fearful thickness
Gathered o'er his temples fair ;
And there rolled a mournful murmur
Through the lovely Southern summer,
As that beauteous Pilot-comer
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unbinds his quiver,
On the starlit streams forever,
On its bosom as before ;
But that vessel's rainbow banner
Greets no more the gay savanna,
And that Pilot's lute drops manna
On the purple waves no more!

THE VENUS ANADYOMENE.

Apelles, dear to all the Graces,
 Fills the world with gems of art,
 Now painting fair Elysian faces,
 Limning now Jove's thunder-dart.
 Proudest of the proud Ephesians,
 Who knows not Apelles' fame?
 Beaming on till grasping Grecians
 Half his bursting honors claim.
 Rear him busts of alabaster—
 Claim the world's great canvas-master.

He had toiled in silent grandeur,
 "Not a day without a line,"
 Till the world's proud Alexander
 On his pathway deigned to shine.
 Campaspe now, the monarch sends him—
 She, the fairest of his queens,
 One bright dream of beauty lends him—
 Sends his easel rainbow-scenes—
 She the far-famed, fairest maiden
 Known to Alexander's Aiden.

On the painter's dreams had Venus
 Risen, dripping from the sea—
 How such mocking dreams chagrin us,
 When their beauteous features flee!
 Wringing out her purple tresses,
 Gliding from her rosy shell,
 While the west-wind's lip caresses
 Freely her white bosom's swell—
 Venus thus had hung around him,
 And with dreams of beauty bound him.

Now a form as fair and queenly
 Lighted up his studio,
 Campaspe, blooming there serenely,
 In her youth's refulgent glow.
 But the goddess of the billows
 Never flashed such wondrous eyes,
 Draped with lashes, soft as willows
 Swept by Zephyr's languid sighs;

Never bore that breast of marble,
Those bright lips, that bird-like warble.

Through the painter's soul went rushing
Dreams no more of frail Diōne,
When beside him, brightly blushing,
Beauty decked a fairer zone.
Love, ah! love—what else could follow?
She to him its radiant queen—
Apelles seemed to her Apollo,
Bearing sunshine in his mien:
And as o'er his task he bended,
Vows were breathed, and sighs were blended.

Memories of her king grew fainter,
And her eyes more thoughtful grew,
Hanging round that dream-browed painter,
Painting her so fair to view:
Rising from the azure ocean,
Like the Daughter of the deep,
Through her eyes the fond emotion—
Dreams of him, that would not sleep.
He had caught the blest expression,
Published there the sweet confession.

Then the thought of vengeance haunted
Those soft eyes with tears impearled:
What were now that triumph vaunted
Through the loud-applauding world?
Say, what charm can Fame discover,
Though that picture laurel Time?
Painter, where that god-like lover
Thou hast robbed of beauty's prime?
Say what direful doom shall grasp thee?
Lo! the god bestows—Campaspe!

THE SNOW-KING'S BRIDAL.

Fast from St. Bernard's icy crag
The cold, red daylight faded,
When, lo! a tempest waved its flag,
With snow and darkness braided.

Enthroned in ice—enrobed in snow,
Upon that mighty mountain,
The Snow-King ruled the frozen flow
Of every cloud-born fountain.

And through the snow-flakes, wild and free,
A silvery horn was pealing,
As though to some Eurydice
Immortal love revealing.

Back from the spectral glaciers white
Its flute-like echoes bounded;
While pine-clad passes with the flight
Of wingéd steeds resounded.

As fell the echoes of that strain,
With wild, yet soft entreating,
A maiden's bosom, low refrain,
In sweet accord was beating.

No traveller's steed with ringing hoof
Along the pathway rattled;
And loudly round the shepherd's roof
The furious tempest battled.

No star shone on the drear concave,
No beauteous planet-ranger;
But woman's love seems born to brave
The stormy burst of danger.

And o'er the snow-drift, clustering there,
A slender figure glided;
Whose meteor-head of golden hair
The murky gloom divided.

Behind her was a kinsman's wrath,
The storm-cloud hung above her;
And treacherous was the devious path
That winded to her lover.

Full oft before, that spirit-call
At eventide had wooed her,
And wiled her from her kinsman's hall,
To madden and delude her.

Past many a pinnacle of sleet,
Past many a yawning fissure,
Upon the snow her flying feet
Scarce left their feathery pressure:

Beyond the eagle-crested larch,
O'er many a wild gorge springing,
Where'er its solemn winding march
Her lover's horn was ringing.

And strangely through the shadows rung
That wild, unearthly measure;
Sad as a lost ship's bell, wave-swung,
Through domes of liquid azure.

Apollo's lute ne'er charmed the Nine
With tones of richer blending
Than those clear notes, which, thro' the pine,
That spirit-horn was sending.

Now, like some full cathedral choir,
It chanted anthems saintly;
And now it seemed a wind-swept lyre,
That murmuring, whispered faintly.

I ween it was no mortal spell
The gelid silence cleaving,
Which, such a weird and wildering spell,
Around her soul was weaving.

It was the Snow-King's madrigal,
With magic music laden,
And winning to his proud star-hall
The fairest earthly maiden.

And reining in his coursers bold—
One long, full tide of sweetness
He round that wondering maiden rolled,
Which robbed her light foot's fleetness.

Down on the yielding snow she sank,
Like some fair wreath of myrtle,
Where soft snow-flakes, rank after rank,
Clung gently round her kirtle.

Her long gold locks, like glowworms, gave
The night a mellow gleaming,

And softly in its marble cave
Her violet eye was dreaming.

Like stately priests, the aged trees
Bent whispering rituals round her,
Where, ardent as some tropic breeze,
Her spirit-lover found her.

There, on that pallid, fleecy couch,
Were bridal vows repeated,
While Love stayed Time with magic touch,
And half his moments cheated.

The Snow-Prince bore his bride afar,
Up through the realms of Even;
And there she beams the brightest star
That gems the brow of heaven.

And when the round, red sun uprose,
Out in the forest stilly,
They found, enrobed in Alpine snows,
A pale and frozen lily!

'T was thus the ancient legend ran,
Perchance a vagary idle,
Which charmed some old gray-bearded man
To sing the Snow-King's Bridal.

MY BIRDIES.

Under the trees of Texas
The fairest flowers spring;
Under the trees of Texas
The brightest birdlings sing;
But fairer than all the flowers
That bloom on the prairies wide,
Or blush by the azure burnies
That wind by the green hill-side,—
And brighter than all the birdlings
That nestle in forest-trees,
Or glance o'er the brilliant prairies,—
Brighter and dearer than these
Are the flowers I planted there:

Under the trees of Texas,
 Planted in sorrow and prayer;
 Under the trees of Texas —
 Birdies I buried there.

Under the trees of Texas
 Snatch'd from my twining arms,
 Under the trees of Texas
 Moulder their silent charms.

Kenneth, my glorious eagle-boy!
 With an eye like a burning star,
 With brows like the bows of promise
 That sweep the heavens afar;
 Plann'd on a scale most generous,
 Child of our noblest thought;
 Born when a new-born nation
 Her deeds of daring wrought!
 And a flush of antique grandeur
 Hung round his peerless head—
 Kenneth, the fairest, proudest boy
 That slumbers with the dead!
 Under the trees of Texas
 We watched our darling die;
 Under the trees of Texas
 Closing his starry eye.

Under the trees of Texas,
 Where his shell-like feet had strayed,
 Under the trees of Texas
 The rose of my heart was laid.
 Sydmore the seraph! clasping
 With jewels the crown of home—
 Child of our golden sunshine,
 Ere the storms of life had come;
 Dearest to both of us—dearest to all—
 Never such worship sprung
 From a mother's heart to a wondrous boy,
 Where the light of heaven hung.
 He had the cloudless eye of blue—
 Syddy, sweet Syddy!

Adieu! Adieu!

Under the trees of Texas,
 Hidden away thou art,
 Under the trees of Texas,
 Thou rose of my heart!

Under the trees of Texas,
 Ere his pearly teeth were won;
 Under the trees of Texas
 We placed our youngest son:
 Birth of the funeral hour—
 Sprung from his brother's bier;
 Lovely and frail as a flower,
 Fleeting and sad as a tear!
 Heir to my mother's soul-lit face,
 Heir to her line's disease,
 Shutting at last his weary eyes
 On the boughs of the fatal trees.
 Crush'd by a brutal Ethiop's hands,
 Poison'd at midnight gloom;
 Julian, my sinless dovelet, blent
 With his wrecking country's doom.
 These are the precious birdies
 I left in that fatal clime,—
 Under the trees of Texas,
 Buried in banks of thyme,
 Under the trees of Texas,
 Waiting the end of time!

I am tempted to insert the following poem of Mrs. Creswell's in compliment to the taste of the distinguished editor of the "Washington Sentinel," since then a roamer in exile. It appeared in his columns with the subjoined notice; and though this volume cannot boast of "golden clasps," it aims to present fair samples of the standard literature of America.

["A GEM OF POETRY.—The following is one of those floating gems which sometimes run as dazzling fugitives through the newspaper press. It deserves to be arrested and embodied in the standard literature of America. We therefore lay violent hands upon it, and so ask that some bookmaker or other will put it, where it should be, in a handsomely bound volume, with golden clasps."]

ADDIE.

The daughters of my father's house—
 They were not over-fair:
 But one of them had loving eyes,
 And soft and shining hair.

Her cheek was like the pale blush-rose,
Her smile was like the sun,
Her brow—it was the fairest thing
You ever looked upon.

Her foot was like the tiny wing
That bears a tiny bird;
Her voice was like its carolling,
Among the myrtles heard.

She floated like a fairy sylph
Along the joyous dance,
An angel's soul was on her brow,
And heaven was in her glance.

I would that you had seen her, when,
The fairest of them all,
She sported through the happy band
That filled my father's hall.

She was the darling little lamb
Our mother most caressed,
And I—I loved her as the soul
That sorrows in my breast.

She was the jewel in the chain
That bound me to this earth—
The last sweet memory of the reign
Of childhood and of mirth—

The shrine whereon my spirit laid
Its frankincense and myrrh,
And I can never love again
As I have worshipped her.

But she is sleeping sadly now
Where willow leaflets fall,
And long green grasses wildly wave
Around my father's hall.

M. SOPHIE HOMES.

(*"Millie Mayfield."*)

THE subject of the present sketch, Mrs. Mary Sophie Shaw Homes, was born in Frederick City, Maryland; but having resided in Louisiana nearly all her life, she claims it as the State of her adoption. She is the daughter of Thomas Shaw, of Annapolis, Md., who for over twenty years filled with honor the situation of cashier of the Frederick County Branch Bank of Maryland, and was a man beloved and highly respected by all who knew him. On her mother's side, her ancestors were good old Maryland Revolutionary stock, two of her great-uncles having fallen, in defence of their rights as freemen, at the battle of Germantown. After her father's death, which happened when she was quite a child, her mother removed with her family to New Orleans, where Mrs. Homes has since resided. She has been twice married: her first husband, Mr. Norman Rogers, dying in the second year of their union, she was left a widow at a very early age, and her life has been one of strange vicissitudes; but by nature she is energetic, resolute, and determined, and although not hopeful, is very enduring; and, as a friend once said of her, "possesses the rare qualification of contentment in an humble position, with capacities for a most elevated one."

She appeared before the literary world of New Orleans under the *nom de plume* of "Millie Mayfield," in 1857, as a newspaper contributor of essays, sketches, and poems, which (to quote from one of the leading journals of New Orleans, the "Daily Crescent") "could not fail of attracting attention from the unmistakable evidences of genius they displayed, the poetry being far above mediocrity, and the sketches spirited and entertaining;" so that when, in the same year, her first published volume in prose, entitled "Carrie Harrington; or, Scenes in New Orleans," made its appearance, the public was prepared to give it a most favorable reception. Of this book, Mrs. L. Virginia French thus wrote: "This is a most agreeable and readable book. . . . The style is easy, natural, and unostentatious. . . . There is a vein of genial humor running through the whole book."

Says a reviewer in the "New Orleans Crescent" of "Carrie Harrington; or, Scenes in New Orleans:"

"This is a new and charming work by a Southern lady—the maiden effort, I may say, in novelistic literature, by one who is already favorably known to our State as a sweet poetess; for few are they who have read and not been pleased with the truthful emanations in harmonious numbers from the accomplished pen of 'Millie Mayfield.'

"Having just risen from a careful perusal of it, I can honestly pronounce it a work replete with refreshing thoughts, expressed with a flowing happiness of diction, supplying, at this season of the year particularly, a great desideratum, as all can't-get-aways and even run-aways across the lake will admit.

"This the writer is constrained to confess, despite his predisposition to be hypercritical,—he had almost said unfriendly to it, because, perhaps, of its being the production of a petticoat,—an institution spreading, as all the world knows, pretty considerably nowadays,—when he sat down to glance at its contents. Agreeably surprised, he was taught a lesson of the supreme folly of preconceived impressions, which he will not easily forget. The authoress of Carrie Harrington has in this novelette—if I may so term it, being in one volume, and yet as suggestive of thought and promotive of reflection, if not as well calculated to enchain attention and challenge admiration as many three-volumed novels written by established favorites of the reading public, and which, for the most part, answer to a charm Pollok's description of one, viz., 'A novel was a book three-volumed and once read, and oft crammed full of poisonous error, blackening every page, and oftener still of old deceased, putrid thought, and miserable incident, at war with nature, with itself and truth at war; yet charming still the greedy reader on, till, done, he tried to recollect his thoughts, and nothing found but dreaming emptiness,'—in this little work, I say, she has given an earnest of the possession of talent of a very high order in this branch of light literature. There is nothing *labored* about it—a great blessing to readers; for elaboration, when apparent, is generally painful, at least to me. The characters spring into existence in rapid succession—take and keep their places, while the individuality of each is maintained with tolerable integrity, and seemingly drawn from life by one who has diligently exercised the faculty for observation. I would not, however, be understood to say that in their portrayal there are no inequalities—no inelegancies—no infelicities—no redundances; or that she is *au fait* in their introduction: better marshalling there might have been, which accomplishment can only be attained by practice, for there is no royal road to perfection, even for *women*, gifted as they are with intuition.

"Many of the scenes, though far from being faultless, sparkle with talent, and talent is something; but here and there she betrays a want of *tact*, and *that*, while not absolutely talent, is everything in every undertaking; for, as

somebody has somewhere said, sententiously, 'talent is power—tact, skill; talent is weight—tact, momentum; talent knows what to do—tact, how to do it; it is the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect,'—and so it is slipping into one's good graces as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket. The story is pleasingly simple and purely domestic—opening not in the hackneyed style to which so many of our novelists are notoriously addicted; such as a 'solitary horseman' was approaching a wood in time to rescue some beauty in distress, etc.; or, as a 'handsome stranger,' apparently on the shady side of thirty, leg-weary and foot-sore, arriving about sunset at a village inn, just in season to play the eavesdropper to a conversation, in which he learns wonders regarding himself, etc.

"The hall-door bell of Judge Loring's aristocratic mansion being vigorously rung, announces a visitor whose business would seem not to brook delay—and so it proves; for in waddles the pussy, fussy, garrulous, go-a-headative Mrs. Percival, with her everlasting exclamation of 'Lawful sakes alive!' to the great dismay and disgust of the haughty beauty, Isabelle Loring, who happens at home alone, with her hair in paper against an entertainment to be given in the evening, at which she fondly anticipates the conquest of Horace Nelson's heart. In no very amiable mood, but with many an unfriendly wish, does the proud girl hastily brush herself into presentableness, and descends to the parlor, where, with a smile that would rival that of a seraph in glory—though with sorrow be it observed, expressly got up for the occasion by hypocrisy—she greets her visitor, who is all impatience to declare her mission.

"Unromantic, plain, matter-of-fact, coarsely spoken is Mrs. Percival—blunt to rudeness, and generous to a fault; and while indulging a vulgarity indigenous to her nature, and peculiarly offensive to 'ears polite,' displaying a heart as large as creation—so that we cannot help loving her, and owning that 'even her failings lean to virtue's side.' In speech—and she is flippant enough in all conscience—she is a second edition of Mrs. Malaprop, constantly mispronouncing and misapprehending words; for example: she talks complacently of her 'morey-antic,' (*moire antique*;) says 'swarry' when she would say *soirée*; 'infermation' for inflammation; 'portfully' for port-folio, and so forth. Isabelle Loring has received a liberal education—contracted grand ideas of upper-tendom, and being surpassingly beautiful, womanlike, requires no ghost from the grave to tell her so. Devoted to dress, magnificent in foreign airs, and inordinately fond of admiration, reminding us, in the matter of pride, and in that only, of Pauline Deschappelles, for there the likeness ends—as Pauline is not without redeeming points—and, when crossed in desire, in some respects, of Lady Sneerwell. I have been thus particular, as these personages—the very antipodes of each other—play respectively important parts in the story.

"Mrs. Percival blurts out her errand in her accustomed manner, which is one of mercy, and is referred to mamma, who is at Aunt Langdon's, whither

Mrs. Percival directs her hurried steps, and in her haste almost runs foul of Miss Letty at the street-door — a malicious piece of dry-goods, unworthy of the institution of calico, and rejoicing in the twofold occupation of dress-maker and scandal-monger. Miss Letty, in giving vent to her envy, bristles up and talks waspishly of Mrs. Percival's low origin, much to the edification of Isabelle, who is jealous of the exceeding loveliness of Mrs. Percival's only daughter and child, Ella. Ella, the pure-minded, the devoted, whom we could have wished had been made the heroine instead of Carrie, all beautiful and dutiful as she is, as we have often wished, when reading the 'Ivanhoe' of Scott, that the high-souled Rebecca had been preferred to the less interesting Rowena.

"Ella, like Isabelle, is enamored of Horace Nelson, but widely different are their loves; the one modestly conceals, the other coquettishly displays. At a party where they all meet, they discover that they are rivals, and, as it would seem to Ella, without hope of success on her part. The effect of this discovery is the loss of the roses from her cheek, which her mother observing and mistaking the cause, talks funnily enough of dosing the love-stricken girl with salts! Not a bad idea, by-the-by; we have faith in salts and senna, even for the correction of the malady of love. A heavenly creature is Ella, notwithstanding that she is the child of vulgar parents of mushroom growth into opulence! Horace Nelson is a fine young fellow, the scion of a family amply endowed with pride of birth, and dependent on a rich, gouty old uncle, who, in his bitter hostility to parvenuism, insists on his nephew marrying a full-blooded aristocrat on pain of disinheritance. Hard as is the alternative, the noble youth declares his love to Ella and his independence of the uncle, goes to woo the fickle goddess in the auriferous fields of California and Australia, returns with a pocket full of rocks, and marries the ever-faithful Ella.

"Carrie Harrington and her brother Robert are left unexpectedly in a deplorable state of orphanage, when the good Mrs. P. opportunely appears, takes the distracted Carrie home with her, intending to adopt her, where, thanks to the excellent nursing of Ella, the health of the bereaved one is in due time re-established. The brother goes to sea. No sooner is Carrie herself again than she is afflicted with conscientious scruples as to eating the bread of idleness, and, after a scene, resolves to seek a public-school teachership, which, by the aid of Mr. Percival, she obtains, and makes acquaintance at the same time with a highly mercurial lady (Katy), who makes merry at the expense of the school-board with a wickedness of elegance richly meriting castigation. This, it is needless to add, refers to days of yore; for, as the Frenchman would say, *nous avons change tout cela maintenant*. Out of this acquaintance there grows a warm and lasting friendship between Carrie and Katy. The gouty old uncle, disgusted with the plebeianism of his nephew's amatory proclivities, proposes marriage to Isabelle, who, out of sheer spite to the same individual, accepts.

"They cross the lake, and meet at one of the watering-places, the Percivals,

Carrie, and Katy, and there marvel on marvel occurs. Edward Loring owns the soft impeachment to Carrie, who, nothing loth, frankly reciprocates. Isabelle heartlessly neglects her lord, who is hopelessly confined to his bed — suffers some French count to make illicit love to her, and elopes with him to find a watery grave. The shock of this elopement accelerates the death of the old uncle, who, before dying, recognizes in Carrie his grandchild. A portion of his vast wealth she of course inherits, and becomes the loved wife of the happy Edward Loring. Robert returns from a prosperous voyage, sees and straightway falls in love with Katy, who, like a sensible widow that she is, and none the worse for being ‘*second-hand*,’ takes compassion upon him after the most approved fashion, and ‘all goes merry as a marriage-bell.’

“Such is an outline of the story. In conclusion, I cannot help expressing my admiration of Katy; she is the very ‘*broth*’ of a woman, brimful of fun, talks like a book, dealing extensively in refined irony, and often dropping remarks which fall and blister like drops of burning sealing-wax. Sometimes, however, her drollery outstrips her discretion and overleaps the boundary of propriety, acquiring a broadness hardly blameless, as in the quotation somewhat profanely applied, the hoop-fashion being the subject of conversation: ‘Though their beginning was small, yet their *latter end* should greatly increase.’ The scenes and passages I would especially commend for truthfulness and raciness, are those of love between Carrie and Edward; of bathing, when one of the girls roguishly cries out, ‘A shark!’ and Mrs. P. innocently sits on the *emplâtre* of a French woman; and of the *bal masque*, at which the count, who, like Esau, ‘is a hairy man,’ is caught toying with the bejewelled finger of Isabelle.

“The work, as I have already intimated, though not without blemishes, evidently bears the marks of genius, a little too freakish, at times, it is true; and if, as I understand, it was written for amusement, rather than with a view to publication, it is a highly creditable effort, and bespeaks a talent whose cultivation it would be a pity, if not a crime, to neglect.”

The New York Dispatch, April 23, 1859, says:

“To our readers the name of ‘Millie Mayfield’ is already familiar as one of the best sketch and novelette writers of the day. All will be happy to learn that she has essayed a more extensive and elaborate work, under the title of ‘Carrie Harrington.’

“We have only to add, that the tale is purely a social one, illustrative of every-day life in the ‘better-to-do’ class of society, and that, in this more pretentious effort, our authoress exhibits no lack of the mental power and perfect execution manifested in the best of her lesser ones. There is nothing of the ‘sensational’ in her story — no startling positions, tragical incidents, or any of the clap-trap so much resorted to for effect by modern writers. She relies on her own power of portraying life as it is, and making us feel that her

characters are real personages and not mere creatures of the imagination. She does not feel that conscious weakness that instinctively looks to extraneous aids for success; but her story moves quietly along, like a living panorama, as it is, holding the attention of the reader, and enlisting the sympathies by its truthfulness of spirit, its genial philosophy, its unity of conception, its simplicity of utterance and healthful moral tone. We feel in it the spirit of a master-mind, and seem to hear breathed through its pages the echoes of a lively heart-experience. It is graphic and beautiful, plain and natural, simple and yet full of true wisdom; and we look upon it as a sure augury for the future success of our authoress, should she deem it advisable to venture farther forth upon this field of literary enterprise."

Indeed, notes of congratulation and lengthy and flattering newspaper notices and criticisms poured in on the authoress, whose identity by this time was very generally known.

In 1860, she published a volume in verse, in defence of the South, entitled "Progression, or The South Defended," "which," says a critic, "was a most remarkable production for a female; evincing deep research and strong analytical and logical reasoning capacities — besides breathing the very soul of patriotism and devotion to her native land."

That she loves her native South with the whole strength of her poetic temperament, a short quotation from one of her poems will show.

"O Fairy-land! Dream-land! O land of the South,
 What nectar awaits but the kiss of thy mouth —
 Balm-breathing, soul-sweet'ning, as fancy distils
 The perfume thy golden-rimmed chalice that fills!
 There are many that sing of the land of the vine,
 And chant the wild legends of myth-peopled Rhine,—
 That catch from the blue waves of Arno a tone,
 Or hymn the low dirges of foam-crested Rhone,—
 That join in the 'Marseillaise' war-cry of France,
 Or blow forth a blast of the days of the lance
 And the tournament — then breathe a tender love-strain
 Of troubadour tinkling his heart's secret pain
 On the answering strings of a well-thrumm'd guitar:
 But grander, yet sweeter and holier far
 Are the cadences floating o'er thee, happy clime!
 To sound through the far-reaching arches of Time,
 Dear land of the sunbeam, when minstrels shall bring
 Forth the melody slumb'ring upon thy gold string!
 Oh, waken thee, harpists! and tell all the worth
 That lies hushed on the sweetly-toned lyre of the South!"

Her fugitive poems and sketches, scattered broadcast and with a lavish hand, would, if collected, fill several volumes. Some newspaper critic, in speaking of her poetry, says: "We might select some single lines from many of the fugitive pieces of this sweet singer of the South that the painter's pencil could not make more perfect; and others that, in singular beauty of thought, will compare favorably with anything found in the language."

She was — besides writing for many other papers at home and elsewhere — a constant contributor, for over two years, to the New Orleans "True Delta," whose literary editor,* himself a poet and critic of well-known abilities, has pronounced her, "undeniably, the finest female lyrist in the Southwest."

Her poetic talent seems to have been inherited from an elder brother of her father's, — Doctor John Shaw, of Annapolis, Md., — whose poems and letters of travel were published after his death for the benefit of his widow, many of the most interesting reminiscences being furnished by his college "chum" and bosom-friend, Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star-spangled Banner."

But, although descended from one of the oldest families in the land, her life has not passed without care, and much time that she would like to devote to literary pursuits has to be more practically employed in fighting the great battle of life. It is a matter of surprise with those who know her, how she ever could have written so much with so many other things to engross her; but, to quote her own words:

"Life without trials! — who would give
The cares that make him wise,
To be the useless drone that hives
No honey as he flies?
Why, Nature in her mighty book
This wholesome lesson shows —
That e'en the thistle's thorny crook
Can blossom as the rose."

Mrs. Homes still preserves her *nom de plume* of Millie Mayfield, having become attached to it (she says) through long and weary days when her only solace was her pen; for, with her,

"Sorrow was the source of song
And of gentle fancies."

*John W. Overall.

She was married to Mr. Luther Homes in 1864, and continues to reside in New Orleans. She is at present engaged in collecting some of her fugitive poems for publication.

We give some extracts from her writings, culled at random.

A DREAM.

I dreamed: and the curtain of night,
With its sombre and cumbersome fold,
Was lifted from off the dingles and dells
Where the fairies their revels hold.
I stood in the midst of their magic rings,
And heard the buzzing of myriad wings,
As the drowsy elves
Were stirring themselves
From flowery beds
Where their tiny heads
Had slumbered the glaring day away,
And waited the light of the moon's soft ray;
Springing from rose-buds with frolic glee,
Their fragrant breaths scenting all the lea;
Lifting the edge of the curtain blue
Of their violet couches. I saw them too —
Winking their eyes,
With pleasant surprise,
To find that the hours of night had come:
The mystic time, when fay and sprite
Meet and mingle in glad delight,
In their leafy forest-home.
A lazy glow-worm, fat and old,
Was lighting the greensward with sparks of gold,
While every leaflet and tendril near
Supported a fire-fly chandelier;
The acorn-cups with dew were filled,
And the fragrant balsam was distilled
From every flower
Which this witching hour
To draw from each blossom had magic power!
But lo! while I looked, a soft sigh from the hills
Parted the curtain of straw-color pale

That folded around the velvety bed,

Where a spellbound immortal—a sprite of the vale—
Had lain in a trance through each year's measured chime,
Till five-score were marked on the dial of time!

I caught the low whisper that rose
From the flower-decked gentry around,

And learned that the sprite

At noon of the night

Would awake from her long repose—

Would girdle the earth with sparks of light

Shook from her waving pinions bright,

As forth from her sylvan dwelling-place

A glimpse of the world and its jostling race

Would be shown to her gaze through dewy tears,

Ere she slept again for a hundred years!

I heard the stroke of the midnight bell—

Silvery and clear

On my dreaming ear

The mystic numbers fell!

As the ringing chime told the witching hour,

Leaf after leaf of the lovely flower*

Oped its silken folds to the night—

And at the last peal the prisoned sprite

Was borne on a fragrant sigh to earth,

That the flower gave forth in giving it birth!

Then, soft o'er my vision, a misty veil

Curtained the woods, and the fairy dale—

And I seemed to be seated within a car

Drawn by a purple dragon-fly,

Who upward and onward, thro' space afar,

Wafted me over the star-gemmed sky;

While by my side,

In fairy pride,

The tiniest thing

On gossamer wing

Through the blue ether went hovering!

Then round our planet, with speed of thought,

Our magic journey was quickly wrought:

So swift was our flight

Thro' the dusky night,

Leaving behind us a train of light,

* The night-blooming cereus, that commences unfolding its petals at nightfall.

That to mortal eyes
 That looked with surprise
 'T would seem that a meteor had crossed the skies!
 And then, on a silvery cloud,
 That floated above the mossy dell,
 We sank again to the fairy haunt,
 And alighted upon a grassy fell,
 Where the cloud dissolved in a dewy mist,
 As our wandering feet the greensward kissed.
 Soon the busy little crew,
 In flowery jackets, pink and blue,
 Gathered round from far and near,
 The wonders of the world to hear.
 Every bush and every twig
 With their swarming life was big;
 Hanging from their cobweb swings,
 You might note the tiny things,—
 Perched on clover-blossoms round,
 Every bud was fairy-crowned,
 Open-mouthed and open-eyed,—
 Yet the sprites seemed all tongue-tied,
 Silently waiting until the bright fay
 Dropped her pearls of thought by the way;
 Seedlings of price, and purchased with tears—
 She sowed them but once in a hundred years!

The oracle spoke: "O sister fays,
 Our paths have been traced o'er pleasant ways;
 We have lived in the streamlet, the fount, the grot,
 In leafy chamber, or flowery cot;
 Our palace columned with mighty trees,
 (No sculptor's art e'er rivalled these,)
 And for carpets the downy moss has been given,
 While our dome was the spangled arch of heaven!
 Rejoice! that from sorrow, and pain, and strife
 We've been free to lead our happy life,
 That as the lilies our lot has been—
 We have toiled not, neither did we spin,
 Yet garments of light we've been clothed in!
 I have flown from the shade of our woody glen,
 Far over the busy haunts of men;
 I have looked deep down in the human heart,
 And seen the same warning passions start;

The loves, the hatreds, the hopes, the fears
 Have altered not in a hundred years;
 Only the actors have passed away,
 And sleep 'neath the mould of the churchyard clay,
 While a new race their places fill,
 Grieving—rejoicing—and toiling still!
 Proud cities have risen where forests stood,
 And rivers have swelled with human blood;
 The loom and shuttle make music now
 Where the herd's-boy once led his thirsty cow;
 The thundering engines shriek and scream
 Where the jolly ploughman drove his team;
 And naught is heard but the roar and rattle
 Of vast machinery doing battle—
 Of whizzing steam, with whoop and hallo—
 And the jingling o'er *all* of the mighty dollar!
 'Tis an iron age, and the heart of man
 Is turning to iron as fast as it can!
 When another century has flown,
 And a glimpse of the earth I again am shown,
 I shall vainly search for some flowery glade
 Which the iron heel doth not invade;
 With our woodland haunts we then must part,
 And nature must give place to art.
 Rejoice! while ye may,
 For your once happy day
 Is passing away—passing away:
 No room will there be
 For flower, bush, or tree,
 For fairies to dwell in in harmony.
 The petrified lands,
 With their iron bands,
 Will harden, and harden, as art expands;
 And fairy-life will no longer be
 Even a tale for the nursery:
 For children then
 Will be miniature men,
 And will snap their fingers with mocking glee
 At the thoughts of such little folks as we!
 Farewell! I have warned you—rejoice while you may,
 For your happy reign is passing away.”

I starting awoke—and still heard the lay:
 “Passing away! passing away!”

The poem below was written for and published in the "Louisville Journal," and the editor of it, George D. Prentice, said of it:

"The following lines, by one of the sweetest and most imaginative poetesses of the South, are full of dreamy and tender and mournfully beautiful poetry."

WEARY.

Over the purpling sea
The day goes down to the dark;
And the hope again is wrecked for me
That shone with her golden bark.

I call to the ships of morn,
"What cheer from the Isle of Shade?"
And whispered tones, like echoes born
Of a faith that is half afraid,

Come back, "The tide sets in
Where black and bare lies the sand;
Take heart! there's a haven of peace to win
Beyond the wreck-strewn strand!"

But, alas! on the shore I wait,
Where the waves once frolicked free;
But no bark draws near with a golden freight
Of love and trust for me.

The royal fleet of days,
With the wealth of worlds, floats by,
Unheeding the trembling hands I raise,
Or my low, despairing cry.

I am weary of the strife
Of angry waters near;
For I hear the roar of the waves of life
From the strand so bleak and bare.

And I long for the flood-tide now,
To hail the phantom bark,
With its misty sails and skeleton prow,
Bearing away for the dark.

Here is something more hopeful.

A-MAYING.

Sing, O heart! for a low, sweet strain
The wind-harp's softly playing;
The lily-bells ring a chime again:
O heart, we'll go a-Maying!

We will not pause to seek a thorn
Where a bird of hope is peeping;
Nor watch o'er the sun-illuminated lawn
The stealthy shadow creeping.

But while the sparkling sands of day,
So radiantly golden,
Fall from her crystal glass, our May
We'll keep, as in times olden:

When every harebell on the heath,
Or daisy in the dingle,
Had some sweet message in its breath
With our young hopes to mingle:

When Nature opened to us her heart,
And from its tinted pages
Some wondrous lessons would impart
Undreamed of by the sages.

Oh, yes, we'll keep a bright May-day;
And should we fail to gather
Dear buds of promise on the way,
But flowers of feeling, rather—

We'll read the precious leaflets o'er
Our later May adorning
With such a page of tender lore
As we find not in life's morning,

Until, O heart, a flood of song
Thou'lt send where the leaves are playing:
Then come from the gloom where spectres throng,
Poor heart!—and go a-Maying.

As showing a diversity of style, and breathing a reverential spirit,
we give the following.

HEAVEN.

Is it where the spiral stairway,
Set with gems, leads up the blue?
Are the gleams that pierce the ether,
Eyes of angels looking through?
Is that great white road that stretches
Paved with stars across the skies,
The way—beyond poor mortal reaches—
That the ransomed spirit flies?

Is that land of wondrous glory
Undivined by human sight?—
Like Creation's mystic story
Hieroglyphed on scroll of Night,
Ah! not so; faint heart, despair not,
Heaven is very near to you;
Though thy burden weighs, yet fear not,
With the Father's house in view!

For, without the prophet's vision
The mysterious lines to read,
That God for man's blest intuition
Writes in every guileless deed,
Ye may see—if not foul-fettered
By the blinding bands of sin—
Thy soul's wall sublimely lettered,
"Heaven's kingdom is within!"

If within be peace and gladness—
Love for all things, great and small—
Pity, nigh akin to sadness,
For an erring brother's fall—
For enemies a meek prayer, rather
Than revenge's fiendish due—
Lowly breathed, "Forgive them, Father,
For they know not what they do!"

Humility, when wreath of laurel
Crowns thee conqueror, in a field
Where self stood trembling in the quarrel,
Urging thee to dastard yield;

But martyr firmness, when thy spirit
 At life's fiery stake is tried,
 Though no palm awards the merit
 That has stemmed the raging tide:

And, withal, a hopeful nature,
 Sifting out the grain of good,
 The one redeeming better feature
 Found in every evil brood —
 Feeding Hate and Falsehood only
 With the sweet fruit of the True —
 Loving, though unloved and lonely —
 Say, can Heaven be far from you?

Ah! nearer, nearer for the crosses
 That have strewn thy way of life;
 Nearer for the hallowing losses,
 Nearer for the conquered strife!
 Nearer for the wise ordeal
 That leads thee rough-shod o'er the stone,
 Till thou canst bravely bear the Real,
 And trusting say, "Thy will be done!"

Never upward look for Heaven,
 If no Heaven's begun below;
 Never onward look for Heaven,
 For you pass it as you go.
 Never outward look for Heaven —
 Outward lies the slough of sin,
 The old corrupt, fermenting leaven,—
 Look for Heaven alone within.

"The Norse Queen's Ride" was written on the occasion (so rare in this latitude) of the fine auroral display on the nights of August 28th and 31st, 1859.

In noticing this poem, John W. Overall, then literary editor of the "True Delta," (for which paper it was written,) says:

"'The Norse Queen's Ride' in to-day's paper is among the finest productions of our gifted contributor 'Millie Mayfield.' This writer is fairly entitled to the rank of the first poetess of the South. The fertility of her pen is remarkable. The future compiler of books of American poetry should make a note of this fact."

THE NORSE QUEEN'S RIDE.

A FANTASY.

Blood-red glows the starry palace
Of the Norse Queen, Borealis,
Golden-haired, pale-cheeked Aurora,
Of the halls of Cynosura!
There ten thousand lights are glancing,
And blue signal-fires are dancing—
Purple plumes and banners streaming,
Crimson rockets weirdly gleaming
In fantastic corruscations,
Sparkling jets and radiations,
Diamonding the icy towers
Where the beetling glacier lowers
O'er the battlemented sweep,
Frozen moat, and donjon-keep—
Till each vapory tide that darkles
O'er the sea-cerulean, sparkles,
Limned in colors emerald, yellow,
Golden rose, or orange mellow,
Steely gray, or greenish azure,
In a starry-rayed embrasure,
Waving with a tremulous motion
Like the pulses of old Ocean.
For the bold Norse men are met,
With glittering spear and bayonet,
Gilded barb and lance and crescent,
Paly tinted phosphorescent,
To attend their queen, Aurora,
To the sweet domain of Flora.

She had heard, cold Borealis,
Of the wonders of that palace
In the far-off Tropic seas,
Fabled as Hesperides
For their luscious fruitage golden;
And, until she had beholden
All the curious devices
That the flower-sprite entices
Bright-plumed creatures with, her pinions
Could not rest in her dominions.
She must see the beauteous queen
On her throne of emerald-green,

With her handmaids so enchanting
 That the words will e'er be wanting
 That can paint the porcelain tinting
 Of their cheeks and lips—no printing
 Of the poet's pen can blazon
 Forth the charms she fain would gaze on!

Now, behold, the pale Aurora
 Sees her rival lie before her,
 Azure-eyed, rose-lipp'd young Flora!
 In her fragrant jasmine bower
 Sipping sweets at midnight's hour;
 While the silver winds are stooping
 O'er her perfumed tresses, drooping
 In a shower of glistening rain;
 And an Iris-banded train
 Of bright-winged creatures flutter by
 To catch entranced her balmy sigh;
 And Zephyr fans the heat away
 Left by the fiery-footed Day;
 While all the garden sylphs are wreathing
 Fresher coronets, and breathing
 Odors o'er the couch of sheen,
 To lull the slumbers of their queen;
 And Peace sits brooding like a dove
 Above these realms of happy Love!

From her chariot in the skies
 The cold queen sees, with glistening eyes,
 Till a flush, a quivering glow
 Reddens o'er her brow of snow:
 True, she has her morris-dancers,
 Her bold spearmen and her lancers,
 Archers, meteor-forgers, all,
 To ride forth if she but call.
 Thor, the bravest son of Odin,
 Points the lightnings at her noddin',
 And the old god at her call
 Waits in his valhalla hall,
 All his ruby wine to pour
 Over heaven's starry floor!
 Yes, she feels it, she has POWER!
 But Love ne'er points one golden hour
 For her upon the dial's round,

And woman should be but Love-crowned !
 For what is power but the cold light
 That bristles o'er the Arctic night
 In spears and lances, 'mid the gloom
 Like death-lights dancing o'er a tomb !
 But Love is the warm Tropic's sigh
 That fills with dew the violet's eye,
 Throbs in the wild carnation's heart,
 And sweetest fragrancy will start
 From the young herb's deep-bruised leaf.
 Ah ! question not the pale queen's grief :
 The world hath many a chilled Aurora,
 As well as love-crowned, blessed Flora !
 And many a richly gilded palace
 Has some pale spectral Borealis
 Watching with a glistening eye
 A flower-crowned rival passing by
 To happy home in greenwood shades,
 Which Power's cold death-light ne'er invades !

We close our poetical quotations with another extract from the
 "Louisville Journal," being a rhyming reply to a letter of inquiry from
 its editor :

TO GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Without a delay your kind letter
 With welcome came safely to hand ;
 And I think that I cannot do better
 Than answer its inquiries bland.
 I am glad that you think I have genius,
 And with it can win a great name ;
 But (this is no secret between us)
A hard-trotting nag's that same Time !

To begin then : I'm just in my prime, sir ;
 Of *my age* I shall leave you to guess ;
 That it's not a fit subject for rhyme, sir,
 Or reason, you'll surely confess.
 My friends say (*to please me*) I'm pretty ;
 My looking-glass answers, "Nay, nay ;"
 And tho' sometimes I strive to be witty,
 The effort still ends in a *bray* !

I'm neither too short nor too tall, sir,
 But just the right height, if I reach
 Your approval—and if not, I fall, sir,
 To low-water mark on Fame's beach.
 My complexion *was* roses and lilies,
 But, alas! they have faded away,
 And a full crop of young daffodilies
 Crowd out the sweet flow'rets of May.

But down in my heart there are bowers
 All verdant with fragrance and bloom,
 Like those bright-tinted groups of wild flowers
 That wreath the cold sides of a tomb:
 And when with the world I grow weary,
 I enter this garden of mine,
 To forget the old wilderness dreary
 Where "green spots" but sparingly shine.

And here you may enter with me, sir,
 And view what my fancy has wrought:
 No sleepless old dragon you'll see, sir,
 To guard the gold apples of thought.
 I know you're a jovial, good fellow,
 When the right-hand of friendship you send:
 Ah! the fruit of my Muse will grow mellow
 In the sunshine you freely extend.

AUGUST 27, 1859.

A LAKE-SHORE WATERING-PLACE.

The parlors and galleries at — Hotel are thronged with fair ones discussing the fashions—the last arrivals—Mrs. Toodle's diamonds—and the thousand and one subjects that form food for conversation at our fashionable watering-places in the height of the season.

Here may be seen specimens of every kind of beauty and belleship: Mississippi's showily-dressed representative, of Amazonian proportions and light-blond complexion, forming a striking contrast to Louisiana's dusky-browed daughter, of *petite* form and gazelle-like eyes and motion. And yet *both* are beautiful in their own peculiar manner, and go to fill up the picture of lights and shades. But the beholder is struck with the scarcity of the "*genus homo*;" male bipeds are few and far between, and the isolated instances are seized upon with avidity by the desperate fair ones, until one is reminded of the passage in Scripture where seven women lay hold of *one* man.

The reasons for this are obvious.

The close proximity of the city renders it unnecessary for men of business to absent themselves entirely during the summer's campaign; therefore they leave their wives and daughters at these Babylonian bazaars of fashion and expenditure, contenting themselves with short dissipations which last from Saturday night until Monday morning, when the counting-house again boasts their presence, the office-jacket is resumed, the ledger consulted, and "Richard's himself again" — *malgré* a bad head-ache, caused by two nights' ineffectual attempts at sleep on board the boat.

There is unusual bustle and stir among the bevy of fair ones this evening, as it is Saturday, and the steamer is expected with its complement of masculines.

A consultation is held as to how many will sit up to greet their husbands, brothers, and friends, and escort them to the hotel.

"There's the boat now."

"I hear it."

"No; it's the sighing of the wind in the forest-trees."

"I see a light — there, moving around that point."

"That? that's some person or persons fishing. They are out in small boats, and have torches with them."

These were some of the many exclamations heard upon the wharf, as the hour approached for the arrival of the steamer from the city.

Very picturesque looked some of the feminines, with their pretty faces peeping from under their embroidered *mouchoirs*, thrown over their heads to protect them from the chill air; and many bright eyes peered anxiously out into the dusky night, across the wild waste of water, for the first glimpse of the puffing and blowing ark on wheels which was to bear their loved ones to their sides.

"Here she comes at last!"

A general rush greeted her advent, as, breathing hard with the exertions she had been making, the gallant steamer came puffing and panting up to her wharf. She is made fast, and now hands are clasped and warm kisses imprinted on dear lips, as friend meets friend, and husband wife, whom *one whole week has separated*.

BATHING SCENES.

Reader, were you ever in one of the bath-houses of any of the hotels across the lake, at the hour when women "most do congregate"?

The sights there seen would be worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth.

Here stands a fat lady, who has cased her nether extremities in red flannel drawers, which have *shrunk* from their original proportions by frequent saturations, and now cling to the limbs they were intended to conceal, giving them the appearance of well-filled blood-puddings.

In juxtaposition to her is a *lean* female, who has robed herself in a garment very much resembling a meal-bag, with a string drawn around the top to confine it at the neck; and when she immerses herself in the water, it floats off from her like an open umbrella, leaving her lower limbs dangling like the handle to that same useful invention.

This specimen of feminality is generally of the *chilly* order, who contents herself with one *dip*, and then crawls up on the bath-house steps, where she sits with her wet garments clinging to her skeleton figure, like the shrivelled pod of a bean, after it has been scorched and dried in the summer's sun.

It is flood-tide now, and the water is very deep.

Mrs. Percival has disrobed herself, with Betsy's assistance, and makes her appearance at the top of the steps.

An oil-silk cap protects her hair from the water, giving her head the appearance of a large pumpkin, and showing her round, red face in bold relief. A dark-green flannel sack of ample dimensions covers her rotund figure, white full Turkish drawers of the same material complete her costume.

She descends the steps very leisurely, picking her way, for she is afraid of the crabs that sometimes lodge there; and she is not very desirous they should make acquaintanceship with her toes.

"Take care, Carrie, how you come down," said she; "there's lots o' them ar heathenish creeturs on the steps, and if one o' them should give you a pinch, I reckon you'd screech some."

Our heroine looked down upon the sea of human heads, floating like potatoes on the top of the water, with the *eyes* mostly turned in the direction she was standing, Mrs. Percival's speech giving them the cue that a new-comer was in their midst.

Not liking the scrutiny to which she was subjected, she declined descending the steps under the fire of such an artillery; but catching hold of the rope that was suspended from the floor above, with its help gracefully swung herself off into the water; alighting, as Mrs. Percival remarked, "like a swarn."

Casting her eyes around to see where she was, she found herself face to face with the Hon. Mrs. Robert Nelson, who, opening her great black eyes to their widest extent when Carrie bowed in token of recognition, stared her deliberately in the countenance, and coolly *cut* her.

Mrs. Percival, who saw the whole transaction, swelled at the throat like an apoplectic toad, and was about making some remark that she felt confident would "floor" Isabelle, when some mischievous girl in the company cried out, in feigned accents of alarm:

"Run — run for your lives! there's a shark. I saw his fin above the water."

Ker-splash went everybody tumbling up the steps; Mrs. Percival getting pinned fast against a post by a lady a *little* fatter than herself, and making desperate efforts to get free, giving vent to her feelings in like manner:

"Oh, lawful sakes! I shall be mashed to a jelly! Ugh! Please, ma'am, move a leetle, so I can breathe. O Lord, if that ar varmint should come now, and grab me behind, it would be the end o' me!"

"*Vous me parlez?*" said the lady, who was French, squeezing her head around to look at her interrogator, "I no can move; de shairke he come, he bite you behind *malgré vous*. *Parlez vous Français, madam?*"

"No, I don't parley voo anything. I don't stop to parley in such a fix as *this*. I believe I won't come to the bath-house any more, if I git out this time alive. Sich venimus reptiles prowlin' round ready to make mince-meat o' you!"

"*Oui, oui*," said her jailer, who did not understand these words she had been saying; but, with true French politeness, thought she must reply.

The scattering fair ones by this time found out the hoax that had been put upon them, and most of them returned to the water.

Not so our French friend and Mrs. Percival. They had had enough of bathing for one day not to wish to venture further in pursuit of pleasure under difficulties; so the steps being clear, they scrambled up to the dressing-room above, where Mrs. Percival, unfastening her bathing-drawers, and slipping them down a little, took a seat, waiting for Betsy to bring her clothes from the peg on the wall.

In the mean time, the French lady commenced a diligent search for something that seemed unfindable; looking under towels, and lifting up female garments of every description that were thrown around on the benches.

"What have you lost, ma'am?" said Mrs. Percival.

"*Quelle?*" said the lady, looking puzzled.

"What are you looking for?"

"Ah!" said the fat lady, comprehending, "*une emplâtre*."

"*What!*"

"One—ah! what you call it in *Anglais*? One *poultice* for my back."

"A poultice for your back?" said Mrs. Percival. "Lawful sakes! What on airth do you do with a poultice on your back?"

The lady did not heed her question, but, turning to Betsy, said, "*Secourez moi*, (help me look;)" which Betsy did, while her mistress, in an undertone, remarked:

"*Scour me!* I wonder what she meant by *that*? What outlandish gibberish, to be sure!"

Betsy did not succeed in her search any better than the lady, so it was given up; the two corpulent ladies robing themselves, while Betsy squeezed the water out of their bathing garments, and hung them up to dry.

All being ready, Mrs. Percival hoisted her umbrella to protect them from

the sun, and the two took up their line of march toward the hotel, Mrs. Percival complaining all the way of her clothes sticking to her.

"Where on airth did you put them?" she said, addressing Betsy; "you must 'a hung 'em somewhere where they got wet, they keep sticking a-fast to me, and feel dreadful uncomfortable."

But that ebony goddess protested she had hung them in a dry place, where no water could reach them; and so they pursued their way, the French lady remaining silent, in consequence of not understanding what was said. If she had done so, possibly a faint suspicion might have crossed her mind that *she* could throw some light on the subject of the sticking garments.

The hotel was reached, and each sought her own room. When Mrs. Percival reached hers, the first thing she said was:

"Set that ar baskit down, Betsy, and come here and see what in the name o' goodness ails these ere clothes o' mine."

Betsy obeyed, and in a few moments broke into a loud "He—he—he! Oh, good grashus, ole missus!"

"What are you laughin' at, jackanapes?"

"Oh, Lord a mussy! ma'am, you done *sot down* on de French lady's plaster, and it's stickin' fass to you!"

"A plaster?" said Mrs. Percival, tugging at it to get it off; "sure enough it is—a *Burgundy pitch plaster*. This is what she called '*a poultice*!' Lawful sakes!" said she, sitting down to laugh; Betsy rolling over the floor in her glee.

"Here, Betsy," said her mistress, when her mirth subsided, "take the plaster to the French lady's room; but, for the land's sake, don't tell her *where* you found it. To think of my settin' on it all that ar time while she was a-huntin' for it!"

ON MARRIAGE.

"Love, honor, and obey, until death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

The solemn words are spoken, the false vow registered beneath God's holy temple, and hollow-hearted mortals view the scene complacently, extend the congratulatory hand, and press the lips that have just perjured themselves before high Heaven.

Oh, blind moles! groping in darkness, how long will it be ere the day-star of truth will rise on your benighted souls?

In human courts of justice the finger of scorn is pointed at, and every mark of contumely heaped upon the head of the unprincipled wretch who swears falsely; but the votary of fashion can kneel before God's altar, and personate a living lie, with mocking words upon the lip, and joy-semblance

on the brow, when the heart beneath is a heap of ashes—a blackened charnel-house, where the fires of mammon have extinguished the mild rays of truth, and left their charred and blackened brands to smoulder and fret upon the hearth-stone.

How few marriages there are contracted in this world from pure motives and affection, founded on esteem, a mutual knowledge of character, and a congeniality of habits, tastes, and principles!

Ask nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand you meet, “If they were wedded to the object whom they would have singled out from all others to share life’s journey with,” and you will find invariably (if they speak the sentiments of their hearts) that their unions were more the result of accident than anything else: with some, necessity; with some, ambition; with others, compulsion; with very few, *love*. Yet they will tell you “that they had *learned* to love each other afterward.” Yes, a *sort* of affection, such as one might suppose two animals would entertain for each other that had tugged together under the same harness for years; in other words, they had *got used* to each other.

Well, with the mass, perhaps, it is better that it should be so. We live in an every-day world, surrounded by every-day circumstances, and have no time to indulge in romance. The rotund Mrs. Smith of to-day, encompassed by six or eight juvenile responsibilities, would almost forget the time when she drew her waist into the circumference of half a yard, and indited love-sonnets to the moon.

And so the world rolls on, and will, until “this mortal shall put on immortality,” when we shall no longer “see through a glass darkly,” but, with spirits freed from the dross of earth, shall return to the abiding-place of truth, and resuscitate from the tomb of time the holy dreams and aspirations of our youth, to flourish and bear goodly fruit through the countless ages of eternity.

THE DREAM-ANGEL.

And now the Dream-Angel soared once more over sloping roofs, tall chimneys, spires, domes, and brick-and-mortar cages. Where in the vast city will she first bend her glances? See, through yon partially raised dormer-window, the full moonlight streaming, falls on the couch of a slumbering youth. It is an humble attic in which he rests; its walls are bare, its cot meagrely furnished; but that coarse pillow caresses a head where ideality and lofty thought have imbedded their priceless jewels on the brow’s broad surface.

Bend lower, spirit; look into that imaginative brain, and deep down into

that warm glowing heart. No garret's bounds can crib their longings; no rafted roof holds down their high desires and lofty aspirations. 'Tis Nature's child you look upon — and towering mountains, starry heights, singing brooklets and flowery dales, are his inheritance. Oh! guard well the poet's dream — let not the stains of earth mar its brightness!

Tenderly the Dream-Angel binds o'er his brow a chaplet of the mystic witch-hazel, softly singing through its leaves as she does so:

Breathe here "a spell," mysterious plant —
Let dreams embody his soul's deep want!

The unplastered walls of the little attic crumble down, and he stands on a wood-crowned upland, which slopes gently away, terminating in a green valley and fairy lake. The tinkling bells of browsing cattle, mingling with the ripple of laughing brooklets, float through the golden atmosphere, which no visible sun illumines, but soft, rosy, and purple clouds, with gilded edges and inward glow, like the fire shut up in the opal's heart, wave gentle folds over the burnished blue heaven. The air is sleepy with the odorous breath of flowers, and golden-winged beetles hum a drowsy drone as they rest on the tall silken grasses that wave green banners over the dancing streamlet. A thick wood, with its interlacing leaves and branches, shuts out this paradise from the noisy world, and fairy shapes flit through the green recesses, or dip their clustering ringlets in the limpid lake; while starry eyes peep over the rosy hedges, and taper-fingers rain showers of jasmine-buds upon eyelids slumbering on the mossy banks, or in the bowers where clematis and sweet-brier twine their stars and fragrance. No sounds are heard from out the playful host but laughter musical; they look their love, and speak with flowers their pure thoughts.

And now, a band of dimpling, blushing nymphs have twined a wreath of amaranth, and, circling around him in a mazy dance, they place it on his brow; while soft through the hushed air a dreamy cadence floats, and unseen harps and voices blend a witching strain:

Come! come! come!
Come to our bowers of light,
O son of the morning-land!
Dreary and dark is the baneful night
That shrouds the world's cold strand.
'Tis suspicion, and doubt, and wrong
That engender the earthly cloud;
But come to the bowers where faith is strong,
And the sorrowing head's ne'er bowed.
Come! come! come!

Come! come! come!
Come with a heart of youth —
Come with an eye of fire,
Drink of the fount of immortal Truth,
And quench each gross desire!
'Tis the glow of generous thought
That golden lights our sky;
And love makes our music—melody wrought
By the spirit's harmony!
Come! come! come!

Come! come! come!
Here, the words you breathe,
Here, the thoughts that burn
Will spring into living flowers, to wreath
Thy Hope's now mouldering urn!
Lay down thy petty cares;
Cast off thy sin's dark yoke;
And cool thy brow with ambrosial airs,
Whose echoes grief never woke!
Come! come! come!

"Where? where?" exclaimed the youth, starting from his pillow with kindling eye and flushing cheek; "oh, where will that glorious dream be realized?"

"In heaven!" softly whispered the Dream-Angel, as she floated out on the moonbeam.

ELIZA LOFTON PUGH.

ELIZA LOFTON PUGH, *née* Phillips, is a native of Louisiana, though of French and Irish extraction ; and few, who have any acquaintance with her, fail to recognize, both in manner, conversation, and appearance, the prominent characteristics of the races from which she sprang ; few either, who, recalling her father, fail to remember in him the true type of the “Irish gentleman” — a man well and widely known throughout the State, generous, brave, and hospitable, endearing himself to all ranks by his *bonhomie* of manner, which, united to his talents and energy, made him a successful politician. To fine qualities of mind and heart he united the gifts of a ready narrator, and that talent, not uncommon to his countrymen, of rendering himself the “life of convivial gatherings.” To all who knew and loved Colonel Phillips this sketch of his daughter among the literati of the South will not prove uninteresting. Alas ! that an early death snatched from him the gratification of realizing in the woman the fond predictions of the early promise of the child. From her infancy she evinced a constitution so remarkably fragile, that it caused her devoted mother many an hour of sad reflection — particularly sad, as she discovered that as the powers of her mind were being rapidly developed, the inspiration of the soul seemed wearing away the body. She lived in a world of her own creation, surrounded by images of her own fancy. Her conversation has ever been remarkable for its originality and freshness, which has rendered her from childhood interesting to persons of all ages.

Reared in the almost entire seclusion of home — bereft one by one of its inmates and the companionship of those endeared to her not less by the closest ties of relationship than a warm and earnest sympathy in the passion of her life, — she became prematurely thoughtful as the companion of her widowed mother, in the absence and marriage of an only sister. At the age of ten she wrote a little story, in which the precocity of her inventive genius was apparent. She also evinced great talent in the extreme force of her descriptions, the elevation of her sentiment, and the poetic beauty of her language.

After a careful home education, she completed her course under the

able direction of Miss Hull, whose seminary at that time had no rival in the confidence of the people of the South. Miss Hull, in speaking of her, said :

"She came to me under high encomium from Mrs. M., a friend of mine, who said: 'You will find in her an apt pupil, an eager student, a patient, untiring reader. She possesses talent which will do you much credit.' I next day welcomed the pupil thus introduced, into my seminary, and surveyed her with interest, but with some disappointment. In the pale, slender, delicate child, with stooping shoulders, and grave, unattractive face, only enlivened by a pair of dark, thoughtful eyes, I saw slight indication of the mind, which, however, an early examination into her studies satisfied me was of no ordinary promise."

Two years of close application to study, and the advantage of free access to the private library of her preceptress, and to which was added the privilege of unrestrained communication with the finely cultivated mind of her teacher, closed the educational course of Eliza Phillips.

She returned home to devote herself to her still secret passion for her pen.

Married at the age of seventeen to a son of the Hon. W. W. Pugh, of Louisiana, she passed the first three years of her married life on her husband's plantation ; where, in its unbroken solitude, without the solace of her favorite authors, without other companionship than that of her family, she first acquainted her friends with her efforts at authorship.

Blelock & Co. published a novel, entitled "Not a Hero," in 1867, which was written by Mrs. Pugh at the beginning of the war, or at the time when the war-cloud was gathering in its wrath. Short sketches, "literary and political," were published in the "New York World," "New Orleans Times," and other journals of less note, under the *nom de plume* of "Arria."

Improved in health and appearance, she now devotes herself to the pursuit which has, from her childhood, taken so strong a hold upon her fancy ; but to the exclusion of no single duty, either as daughter, wife, or mother.

At the time of the present sketch, Mrs. Pugh is but in the spring season of her womanhood, and, we predict, of her authorship.

The quaint, grave child has developed into the gay, sprightly woman, presiding with a graceful hospitality in her unpretending home, endearing herself to her old friends, and recommending herself to new acquaintances, by an engaging manner, quickness of repartee, and a dis-

play of many of the happiest qualities of heart, which she inherits in no slight degree from her father, while in manner, gesture, and appearance the French extraction unequivocally proclaims itself. Giving all her spare moments to her pen, and to a careful supervision of her only child, she has not permitted her literary life to cast the shadow of an ill-regulated household on those who look to her for their happiness, or to cloud for an instant the sunshine of home. She has not sunk the woman in the author, and has unhesitatingly declared her purpose to relinquish the pleasure of her pen should a word of reproach from those she loves warn her of such a probability. Yet to all who know her, that domestic circle proves that a combination of the practical and literary may be gracefully, pleasantly, and harmoniously blended.

Mrs. Pugh is fitted to adorn a wider circle in society than that she so gracefully fills at Lyns-Hope, her home, in Assumption Parish. Those who know her well, admire her less for her talents than for the kindly heart which prompts her to aid the poor and needy, and for her untiring and tender offices in sick-rooms, where one quickly discovers the element of the "true woman."

A FANCY.

Day and Night having been wedded in the womb of Chaos, the sceptre of Light was conferred upon Day, to whom the East gave a royal birthright. While the young monarch yet ruled, a maiden, called Twilight, intervened. Her shrinking modesty and cool graces attracted the fiery king, who, with the inconsistency of his sex, sought her dewy lips, and reclined tenderly on her breast. Night, enraged, proclaimed herself, and rudely set aside the interloper. Day, abashed, withdrew; and Night stole from her lord his sceptre, purposing to rule with equal splendor. To avenge herself, Twilight shed over it her tears, and quenched its lustre.

LOUISIANA SCENERY.

There was no scenery in or around St. Philip's, at least none so called; no mountains, around whose summits the rosy mists of morning might gather; no hills, over whose green slopes the flocks of lazy Southdowns might graze; no jagged cliffs, against which a heavy rolling sea might thunder its eternal

harmonies; though miles and miles away the arrowy river flowed with deepening current into the Mexican Gulf, broadening near its outlet, flattening at its edges, and the sedgy margin running out into great stretches of marshy ground. Higher up, in and around St. Philip's, it flowed sluggishly through steep banks in the summer-time, swelling angrily with winter floods and tides, and rushing hoarsely along, its current broken here and there into eddies around a clump of stunted willows bedded in the sand, or sweeping out into broad curves, with the sunlight dancing over it, and the comfortable country-houses mirrored in its still, glassy surface just at sunset.

The country was not picturesque, but would have delighted the eye of the agriculturist in its rich grain-fields, luxuriant hedges, and well-kept gardens. There were wide, open commons, filled with browsing cattle; fat pasture lands, where the sleek, thoroughbred stock of the plantations ranged, chewing their cuds contentedly under shade-trees under the summer heat, and lowing gently as they followed the narrow pathway, cropping as they went to the milking-pens — evening shadows gathering the while, and the shrill chirp of insects growing clamorous as the sun descended. Yet there was beauty in the aspect of the landscape — a beauty to satisfy even a fastidious taste. If there were neither hills nor mountains, there were clouds, that, evening after evening, piled themselves in fantastic masses against the setting sun, and whose outlines stood out, bold and clear, against the western light. There were gorgeous strips of coloring too — painted skies, with the sun sinking down like a huge red ball in the midst: sunsets that equalled anything for richness of hue that the human eye ever beheld. There was deep, sombre blue in the evening skies that Poussin had striven vainly to paint; and a glint in the golden sunlight pouring over river, wood, and field, that Claude could never match! There was a softness in the air when the October mists rolled over the woodlands, and autumn moonlight silvered the earth, that even the passionate heart of the poet could not breathe, and that hushed the fevered pulse while the planets glowed in the dusky canopy overhead. There were stretches of forest, with giant oaks, and whispering poplars turning their silver-lined leaves to the light, — slender sumach, that blushed red under autumn skies, — broad-spreading magnolias, — immortal bays, filling the air with their faint, subtle breath, — hawthorns, powdered in the spring like crusted snow, and flashing scarlet with the first frost that ripened the berries on its stems. Here you sometimes stumbled over sloping mounds, where, underneath the shadows of these great Western forests, the bones of the red men lie bleaching with the centuries that roll over them — dead, indeed, since their rest is undisturbed by the march of civilization, whose gigantic proofs stare us in the face in this latter day. The roadside grew up thickly with purple heather; and flaunting lilies of scarlet and yellow, covered flat, marshy plains, while graceful water-lilies hung silent in the summer noon, spreading dark-green, glossy leaves over the water, where tiny fish swam in and out, and where, through the summer nights, the frogs croaked, and ugly, spotted snakes coiled among the reeds.

MRS. ELIZA ELLIOTT HARPER.

A FEW years ago the name of Mrs. Harper was familiar to the readers of Southern periodical literature, but of recent years she has written little, and contributed only to local papers having no circulation outside their respective parishes. Her life has been too happy to leave any desire for fame, and she writes as a bird sings — just because she feels like it — without caring much who hears or who is pleased, so long as her muse affords enjoyment to the home circle.

She was born in Jones County, Ga., in September, 1834, and emigrated with her parents, in 1846, to Louisiana, which State has been her cherished home ever since. She brought from her native State a degree of intellectual culture unusual in one of her years, and continually availed herself of such facilities for education as her new home afforded. Some years before she came out into society, she cultivated her mind and heart in that delightful retreat, the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," St. James Parish, La., where she was the first to win the gold medal — only given to those who finish the *complete and thorough course*, which requires that a young lady should return (after finishing the course of studies prescribed for the first class), and complete the course of studies in the superior class. She won more prizes than had ever been bestowed on any one pupil, beside receiving the prize for good conduct, or first medallion, which is voted to the most deserving, by teachers and pupils. There, too, her poetic temperament was fostered and developed. The majestic river, with its rich argosies constantly in view, its mighty rush of waters, made more turbid by the passage of the fruits of active, busy enterprise, contrasted favorably with the cool shades and calm repose of her convent home, which she left in 1851, regretted by all, as she had won the lasting admiration and tender love of both pupils and teachers; bringing with her, and keeping through all the mazy wanderings of life, the modest, gentle, and graceful manners acquired from the "*Ladies of the Sacred Heart*." Though giving them full credit for their sincere piety and purity of heart, and loving them with a peculiar and constant affection, she did not imbibe their religion, having united with the Mission-

ary Baptist Church before entering the convent. But in June, 1866, while on a visit to New Orleans, she was received in the Roman Catholic Church, of which she is a zealous and devoted member. Her father, Col. John L. Lewis, of Claiborne (born in Georgia), is known throughout the State as a refined and elegant gentleman, a true patriot, and of rare ability as a public speaker. In the convention which separated Louisiana from the Union he occupied a prominent position, and, although past the meridian of life and opposed to secession, (desiring rather a unanimous co-operation of the Southern States,) he determined to share the fate of his State, and evinced his loyalty to Louisiana by being among the first to raise a company, called the "Minden Blues;" and though offered the position of colonel in a regiment just forming when he reached Camp Moore, preferred to waive that, and join the Eighth Regiment, which had been ordered to Virginia, and was supposed to be the last that would be sent there. The records of the war show how nobly he discharged his duty to his country, and the love still cherished for him by the soldiers of his command is the highest encomium of praise.

Her mother (Miss Martha C. Smith, also of Georgia) is a graceful, elegant matron, dispensing the hospitalities of her home with an ease and dignity peculiarly her own. As the first-born, Mrs. Harper has, as her birthright, all the grace and beauty of her mother, with the fluency, suavity, and noble features of her father. Distinguished as she must be if she continues in the paths of literature, she is even now more distinguished for her unsurpassed conversational powers, and the rare charm and spicy grace of her epistolary correspondence. Her well-considered thoughts and fine command of language, added to the rich store of knowledge hoarded up by her retentive memory and cultivated taste from the many books she has read, give her an advantage as a writer; while her genial laugh, and ringing, silvery voice, charm all who enjoy the pleasure of conversing with her.

Mrs. Harper's life has not been eventful; as she is wont to say, "the lines have fallen to her in pleasant places," and the Good Shepherd has led her "beside the still waters." At an early age, she married Dr. James D. Harper, a gentleman of distinction in his profession, and every way worthy of his fair wife. In his society, and that of her interesting and appreciative family, surrounded by admiring friends, how otherwise than happy can Mrs. Harper be? Though called to pass through the deep waters of affliction, in the death of her youngest

child and only daughter, (leaving her one child,) her piety, faith, and reliance in Christ, the only comforter, have sustained her soul; and leaning on the arm of Him who loveth even while He smites, she bears her burden in a Christian-like manner.

A consistent Christian, a devoted friend, and a zealous promoter of all benevolent enterprises, Mrs. Harper shows her faith by her works. Her independence of thought and action may sometimes excite jealousies in grovelling minds; but for these she cares not, and moves on in the even tenor of her way, giving intentional offence to none, and doing good to all. Her home is at Minden, Claiborne Parish, La.

Mrs. Harper's earliest publications were in the "Louisville Journal," to which paper she frequently contributed over the signature of "Sindera."

The following, from the gifted pen of George D. Prentice, shows in what esteem Mrs. Harper was held by that gifted editor-poet:

A VALENTINE.

"On this day 't is the will of fate
That every creature choose a mate:
The world is wide, the choice is free,
And mine, Eliza, falls on thee.
I've seen thee not, nor heard thee speak,
I've never kissed thy lip or cheek,
I've never clasped thy hand in mine,
But *thou* shalt be my Valentine.

"I may not choose thee out for life,
For, dear Eliza, I've a wife,
And if she deemed thee in her place,
The chances are she'd scratch thy face,
Although she's gentle, wise, and good,
The loveliest of Love's sisterhood:
So I all claims but one resign —
Oh! be my precious Valentine.

"I know not if thine eyes are blue,
Or black, or of some other hue;
I know not if thy locks hang down
In clusters auburn, dark, or brown;
I know not if my thoughts are set
Upon a blonde, or sweet brunette;
I know not if thy voice's flow
Is shrill, or musical and low;

But oh! thy genius is divine,
And thou shalt be my Valentine.

"I've read thy lays, Eliza sweet,
And felt my heart with rapture beat.
Oh! at the magic of thy strains
The blood has rippled in my veins,
And every fibre felt a thrill
Like harp-chords 'neath a 'harper's skill.'
I've felt that I would love to be
A brother, gentle one, to thee;
But, while this one brief day shall shine,
Oh! dear one, be my Valentine."

As a writer, Mrs. Harper is distinguished for a fine command of language, freedom and beauty of thought, and the lovely faculty of making her Christian spirit throw a spell over all of her compositions. In person, she is tall but symmetrical; features, strongly marked, classical, and handsome; eyes, black, brilliant, and expressive; head, large and well shaped.

The following letter from the lamented Governor Henry W. Allen, of Louisiana, explains itself, and is a worthy tribute to the worthy lady to whom it is addressed.

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
Shreveport, La., Feb. 2, 1865.

"MRS. ELIZA E. HARPER, Minden, La.

"DEAR MADAM:—Your very elegant, kind, and patriotic letter of the 30th ult. is just received, and I hasten to acknowledge its reception. It is indeed refreshing to me to find that I have the confidence and esteem of my people, and especially my fair constituents. Your review of my 'Message' is really a most comprehensive and astonishing production. I have seen no newspaper editorial equal to it. The facility with which you discuss the weighty matters of State policy is wonderful. My dear madam, you ought to be daily employed with the pen, and not the needle. Your proper place is in the chair editorial. Permit me to thank you most sincerely for the very kind and encouraging sentiments of your letter. It is very grateful to my feelings to find that I have the approving commendations of such ladies as yourself, whose every thought is for our country, whose every breath is patriotism.

"My dear madam, accept my kindest wishes for you and your worthy husband; for your health, happiness, and prosperity.

"Descended from such a noble father and elegant mother, you could not help being anything else than what you are—a noble specimen of Louisiana's patriotic ladies.

"Very truly and sincerely, your friend,

"HENRY W. ALLEN."

"The following touching lines are instinct with truth, beautiful with resignation, and full of the pathos of unutterable feeling. Many a bereaved heart will tearfully respond to their truth, and feel from aching depths the sorrow that hushes the voice of harmony as the storm stills the song of the bird—the sorrow that lays its seal of silence on the lips of earth's gentle singers, bidding them die with all their music in them." — *Mary E. Bryan.*

LINES

IN REPLY TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND, WHO ASKED WHY MY MUSE WAS SO SILENT.

I cannot sing as in days of yore,
 For sorrow hath hushed my song;
 And the music that thrilled my heart with joy
 Has been silent—alas, so long!

Since that dark day that came to me
 In the sunny month of June,
 The sweetest bells of melody
 Seem ringing out of tune.

I cannot measure out my grief,
 Nor make my sorrow rhyme,
 For it comes like a rushing, crushing wind,
 And it pays no heed to time.

They told me time would bring relief,
 That years would deaden pain,
 But ever I feel this yearning grief
 Ache in my heart and brain!

Bitterly ache, as when I wept
 O'er the loved and lifeless clay
 That was left of a life that brought such joy,
 And passed so soon away.

The sweetest flowers were all in bloom
 When *she* came awhile to stay,

And flowers were scattered over her bed
When the angels took her away.

And there in her coffin they mocked my woe
With their fresh and fragrant bloom ;
While the bud that blossomed out of my heart,
Was faded, withered, and gone.

Faith whispers, gone to a fairer realm
Where, safe from sorrow and pain,
She is folded close to the Saviour's breast,
And my tears are all in vain.

I know that ere long His angel will come
To take me where she is,
And she will be mine — mine own once more.
Through eternity's endless bliss.

But the time seems long to my mother-heart,
My stricken, riven heart ;
For the rift her parting made therein
Grows wider and wider apart :

Till it seems, at times, it needs must burst
With the sorrow growing drearer,
But for the comforting grace of God,
And the meeting drawing nearer.

There are loved ones still to cherish on earth,
There's work for me to do ;
We must carry our burdens, if heavy or light,
All life's long journey through.

At times there sweeps through my heavy heart
The echo of a strain
That erst had charmed my silent muse,
Till she sang a glad refrain.

And I turn once more to seek my lyre ;
But its broken chords remind
Of hours gone by when it sang of joy,
And the past comes full to mind.

'Till I throw it by as a useless thing,
That can only sing of pain :

Will its chords be ever attuned to joy,
 Ever on earth again?

Yet, e'en as I ask, sweet faith reproves ;
 I must say, "*God's will be done !*"
 He chastens in love — He will surely complete
 The work by love begun.

Beautiful images fill my soul
 My hand would eagerly paint ;
 But ere I can limn their likeness in words,
 My tears have made them too faint.

For all things beautiful mind me of her
 Who was beauty's self to me ;
 And thus my muse is stricken dumb
 With unspeakable agony.

I'LL COME IN BRIGHT DREAMS.

Yes, I'll come in bright dreams, love,
 I'll come to thee oft,
 When the light wing of sleep
 On thy bosom lies soft :
 When, wearied with care, love,
 Thou seekest repose,
 And with thoughts of the dear one
 Thy fond bosom glows.
 When the tear-drops of nature
 Beam bright on the flower,
 Reflecting the sky gems,
 I'll come to thy bower.

Yes, I'll come in bright dreams, love,
 I'll come and we'll stray
 'Mid the beauties of dream-land,
 And 'twill ever be May ;
 For the sound of thy voice
 Is the coo of the dove,
 And no gale can be soft
 As thy whispers of love.
 Be thy lips the billows,
 And mine, love, the beach.
 And thus fondly caressing,
 The dream-land we reach.

Yes, I'll come in bright dreams, love,
 And oh! if it be
 That "life's but a dream,"
 I'll dream, love, with thee.
 Yes, dream 'neath the heaven
 Of thy dark, beaming eye,
 Nor e'er from its starlight
 My spirit would fly.
 Then I'll come in life's dream, love,
 And bright will it be;
 It cannot know sorrow,
 If spent, love, with thee.

"THERE COMETH A RUMOR OF PEACE."

The old man's step grows light and free,
 The grand-dame's brow is wreathed in joy,
 The dimmed eye beams with its olden glee,
 With thoughts of the far-off soldier-boy;
 Thoughts come clothed in brighter hue,
 They bid the saddened song to cease;
 There cometh a rumor—*it must be true*—
 There cometh a rumor of peace!

The matron heard, and her heart beat quick;
 She pressed her babe to her throbbing breast,
 And a prayer went up as his dimpled cheek
 Gleamed with the tear-drops falling fast.
 The children too, in their noisy mirth,
 Gaze wondering now, while sports they cease,
 At the brightening light o'er the darkened hearth,
 As there cometh a rumor of peace!

Thinking in childhood's earnest way
 Of the mother's smile reset in a tear,
 And what all this, and peace, may be:
 Then gathering close around her chair,
 With folded hands, for the evening prayer,
 And the put-up lips for the good-night kiss,
 One whispers low in the listening ear,
 "What does it mean—the rumor of peace?"

"What does it mean, my bright-eyed boy,
 Father is coming to see us once more!
 'Tis a rumor of gladness, tidings of joy;
 The battles are ended, the war is now o'er!
 Then go to thy rest of joy-lit dreams,
 Brighter now, with the added bliss
 That through our waking vision teems,
 For there cometh a rumor of peace."

The maiden heard, and the tell-tale blush
 To the lily cheek brought the truant rose,
 And there came o'er her heart a holy hush,
 As she thought of the absent — the plighted vows;
 And the bright eyes, floating in liquid tears
 For the soldier-love, seemed *two black seas*;
 And the angels list to the maiden's prayers,
 As there cometh a rumor of peace!

The bells ring forth their merriest peal,
 And hosts go up to the house of God;
 Some with their wounded hearts to heal,
 Hearts that were crushed with the grave's cold sod:
 But happier ones are in the throng,
 Hearts overflowing with holiest bliss,
 And venting it now in thankful song,
 As there cometh a rumor of peace!

GOD SPEED THE SHUTTLE.

Ay, God speed the shuttle, and bless the hands that ply it,
 For 't is a noble work, sure none will dare deny it;
Southern women ply it with willing, skilful hand,
 With a sigh for the soldier and a prayer for our land —
 For the soldier "standing guard," in sleet and falling snow,
 While faster flies the shuttle, as the tears begin to flow.
 Ay, 't is a noble work while *Southern women* try it;
 Then God speed the shuttle, and bless the hands that ply it!

'Tis the sweetest music yet, the busy humming wheel,
 The swiftly flying shuttle and the clicking of the reel;
 Of fashionable music 'tis the very latest date,
 And "*a trio*" often heard in Southern homes of late:—

A song with *words unwritten*, yet sung with swelling hearts,
 The chorus is of dear ones who bravely bear their parts.
 'Tis sweet and soothing music, let every woman try it—
 While God speed the shuttle, and bless the hands that ply it!

There's a picture, could I paint it, would be lovelier to me
 Than the paintings of "old Masters" we travel far to see;
 A group of merry children, and the mother at the loom,
 Smiling on her darlings, the sunshine of her home.
 And yet a shade of sadness, on her face so young and fair,
 Tells the story of a life till now unused to care.
 But the work lies before her, and she's willing too, to try it;
 Then God speed the shuttle, and bless the hands that ply it!

She has heard our troops are needy, and she will do her part;
 Else she'd think herself unworthy of a soldier's loving heart,
 Of the vow that was plighted half a score of years ago,
 When she joined her lot with his for weal or for woe.
 There are months of anxious hopes and weeks of doubting fears,
 There are days of earnest prayer, and sleepless nights of tears;
 Tho' this long and trying absence her weary heart may break,
 But 'tis the path of duty, and she would not call him back.
 Here's a subject for a painter, let a skilful artist try it—
 While God speed the shuttle, and bless the hands that ply it!

APRIL, 1863.

THE GRUMBLER.

The lives and characters of men are as varied as the beautiful flowers that look up from every hill and dale, from every mountain-side and river-shore. There are men who have no apparent object in life but to render themselves, and all around them, dissatisfied and unhappy; and dissatisfaction is very contagious,—who look out upon our glorious and beautiful world, (good and pleasing in the sight of the great Creator,) and see no glory, no beauty, find nothing good, naught worthy of their praise, nothing to afford pleasure to their distorted vision and dissatisfied spirit. Yet, not content to view it thus themselves, they labor assiduously to point out to others the ghost-like shadows so plainly visible to their perverted vision.

With a tempting and plenteous feast spread before them, they starve themselves, and decoy other hungry souls away from peace and plenty, and, like one standing with closed eyes in the sunlight, crying for light, they stand in the glorious sunlight of love and hope, with their souls' eyes perversely

closed, stretching forth their hands to grope blindly in their own created darkness, and yet cry out to their fellow-creatures for light.

“ . . . While others gaze on nature's face —
 The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
 Or with delight ineffable survey
 The sun, bright image of his parent God —
 While others view heaven's all-involving arch
 Bright with unnumbered worlds, and, lost in joy,
 Fair order and utility behold;
 To them those fair recipitudes are lost,
 The grace and beauty blotted from their view.”

Yes, wilfully blotted out, because, “having eyes, they see not.” And, with the ever-welling fountain of joy at their feet, they never stoop to taste its sweet waters, though their souls be famishing with thirst; for the great Creator gave man a soul, not only capable of appreciating joy, but so constituted him that he cannot live without it, more than the flowers can live without the grateful showers and refreshing dews; and those who refuse to slake their thirst at the rippling rill because they cannot reach the broad and flowing streams, or muddy the water to others by discontent, are well worthy of the name of “grumblers.” They wander in the orange-groves and citron-bowers, where loveliness finds ever a dwelling-place — where nature loves to sit a flower-crowned queen — where

“ Happiness courts them in her best array;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 They pout upon her fortune and her love;

and the Sunny South, that wooed pure souls and large hearts with her ever-varying scenes of beauty, and enticed them by her charms to linger long and break forth in glad songs of joyful harmony, comes to them only as a hot clime. Amid the sublimity of mountain scenery, and the gorgeous grandeur of snow-clad peaks, where the ice-king waves his frozen sceptre, evoking from discriminating souls the grand poems that will ever echo through the long corridors of futurity, where great minds and noble intellects have bowed in admiration, they turn shivering away.

And so with everything in life, they,

“ . . . by gathering up the rills
 Of lesser griefs spread real ills,
 And with their gloomy shades conceal
 The land-marks Hope would else reveal.”

The rippling rills and running brooks make no music to their ears; the sweet sound of falling waters and the louder roar of cataracts is to them *but noise!*

The feathered songsters, with their varied notes and hymns of warbled thanksgiving — ever singing sweet accompaniments to

“The grand old harper, Wind,
With his thunder-harp of pines,”

wake no sweet melodies for them.

Every note of joy, every tuneful harmony they shut out by grumbling, and discontent closes their minds to the beautiful in creation, the loveliness of nature. The works of man cannot please, nor the creations of God satisfy them.

Clinging to the black clouds which cast dark shadows over and all around them, they go forth, unhappy themselves, and dissatisfying all with whom they associate, — a race of grumblers.

MARY WALSINGHAM CREAN,

WELL known to the Southern muses by the simple *nom de plume* of "May Rie," was born in Charleston, S. C., but has been from infancy a resident of the Crescent City. Her career as a writer commenced as a school-girl, and opened with a series of lively, dashing, and piquant articles, prose and verse, communicated to the "Sunday Delta" when under the control of the gifted Joseph Brenan. Much interest prevailed for a time over the gay and graceful incognita, and the gifted authoress continued for several years a frequent contributor to the same paper, winning a local popularity seldom attained at the first steps of a literary career.

Late political troubles came, the writers of the "Delta" were scattered, and "May Rie's" harp remained long silent, or was only struck in secret, to sing of sorrow or of patriotic devotion.

The cloud of national strife swept past. The subject of this sketch, like many others, was reduced to a position of need, and again "our blue-eyed wonder of a poetess" resumed her pen, but no longer as a pastime.

She entered promptly upon her career as a paid writer for the New Orleans "Sunday Times," and for two years has been a regular weekly contributor to its pages, also appearing occasionally in other journals and magazines.

Of mingled English and Irish extraction, Mary Walsingham combines in her rare poet-nature the best characteristics of the two nations of Albion and Erin, tempered by a high degree of American sentiment. In her, a strong though golden chain of solid English sense ever gracefully reins in those coursers of the sun, Irish wit and passion; and the real and ideal, whether they ascend alternately, like the celestial twins, or rule together, like Jove and Juno, reign in harmonious duality, each retaining its proper limits, and one ever preserving the other from deficiency or excess. No collection of her writings has yet been made in book-form; a delay rather to be approved than regretted, as, year by year, we have watched the girl merging into the maturer woman, and have observed a progressive unfolding of taste and judg-

ment—the imagination curbed, though not fettered, and exuberant fancy pruned with an artist's hand.

In person, Mary Walsingham is tall and slender, with a form of graceful symmetry, of fair complexion, blue or gray eyes, and brown hair. Her manners are peculiarly attractive, and strongly represent the mingled brilliancy and softness, wit, passion, gayety, tenderness, and general versatility which mark her writings.

Miss Walsingham is writing a novel of "Life in the Old Third." Years ago, the lower and oldest part of the city of New Orleans was called the "Third Municipality." It is entirely French—unique and old-fashioned both in build and the manners and customs of its inhabitants—and furnishes as good a scene and material for romance as any of the cities of the Old World. Miss Walsingham resided in the "Old Third" in her childhood, and an original and highly entertaining book must be her effort.

SANTA CLAUS.

O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

Long years have waned and things have changed
Since o'er the roof-tree's wintry floss

With dancing heart my glances ranged,
And strained to view thy silver wheel,

Or mark thy chariot 'gainst the sky,
Or hear thy tiny frosted heel

With stealthy step go swiftly by,

Along the roof-tree's fringing floss,

O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

Thou elfin friend, of fame benign,

And ruddy glow and genial glee!

What radiant, fairy hopes were mine

That found their central sun in thee!

What cavern'd stores of Christmas joys,

What thrilling mines of wealth unseen,

Thou darling dream of girls and boys,

Went rolling in thy chariot's sheen,

Along the roof-tree's glittering floss,

O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

How dear the smoke-wreath's misty blue,
How bright the ruddy kindling hearth!
How prized the chimney's magic flue
Which bore thy cherished form to earth!
What sleepless hours — what throbbings wild —
What thrilling hopes around us clung,
As murmuring breeze, or swallow mild
Some echo on the midnight flung
From off the roof-tree's fringing floss,
O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

And hark! I hear the merry horn —
The merry, clattering, jingling chime
That usher'd in the crystal morn,
The jovial hours of that sweet time;
The thrilling bursts of laughter clear —
The frantic song of joy and mirth —
The hearty, ringing Christmas cheer
Around the stockings on the hearth,
Beneath the roof-tree's waving floss,
O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

I see the forms at rest for years —
Our starry household-idols then —
Arise from out the mist of tears,
To light our mourning hopes again;
And sever'd hearts, and sunder'd hands,
And perish'd ties, how sweet of old!
And faded hopes, and broken bands,
Unite from out oblivion cold,
Beneath the roof-tree's fringing floss,
O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

But, no! our dearest hopes and forms
Are with thy perish'd glories pale,
Thou sweetest charm of childhood's charms,
And childhood's brightest fairy-tale!
They beat no more in music-bars,
The jocund minstrelsy of earth,
But softly beam like happy stars
Above our lonely Christmas hearth,
Beneath the roof-tree's fringing floss,
O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

BRONZE JOHN AND HIS SAFFRON STEED.

Came riding forth on a charger bold,
From the land of the citron-bloom,
A stalwart knight, with a lance of gold,
And a dancing yellow plume:
His shield was of bronze, and his helmet high;
Of flame was his breath, and of fire his eye;
And swift was the flight of the charger by
Of this knight with a yellow plume!

Away and away, o'er wood and wold—
O'er city and mountain high!
Sharp was the flash of that lance so bold,
And the glance of that fiery eye!
Here was a body, and there was a bier;
For he fell'd one here, and slew one there:
"Away to the feast of death elsewhere!"
Sang the knight as he clattered by.

Rap, rap, rap! on the city wall—
Rap, rap! and "What! ho! indeed!
Who is there?" quoth the warden tall.
"*Bronze John and his Saffron Steed.*"
Quoth the warden grim, "And who may you be?
And come you from the North countrie,
Or from the pestilent South," quoth he,
"Bronze John and your Saffron Steed?"

Rap, rap, rap! on the city gate,
And "Open, thou fool, to me!"
Quoth the bold Don John, with his lance in wait:
"I come from the South countrie—
The challenging knight of the Brazen Shield—
And I summon this fortress to quickly yield!"
"First I'd see thee dead!" quoth the warden chield,
And grinning, clattered the key.

Then back drew the knight on his charger bold,
And lifted his javelin keen;
One blow on the gate with his barb of gold,
And where was the warder then?

Here was a body, and there was a bier;
The captain was here, and the sentinel there.
"A king is Bronze John, and his sceptre's his spear,"
Sang the knight as he mounted again.

And "Hey! for the land of the South," he laughed,
"The land of the citron-bloom!
And the potent knight of the yellow shaft,
And the floating yellow plume!
A king is Bronze John—his steed is Death—
Of fire is his eye, and of flame his breath,
And his lance is the doom of the foe," he saith,
"Bronze John and his saffron plume!"

NEW ORLEANS, Sept., 1867.

THE CANNON'S SOUND.

I love those cannons' booming sound,
This stillish breezy day;
It minds me of the Christmas times,
The Christmas merry play—
The homestead by the sunny road,
The wind adown the lane,
And one who oft those joyous times
Came roving o'er the main!

A lad—an English sailor-lad,
Embrowned and hardened too—
Yet in his laughing eye he wore
The ocean's softest blue!
There seem'd no cheek more brightly fair;
No touch more softly fell
Than that kind hand which brought me then
The coral and the shell!

The vines he from Castile had brought
Beneath their clusters bent;
The seasons and the years rolled on,
While still he came and went;
Till once—I mind it well—amid
The laughter and the din,
Out in the Christmas light we stood
To watch the ship come in.

A seaman by the portal paused,
 And from his bundle fell
 The well-remembered cap of blue,
 The coral and the shell:
 "These be the youngster's rig," he said,
 As seamen lightly say;
 "The lad lies locked in slumber well,
 Off Bantry's sullen bay!"

The booming of those distant guns
 Still strangely will recall
 The quaint dim dreams of ships and seas,
 And sunshine 'mid it all!
 The rocky shore—the lone beach where
 Wild tides the sea-shells strew,
 And things that lie, oh! fathoms down,
 In Bantry's sullen blue.

YOUNG MOWBRAY JOURNEYING TO THE WARS.

Young Mowbray, journeying to the wars,
 All belted he and spurred,
 From lady's hand received a rose,
 And from her lips this word:
 "I loan thee to my country's cause,
 For glory, not for doom:
 To be not slain, but slay her foes,
 I deck thy knightly plume:

Remember, caution is not fear—nor rashness valor's test;
 If he who fights and dies, does well—who fights and lives, does best."

Now fierce the tide of battle laves,
 And fast the conflict flows;
 And high above the fight still waves
 The white plume and the rose:
 And gayly through the gathering fray
 Our flower-crowned warrior, see,
 Strikes many a gallant blow this day
 For love and liberty!

While high above the din still rings, with stroke on foeman's crest,
 Ho! he who fights and dies, does well—who fights and lives, does best!

Ah! woe is me, that love's kind hand
Love's self should hapless mar!
A marksman view'd the helmet grand,
And saw the blood-red star!
A downward lance clove helm and crest,
And, bathed in crimson tide,
Love's fatal gift kissed fainting breast,
And, murmuring thus, he died:
"Oh, love, for fame men strike and live! — for freedom heroes fall!
If he who fights and lives, gives much — who fights and dies, gives all!"

THE GOLDEN HAND.

Outside, the tide of life was flowing back and forth. There were laughing children, and talking women, and busy men. A gay Italian boy was singing a merry air to his hurdy-gurdy, and the echoes of song and laughter came with a dismal sound through the open window, where the pomegranate-trees were beating their boughs against the shaded sill, and scattering the blossoms over the quiet room. Outside, all was noise and bustle — pursuit of pleasure and prosperity. They were shaking hands with life — welcoming hope and enjoyment; but within, there was the twilight of half pendent curtains, the hush of whispered conversation, the thoughtful looks of watchers, patiently waiting for the coming of some strange, scarce welcome guest, who would cross the chamber like the wind, bend over the couch, and pass out from their presence again with the intangible shape of a spirit, and the unsounding footsteps of a shadow.

Song and laughter and hope, and exultant health and prosperity without; while within, a woman's dying eyes were slowly taking their final leave of every well-known thing that had grown to be a pleasure and a brightness in the few short years that she had journeyed here. Short, indeed — how short! they seemed to her now, as, looking through the open door along the garden-walk that swept under the low arbutus-trees, and rolled away to the wooded knolls of distant beds, she seemed to be looking back along the changeful vista of her life — to beautiful, beloved northern hills, that seemed almost like a dream to her now, they were set so far back in childhood; then there were the clover-fields of later youth, and the sunny paths of early womanhood; there were pleasant journeyings and merry meetings; dressing for gala-days, and hurrying off with crowds of companions in search of pleasure and amusement; but above all, and through all, and more than all, there was the eager, undeviating, steadfast pursuit of what seemed like a Golden Hand beckoning on and on, but ever receding as she advanced, till gradually the light grew less and less — her feet were weary, and her eyes dim with tears;

and passing the Golden Hand at last, she leaned upon the grave's green mound, and, looking back upon the spectre, knew it to be the phantom hand of happiness, which is golden and radiant from the outside, but hollow and unalluring when looked at from the grave.

The Italian boy was singing still, for his voice was a mellow one, and the crowd liked the beauty of his bright eyes. It was a lively air enough, but constant repetition induced a melancholy monotony, which at last sunk into a doleful chant as mournful but not so sweet as the evening hymn of the nuns in the chapel across the road. The light was shining on that chapel-steeple now, and on the cross above it. The windows of the nunnery looked with a grave gentleness toward her own; and, as a veiled figure paused for an instant in one of the apertures, she remembered how she had said once, in her insolent, exultant days of health and triumph, that religion was a weariness—that she had rather await the grim annihilation of the grave itself, than prepare to meet the cold and cheerless self-abnegation of the cloister. Now she *was* waiting for the grave. She had buffeted the waters of disease—had struggled with the flying tide of life; but her bark had grappled with the tomb at last, and now she would bend her head sullenly, and pass silently in. In?—to where? The chasm was inscrutable; the darkness black as night; there was no sight, or sound, or sign of life beyond. She might shut her fleshy eyes—might fold her hands upon her breast, and await the slow decay of her physical frame. But could she shut her *thinking* eyes? Could death allay that inner, restless, unwearied, sleepless power, that was watching on, steady and invincible, though the windows of the flesh were growing dim, and the house of clay was falling into rotten fragments? She knew that this invisible sentient creature had unconquerable vitality. Where, then, would it wing when released from these earthly fetters? How would it be governed? To whom accessible? O world! O life! O earthly hopes and pleasures! had ye indeed cast loose the long struggling bark, and was she adrift upon that lonely sea, without a helm or sail, or star to steer by? Oh, vanity of earthly pride and power!—oh, blind foolhardiness of youth, and perishable truth and faith! Life had opened like a golden dream upon her—skies smiled down a promise of perpetual sunshine—and mile after mile the future rolled away in endless stretches of woods and fields and hills. Loving arms had encircled her—kisses had been showered upon her smiling lips—breasts had pillowed her, and hearts had beat against her own. All, all perishable and evanescent as the worthless weed beside the way. Sisters had walked beside her for twenty years; and they had looked toward the grave with scornful incredulity, and said, “You may wait and wait; you may open your broad mouth, and stretch your greedy arms; but you never can separate us, never! For when you lay *one* head upon your dreary pillow, you never can release our other hearts from your cold walls again!” Yet they had died, and she had wept for them; but years afterwards she leaned above the double tomb, and wrote with laughing unconcern a stranger's name across the fading inscription. Brothers had passed out at the sunny

porch with a smiling promise of return; but the footprints turned inward nevermore; for outside the hills of Rome the grave of one was green and holy, while the other, a gay and reckless spirit, fell in a wild carouse, and was buried, none knew, none questioned where. Her father—oh, she remembered him! He had been a jovial, happy man, and she his darling pride and favorite. A thousand times he had locked her in his arms and said, “My Margaret, I will never leave thee! I will live a hundred years to love and bless thee!” Twenty years now the rain had fallen and the cowslips bloomed upon his grave, showing the futility of earthly promises, and the impotency of human love. Her mother—she was beautiful; but it was a beauty quickly ripening, and garnered all too soon. Here, too, her youth had promised much of love and remembrance, to be belied in after-years by calm indifference, and more recent attachments. But there was another memory; and round this picture now the tide of revelry ebbed and flowed in alternate dread and longing before the quiet features were turned toward the light. It was a noble and a striking face. The grace of mature and perfect manhood sat upon the brow; the hair was long, black, and curling; there was a sweet mingling of firmness and gentleness about the mouth; and none knew so well as she, whose dying eyes were wet with tears, how sweet those lips had smiled, or how complete the spell of love and happiness that had looked from those bright eyes. Oh, she recalled every change in that lost countenance now!—every glance of disapproval, every look of love and forgiveness. She had tried that noble spirit sorely. She was young; he past his youth, but beautiful and attractive. They were wed; and she remembered now how she had laid her cheek to his with breathless fondness, and said:

“I will never, never cease to love you; I will lay my heart to yours forever; and when you die, I will go down into the grave with you, and fold you into my arms as close as now.”

“Will you?” he asked, with a bright smile of incredulity.

“Yes, for I will never live without you. I will never breathe the air of this world when I cannot love, and look up, and lean on you as now.”

Yet she had forgotten all this. Oh, shame, shame! She had tormented, trifled with that generous spirit, till forbearance was no longer in him.

“Margaret, you are not a child,” he said, with sad, yet quiet firmness; “I will bear with every error except that which can *not* be borne. Come, be a good girl now, and we will love each other, and—”

“Love each other! *You* love!” she cried, in scornful accents; “if ever you loved, it must have been a weary time ago. You have long outlived such youthful frailties and unselfish emotions!”

“Poor girl!—oh, poor girl!” she found herself muttering now, as she looked back commiseratingly upon that wretched picture of herself after the bitter words were spoken, kneeling on the floor with clasped hands and eyes streaming. Her husband had gone out. She had not seen his countenance after the first look of astonishment succeeding her scornful outburst, and

never more in this world did those kind eyes cast a glance upon her; never did those indulgent lips breathe a word of love or forgiveness. Crossing a common, his horse shied suddenly; the absorbed rider started — was thrown forward, and struck upon the centre of his raven head, till the back neckbone bent outward, and the blood gushed from mouth and nostrils.

“Poor girl! — oh, poor girl!” she thought again, as she wept once more over that miserable picture of herself, kneeling with her tearless face pressed close against the blood-stained lips of the corpse, and vainly imploring that indulgent husband to “Come back! come back!” Ah, but the inexorable spirit never would come back! She might plead and plead — might promise to love forever — might go down into the grave with the decaying dust — but there never would be peace between them; he never would fold her smiling in his arms again, blaming and forgiving, and reproving and caressing.

Six feet deep the mould was over him, and six feet high the marble rose. Fifteen times the summer had been there and gone, yet she had not died of grief; she had not gone down to the grave to him. No, she turned his picture to the wall, and silently she placed that seal upon her memory which coming death had now removed. Misery, oh, misery! Why had she been born? Why had he been born? He was dust — their lives had been a shadow — and she was drifting helplessly toward the sea of dust and nothingness. All that she had loved, or known, or valued, passed away. To what end had she lived? Why had she been born? Lifting her head slowly here, she paused and listened. The sun was sinking in a sea of golden light; the Italian boy had shouldered his merry hurdy-gurdy and plodded on his road; and through the chapel-windows came the low and inexpressibly sweet and solemn strains of the vesper chant, “*Deus, in adiutorium meum intende,*” (“Incline unto my aid, O Lord.”) The words were not intelligible, but the song was a wailing prayer for mercy and forgiveness. Gradually it seemed to syllable itself into a language for her ear. They were mourning for her, praying tearfully; weeping over her lost life, and asking God to have mercy on the poor, unthinking soul that was hurrying into his presence without a moment’s preparation. What could it mean? What had they to do with her? What kindness had she ever asked of them that they should pray for her? But *was* it a kindness? Was there really anything to fear? *Was* there danger in dying in this reckless, defiant kind of way? Oh! if there should be! and oh! more wonderful still, if there should be such a beautiful, blessed place as that transcendent heaven, of which those nuns were always singing, and to which that cross continually pointed! Reasoning now from known facts, she concluded there must at least be grounds for admitting a strong probability; as here were fifty women, earnest, intelligent, thoughtful, who bent unreservedly before the belief, to her one, poor, unwise head, which must needs oppose because it could not understand. Better to sing “*Gloria, O gloria!*” with the nuns forever, however vainly than miss one chance of heaven, however small.

“*Laudate — laudate Dominum!*” the choir continued; and her spirit rose

with the solemn voices of the worshippers, and seemed to float in a sea of happiness and calm content, from whence she seemed to look down upon her past life with the gentle commiseration and pitying tenderness we feel for one who has suffered long, but whose sufferings are now well at an end. Was this indeed, then, the only real and imperishable good, life had to offer? — the hope that never could be dimmed? — the love that was immortal, and in which all other loves were immortalized? Perish the delusive hand of happiness that had so long led her feet astray!

She raised her eyes toward the skies, and then fixed them upon the highest window of the chapel-tower. Slowly the sash was lifted, and a woman stood in the aperture, with her veil thrown back, and her face turned thoughtfully toward the glowing west. She raised the sleeve of her habit to shield her eyes from the glare of light, and in the sunset her hand shone like gold. The sleeve of her gown waved once, twice, thrice, in the wind, and she seemed to beckon, and to smile; but a cloud came over the vision of the watcher, and when the shower of tears was past and she could see once more, the sash was down and the window deserted; the sun had faded almost entirely from the convent-tower, and the song of the receding nuns grew fainter and fainter as they wound away through the distant galleries. "Gloria, O gloria!" was the last sweet solemn sound she heard; and "Gloria, O gloria!" her spirit repeated fervently as she laid her head back upon the pillow, and turned her eyes upon the cross that was glowing yet in the last faint rays of the setting sun.

× WHY?

Men say they rest when labors cease;
 They watch the sunset down the sky,
 And sit with folded hands for peace,
 As if the night brought calmness. Why?
 Toil never ceased since life begun:
 They only rest whose day is done.

The stone which marks our mortal rest,
 And points the traveller where we lie,
 Weighs heavy on our sleeping breast,
 And irks, they say, the slumberer. Why?
 No living couch but hath its moan;
 But all sleep well beneath this stone.

They walk in silence round our feet,
 And round our head with muffled sigh;
 And in our grassy winding sheet
 They drown the whispered scandal. Why?

Scorn, shame, and wrong are mortal banes :
Nor ear nor heart hath mouldering manes.

They plant the laurel where we rot,
And trail the glossy amaranth nigh,
And wreath the blue forget-me-not
With immortelles and ivy. Why?
Pale love laughs not, nor feverish woe;
But who laughs less than amaranth's blow?

Men, idly musing starward, fain
Would limn the thoughts in yonder sky ;
They crave to link affection's chain,
And bind earth's broken fetters. Why?
He craves not chains whose freedom's won :
They only rest whose loving's done.

THE LETTER.

Go, my rosy little billet,
And, if wind and tide befriend thee,
When thy scented pages fill it,
Kiss the hand to which I send thee.

Speak, oh ! speak in burning blushes,
All I have not dared to breathe him,
Tell him in thy rosy flushes,
And with sighs of fondness wreath him.

Say, oh ! say, if thou wert woman,
How my jealous heart could hate thee,
(For our hearts are only human,)
Did such envied bliss await thee.

For, when read, will he not hold thee,
And (most sweet and rapturous blessing)
In his silken vest enfold thee,
With his heart thy dumb heart pressing?

Go, my rosy little billet,
And, if wind and tide befriend thee,
With my own deep passion fill it,
That dear heart to which I send thee.

MRS. JOSEPHINE R. HOSKINS.

HOW true is it that true worth and genius are like the violet, hiding from public gaze, and only discovered by its perfume, that cannot hide itself always! The subject of this article is like a "violet," as modest and unassuming as talented, and on that account not well known, for true merit goes unrewarded, while glitter mounts high on Parnassus, and sits there for a time.

Mrs. Hoskins is by birth a New-Yorker, but has resided in the South for over thirty years, and known and loved "Southland" best of all other lands. Her father was a Frenchman, born of Italian parents; he came to the United States just before the war of 1812, entered the army, and served with some distinction under General Macomb, and after the close of the war was enrolled, by special compliment for services rendered, in the regular army. Her mother was a native of Philadelphia. . . .

Mrs. Hoskins's life has been fraught with many lights and shadows, changes and vicissitudes, interspersed with sorrows that fall more frequently to the few. When in her twenty-sixth year, she was obliged to succumb to a disease which she had fought and conquered through mere force of will and natural energy ever since her childhood. By degrees it reduced her to the position of a cripple, confining her to the boundaries of four walls, and giving her a sufficient amount of suffering of various kinds to learn to "possess her soul in patience," as she expresses it. For over twenty years she has been thus afflicted, and during that time she has had trials of a far heavier kind; and yet the true woman remains, kind, gentle, and uncomplaining, pervaded with that peace which passeth human understanding.

Mrs. Hoskins first wrote for publication during the last illness of her husband, in 1858; but not knowing the pathway that led to print, and being too timid to ask the way, having no confidence in her own powers, it was not until the publication of the "Southern Monthly," (Memphis,) in 1860, shortly after making New Orleans her home, that she found courage to send her articles to that journal. "Love's Stratagem," a novelette, printed in the December number (1861) and succeeding

number of that monthly, was far superior to anything of the kind that appeared in that magazine. It was not so much the plot as the language, so chaste and beautiful. "Jacqueline," her *nom de plume*, made a reputation with her first contribution, which was increased by the publication of an essay on the "Life and Writings of Mrs. Jameson," in two articles, which, though it seemed to treat of a criticism likely to be understood but by a favored few in a country where galleries of art are not, yet it was of the literature that creates them. Her timidity caused her to veil her *personelle*, and who Jacqueline was remained a mystery! The capture of the city of New Orleans blockaded her avenue to print, and she remained silent and idle during the war, until, shortly after the surrender, John W. Overall started a literary journal in the city of New Orleans, called "The South," to which she contributed under the *nom de plume* of "Hildegarde," discovering that "Jacqueline" was known to some of her friends. That journal was a "publication of a few days" — I verily believe, "dying of dulness."

Writing is very painful as a mechanical effort to her, although, from her graceful sentences and fluent style, one would hardly think so. She next appeared in the literary department of the Sunday issue of some kind of "Star;" I forget the prefix, but it proved to be a shooting one for all concerned. Its inception however, being political, makes the manner of its exit less surprising. Her next effort appeared in the "Crescent Monthly," (Wm. Evelyn, publisher, New Orleans,) anonymously, an article entitled, "Genius and Beauty — Madame de Staël and Madame de Recamier." The article appeared in the September and October issues of that monthly, and received many public and private compliments. I earnestly hope that the great public may come to know Mrs. Hoskins as a writer, for she only has to be known to be loved, and those we love surely we appreciate. Though going into the "afternoon of life," God has preserved to her in a singular manner the heart-elasticity, in many things, of youth. She says:

"My trouble is to realize time, rather than feeling, and to learn how to grow old gracefully."

AT THE OPERA.

Achille de Beaumont was a young French physician, with a great many days of leisure to be accounted for, a title, a chateau, and innumerable fertile

estates, to which, on the death of his father, he would fall heir; yet strange to say, with all these golden temptations, added to a strikingly handsome person, he stood that wonder of wonders in this degenerate age, the unspoiled possessor of gifts that have driven thousands to ruin. Endowed with that high sense of honor and chivalrous sense of duty to God, his country, and fellow-man, for which the families of the *ancient regime* were renowned, he started life with the determination to use his time, talents, and prospects as might best promote the fulfilment of these objects. Travel possessed great attractions for him, both for the development it afforded his own mental powers, as well as for the excitement and novelty with which each new scene seemed to invest his life. Europe he knew by heart; not that he ever wearied of its innumerable pages, fraught with all that can exalt the mind, glorify art, and hallow its remembrance; but there can be at times a satiety of the beautiful — times when the mind needs rest from too much thought, and the heart grows weary with its own weight of feeling; and laboring under some such influence, Achille determined to try a newer and less exciting scene, and, with the prejudice so common among the most enlightened Europeans, he expected to find in America the repose of wood and hill, dotted here and there with peaceful hamlet and vale, little dreaming of the never-sleeping activity, noise, and confusion which would be his first greeting in the new world toward which he determined to trace his steps. It was the fourth evening after his arrival in the great Gotham, and we meet him sauntering along Broadway with his old American friend, Harold Egmont, whom he had not met since they parted last under the shadows of the mighty Pyramids; and as they clasped then each other's hands for the last time, remembering all the pleasant days they had passed in travel together, parting now, perhaps never to meet again, each felt that the shadow on their own hearts was as deep as that which, for forty centuries, these old-time monuments had thrown upon earth and sky.

"Well, Achille," said Egmont, "are you weary yet of the rush and whirl of our go-ahead people, or are you still lost in wonder at what you just called our giant strides to possess all the world?"

"Weary of this incessant, sleepless whirl — this wheel of Ixion — I must confess to being; but at the same time I must acknowledge that every moment only increases my amazement at the untiring velocity with which you Americans grasp everything, from a land speculation to a filibuster meeting. One might almost be tempted to think that when the archangel blows his note of doom, the American people will never think themselves included in the summons; for surely they never take time either to hear or think."

"You are mistaken, my dear fellow; there are plenty of thinking minds among our people," said Egmont, with some warmth; "otherwise, where would we find the brains that furnish so many magazines, newspapers, etc., with such a fund of reading matter; besides, you must remember that we

are the greatest reading people in the world, though I must confess that an awful amount of trash is consumed in the process; but after you get out of this bedlam, and visit some of our interior and less cosmopolitan cities, your opinion will take a wider range, and your views do us more justice. But let me see! I think you are a little ennuied with being already lionized by Fifth Avenue eyes: what do you say to a look at Grisi in 'Norma' to-night? after that a *petit* supper and quiet *tête-à-tête* about home scenes and old times?"

"That will suit me exactly. True, I have not much curiosity to hear Grisi, because the critics say she is but the shadow of her former self; and as I last heard her in the very zenith of her greatness and glory, I do not quite fancy destroying the spell she then cast around me. But Grisi can never be mediocre; and in 'Norma,' to see her is of itself a picture that needs no sound of voice to interpret its *vraisemblance*—so let us be off."

Arrived at the opera-house, finding it early and no sign of a crowd, they stood on the pavement watching the comers and continuing their conversation, when their attention was attracted by a handsome private carriage drawing up immediately under the gas-light by which they were standing. A middle-aged gentleman stepped out, and stood looking down the street, as if waiting for some one; in a moment, two men, bearing an arm-chair, were seen to approach; observing which, the gentleman turned to the carriage-door, saying audibly to some one within, "All right, Alice; they are here, and only a few persons about; so we are in good time, and you will not have many eyes to encounter." The curiosity of our friends was somewhat excited by this little occurrence, only, however, to be greatly increased when they saw the gentleman take tenderly in his arms the slight figure of an apparently young girl, and place her in the arm-chair, behind which stood respectfully the two men. As she was seated, she raised her eyes, and cast a hurried look around: both the young men uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise, for from those eyes beamed forth a beauty rarely seen, and Achille felt that a face more beautiful in its wondrous regularity of features and expression he had never met, even in his long wanderings, from the cold, stately English beauty, to the warmer and softer loveliness of the daughters of Italy and Spain. Keenly impressionable to that type of beauty wherein the soul speaks through the eyes, he felt, as he gazed, that, for the first time, he beheld the ideal for which he had so long and vainly sought. Grasping Egmont's arm, he hurried him up the steps, his eye fixed on the chair, which was borne to one of the private boxes. Grisi was forgotten—he only thought of finding a position from whence he could gaze, unnoticed, upon this new-found revelation, and thus determine how far first impressions could be relied upon for future judgment.

They had not to wait long in the parquette before the party in question made its appearance within range of their unorgnetted vision. The lady was again assisted from the chair in which she had been carried to a large,

comfortably cushioned fauteuil placed in front of the box, evidently for some such purpose. The pallor of her face, and the anxiety of her friends in arranging her seat, spoke the invalid, and proved that they feared her strength being overtasked. In a few moments she raised her head from the back of the chair, where she had rested it, smiled upon her attendants, and then, as she was relieved of her wrappings, cast her large black, luminous eyes around the house with evident curiosity and interest. A mass of white gossamer floated about and around her head like a cloud, here and there revealing a braid of black, glossy hair. A white opera-cloak enveloped her form, just sufficiently bared at the throat to show its swan-like proportions, graced by a few strands of pearls, to which was attached a cross of the same. Her manner, her attitude evidenced her nervous sensibility, and the eye of the young doctor saw with pain yet interest the many sudden quick starts that every rush of the coming crowd into the fast-filling house occasioned her. He had seen enough in the constant play of her expressive features to satisfy him of the truth of Lavater's theory, and the beauty and purity of the inner life seemed revealed to him as if by magic.

As he thus gazed, weaving his golden dream-woof, the overture began; but he did not hear it: the curtain rose, and the grand Druid chorus filled every ear and soul save one in that house. Finer and newer study for him was that nature, which, keenly alive to the highest sense of the beautiful, hears and sees for the first time its true delineation. He sees that every nerve pulsates to the great harmony; her eyes grow lustrous; her cheek flushes; her hands twitch nervously, and her whole being is alive with its new-found utterance. A shout of welcome, and behold — Grisi. She might almost imagine herself amid the art-enthusiasm of her own bright land, rather than gazing into the faces of a strange people — reputed, too, as only a *money-loving* people.

Achille, for the first time in his life, felt as if he possessed a duplicate of the senses; his ears drank in every note of the *Casta Diva* so divinely rendered; he saw every pose of the priestess's pliant form, and yet he never lost a change of that *other* countenance, so varied by the new-dawning light with which this heavenly power now for the first time flooded her soul. Grisi was an old story — but that fragile woman, so young, so beautiful, the victim of a hard fate, was a new leaf never before turned for his reading. How eagerly, anxiously, every nerve strung to its utmost tension, did she follow the whole scene! Now her face expressed admiration for the noble, gifted priestess, now sympathy for the forsaken, sorrowing woman, while horror depicts itself in every lineament as she beholds Norma bend with her dagger over her sleeping babes, followed by triumph when she sees the avenger yield to the true and stronger instinct of the mother's undying love. When, in the last scene, Grisi concentrates all the trusting, forgiving woman, the loving wife and mother led to the sacrifice, all hearts forget, through the power of her matchless delineation, that the golden sickle no longer severs the mistletoe for pro-

pitiation, and that the sacred fire, with its attendant virgins, has, like those misguided hearts, consumed itself to ashes, leaving only for a funereal urn, through everlasting memory of such scenes, the voiceless monument of *Stonehenge*.

With the fall of the curtain the spell is broken, and the crowd jostle each other as only an American crowd can: one might suppose the house on fire, judging from the eagerness each one shows to reach the open air.

WANDERINGS IN GOD'S ACRE.

"I like the ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

"God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life — alas! no more their own."

LONGFELLOW.

"Yes, it is a dreary, miserable night. How the rain pelts! and the drops come down with a roar like the fall of an avalanche. Close the curtains, Juliet, and come to the fire. I never hear such a rain but I think of graves, and how sad and dreary it must be to lie alone, helpless, under such a dark, pitiless, pelting sky. I seem to feel the great drops ooze and sink deep, deeper, until they reach the white, upturned, helpless face that lies beneath the sod. And yet it is a foolish thought to suppose for an instant that those who lie under the green mounds, with their pale, cold hands folded over their stilled hearts, can know aught forevermore of pelting storm, of wrung hearts or suffering bodies. For them the storms of sky and earth have ceased; and yet all our affections, interests, and memories are so linked with these same perishable bodies, that only the sharp scythe of death can convince us of their mutability, and under its heavy blows the mists fall from our eyes, and we behold the glory of the immortal part—that which never dies, but which in its new robes of royalty assumes its true and proper attributes; the mystery thus revealed through agonizing tears becoming our sublimest consolation.

"Talking of graves reminds me that to-morrow is All-Saints', the day set apart for so many years to the memory of the dead, and exclusively devoted by thousands to prayers for the souls' repose, and the decoration of the all of earth that they still can claim beyond dispute as their own, until the angel's voice annuls even that title.

"Sad work the storm is making with many preparations for to-morrow. The exquisite garlands, crosses, bouquets, etc., that are generally arranged, will, I fear, ere morning, be as withered and fallen from their loveliness as those for whose love they are gathered and for whose memory they were wreathed. It is strange what a hold such customs take upon all classes of people; it is one of the proofs that there lies sleeping somewhere, in every nature, a vein of sentiment that only waits an opportunity for utterance. Only this evening, as I sat alone with the Past, I was startled from my reverie by Sam's voice, saying, 'How you like my bouquet, mistress?' and he placed in my hands an exquisite arrangement of *immortelles*, white roses, and yellow chrysanthemums. Of course I expressed some astonishment at what struck me as a piece of extravagance, knowing how much at this time such a bouquet would cost. 'Not too much for Marse John,' he replied; 'to-morrow mornin' I'll put it on his tomb, and perhaps he'll know that poor old Sam will never forget the little boy that he nussed and played with dese many years ago; it won't do him any good, maybe, missus, but it does me a heap;' and wiping his eyes and leaving me similarly occupied, he left the room. And so I find that this poor negro has for years saved out of his hard earnings this tribute of love and gratitude to the memory of his young master. Surely it will find a place in the book of the recording angel side by side with the widow's mite. But I am making you sad, child, dwelling on this theme; yet some day, perhaps, you too will understand how natural and comforting it is for those who mourn their own beloved dead to dwell on every little incident which serves to keep us near them; even though

" 'I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words, the grief I feel,
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.' "

"No, Aunt Bertha, please don't stop talking; I, too, am in the mood for sad themes, and it is just the night to 'talk of graves and worms and epitaphs.' Such a spirit of discontent and disquietude with everything in life seems to have taken possession of me of late, that such a solemn and thought-suggestive subject will perhaps help to lay the weary spirit. So talk on, and tell me all about this annual custom here and elsewhere:

" 'And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.' "

"It is indeed sad for one so young to feel so deeply the cares and anxieties of life—to have the heart filled with unappeasable, unattainable longings; and the harder to bear because you believe that yours is only an exceptional

case—that you are the victim of unfortunate circumstances that have singled you out of thousands who are far more fortunate and happy, without deserving it any better than yourself. Like a young war-horse you champ and fret under the bit and spur that holds you back from leaping the walls of a garden that seems filled with all the requisites for a season of perfect enjoyment, and where you think, *if* you could only make the bound, if you could clear the bar at once, that you could lie down in perfect rest and ease among the violets and anemones, and leave all carking cares and depressing influences outside the wall, there to wait until the morning wanes into night. All very natural, my love; but well it is for you that the hand which holds the rein knows how far in safety you may roam—sees with a far-searching eye the shattered limbs that might pay the penalty of such a leap; and so, loving you far better than you can possibly love yourself, because disinterestedly, tightens the rein and uses the spur, and will continue so to do until your spirit is brought into subjection to the hand and will that guides both. You cannot point to one man or woman, either from the page of history or from among your own acquaintances, whose life is not shadowed by some cloud, whose heart is not depressed by some sorrow—some more, some less, it is true—but all with a skeleton in some corner of the house upon which they are forced to look. Your cross-splinters, coming as they have done in the morning of life, should give hope that the noon and evening may be more surely flecked with sunset tints of purple and gold. Now you have the gem of all life's varied gifts whole and safe in your keeping—the sweet talisman against all trial—heavenly Hope: as life darkens under the swoop of vultures which fan their dark wings over all at some period of our lives, the bright ministrant pales and flickers like a waning moon, never, it is true, entirely withdrawing her light, but yielding it only in fitful and uncertain beams. I remember hearing you say, some time ago, that you thought the life and career of Gœthe had been one, the most enviable and brilliant. Hand me my note-book, and I will read you what he says, in a letter to a friend, of his own experience. Here it is: 'The world has always regarded me as a peculiar favorite of fortune, nor will I complain of my existence, taken as a whole; yet in truth it has been little else than weariness and labor; and I may say that in my five-and-seventy years, I have not enjoyed four weeks of peace and comfort—it was the eternal rolling of the stone.'

"What a commentary upon the vanity of vanities! from the lips of a man, too, so favored with what the world most envies. Renowned and revered by his own country, courted and caressed by crowned heads, by the great and good of every land, all of fame, prosperity, and wealth, crowned by length of years, centred and crowded into this one life; and yet *he*, the recipient of all, can find no other comparison for the void and weariness it brought him but the labor of Sisypheus—the eternal rolling of the stone! '*Sic transit gloria mundi.*'

"Don't understand me, my dear Juliet, as justifying this state of feeling;

because I do not. You must remember, with all this brilliancy of intellect, this wealth of genius, that Goethe lacked the *one* gift which would have sanctified all the rest. Had he possessed religion, he would have learned the true use of his 'weariness and labors,' and found even in them that 'peace and comfort' which his high position and great attainments failed to yield. So, with all the brilliancy of his career, he groped in Cimmerian darkness, and entered eternity with the cry for 'light! *more light!*' upon his lips. It is the spirit in which we accept the sweet and bitter, the use we make of the good and evil, that makes or mars our happiness. So, my child, strive to be patient, firm, and hopeful, and never mind how thick seem the clouds, how far away the stars; ever remember that the good God can see through all, and hear, and feel, and direct every beat of your young heart. Don't rebel, but accept cheerfully, resignedly these trials, even as our Lord pressed the crown of thorns upon His own head, and they will bring you the peace which passeth all understanding, and the power to endure patiently, heroically to the end, until, like the sainted and beautiful Cunegunde, in the German legend, you may be able to walk with unshod, unburned feet, the fiery ploughshares which strew life's path.

"But you weary of this long digression from the subject which started our chat to-night; so I will brush up my memory and tell you what I know of the observance of different races and nations in regard to their dead. One might think that the custom can be traced in Greece, Rome, and the East, many centuries anterior to Christianity. The preservation and interment of the remains of the deceased was considered an important religious duty by these people. There is a striking exemplification of this feeling to be found in the story of Antigone, who fell a victim to her sisterly and filial fidelity. Although but a mythological heroine, yet so striking is the *morale* of her life, that Sophocles has immortalized her in two splendid tragedies, and many authors concur in the belief that Shakspeare held her in mind while portraying the character of Cordelia, in "King Lear,"—both devoting their lives to the care and consolation of a father stricken by reverse of fortune, by sorrows and infirmities. But the phase in Antigone's life which bears upon our subject, relates to her brother Polynices, who had fallen by the hand of his brother Eteocles, in a combat which was to decide his right to the throne of Thebes. Creon, the uncle, becoming king by the death of the two young princes, caused the body of Eteocles to be buried with distinguished honors, but forbade every one under pain of death to bury the body of Polynices. Antigone, horrified at the thought of the remains of her beloved brother being mangled and desecrated by vultures, dogs, and wolves, resolved, spite the entreaties of her sister, to brave the danger and bury the body with her own hands. Unfortunately she was discovered in the act, and Creon condemned her to be buried alive for thus impugning his tyrannical edict.

"Artemisia, queen of Cairo, who lived in the fourth century before Christ,

could only find consolation in her grief for the loss of her husband, Mausolus, by bestowing a large amount of her time and means in the erection of a magnificent tomb to his memory. She employed four architects, and the expense of its construction was so great, that when the philosopher Anaxagoras saw it, he exclaimed, 'How much money turned into stones!' This tomb it is that originated the term mausoleum.

"The epitaph of Sophocles, the great Grecian poet, written by Simonides, also proves the love and veneration felt by the ancients for their dead; and the invocation,

'Wind, gentle evergreens, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid,'

proves the same natural heart instincts as we too possess in our faith in the potency of the voiceless flower to express a love and memory of which they, in their beauty and resurrection-power, are the type. So tenaciously do we cling to the little that is left us of those we mourn, so eagerly do we grasp at every tendril that can send a fibre from our hearts to this, the last earthly tenement of clay, that the mind is constantly busied in devising ways and means to express this unsleeping vigilance. What so expressive of the love ever hovering, of the constant heart-watch above the grave, as the weeping-willow? How its arms bend and sway, as if in eagerness to clasp and hold forever the form that lies so far away beyond their reach! and the dew and rain, as they drop from its leaves—are they not suggestive emblems of the tears that wake the silent voices of the night? I can imagine nothing sadder to a bereaved heart, no phase in the many dark memories more poignant, than absence from a loved grave—the great black mountain-tops, stretching out their long wizard arms to make the distance more impenetrable, and the ceaseless cry of the ocean's wave, shutting out even the hope of a sound from the bird-voices that build their earth-houses near by. There it lies in his loneliness, perhaps among strangers, a barren, desolate heap of earth; the soil so arid, that even the leaves refuse to stand sentinels. Through the dreary winter days and nights it lies apart, wrapped in its white shroud of snow, down upon which shines the pale cold moon, as if in pity for its isolation. The bright warm days of spring come, and the loving hearts at home remember that these, their gardens of paradise, must not be forgotten; and the grass springs, and the flowers raise their heads and open their many-colored eyes, and in the long, fair June nights sing a requiem, low and sweet, to their voiceless listeners. But the lonely, neglected grave seems to have no part in the hymn, even as its barren mound has found no hand to express the love and anguish that yearns so hopelessly to make it too bloom like a bed in the garden of Eden, spite of the threatening mountain-tops and the ever-booming waves.

"A distant grave is the polar needle of the heart. It draws, magnetically, the wanderer home, when the earnest petition of some living voice remains

unheeded. Paul Fleming thought to put the blue sea between himself and his dead hopes; but the lonely grave at home tracked his steps through the lovely valley of the Interlachen, on the snowy summits of the Alps, in the solemn dim cathedral aisles, keeping his heart ever unsatisfied, ever wondering at his own unrest, until, in the little village church-yard of St. Gilgen, the green mounds of strangers, wreathed with *immortelles*, tended with love and care, evoked the long, low wail of his bereaved heart; and from out their deeps seemed to come the cry, 'Go back to the grave which waits the sound of your feet—which needs the moisture of your tears; she who lies beneath is lonely, and, like us, longs for some token of remembrance and love to banish the darkness of her charnel-house.'

"This custom of decorating the grave has, I think, taken a stronger hold of the German heart than that of any other nation, unless, indeed, France may be an exception. In Germany, it is universal. The grave, or cross which stands at its head—beautiful symbol of the hope of him who lies beneath—is never seen without its decorative wreath, always renewed when its freshness and beauty are on the wane. You remember, Juliet, I am sure, the grave-yard scene in 'Quits,' and with what earnest and touching pathos the young peasant-girl accepted the trust of tending it, and keeping the flowers ever renewed during the absence of Nora. Loving and possessing her own dead, she could well understand this deep heart-wish of the stranger lady; and Nora saw in her beaming eyes a surer pledge of the religious fulfilment of her trust than her lips gave when accepting the reward of her labors.

"Few of the papers in the 'Spectator' are so finished, beautiful, and suggestive as the one wherein Addison describes his visit with Sir Roger de Coverly to Westminster Abbey. I have often thought it a want of taste in the English artist not to have immortalized this scene with the brush as Addison has done with the pen. How impressive is the noble, characteristic simplicity of dear old Sir Roger, as he stands, with head uncovered and heart deeply moved, among the monuments of the mighty dead, while he listens with reverence to the eloquence of his more worldly and gifted friend, as he points, in gloomy language, to the solemn truths that speak from those tombs—truths more mighty, reverberating through those dim aisles from the now silenced harp-voices of the *Poet's Corner*, than their living tongues ever uttered!

"With the beauties of Père la Chaise I think you are sufficiently familiar from your readings. It is from France that our observance of the first of November comes—being an old Catholic custom to devote one day of the year to the memory of the departed. The Church observes the second of that month, All-Soul's Day; but the devotions are commenced on the eve in the cemeteries, as the church-service occupies too much of the second day to give time for out-door ceremonies. Unfortunately, since the population has become so promiscuous, much of the fervor and solemnity which formerly

characterized these observances has departed, and, from having been a religious festival, it is more like a joyous *fête* day. The majority, being strangers and those who have no dead to mourn, are actuated in their visits more by curiosity than either affection or devotion. Here and there you see a true mourner; but the majority of such shun the gay, noisy crowd; and though they decorate the tombs, and send their servants to keep watch and guard, yet in the quiet and sacred seclusion of their own homes, or at the foot of the altar, they unite their prayers for some loved soul's repose with the chant of the priest, as he treads his rounds amid the sleeping dwellers of the silent city. From having been once an exclusively Catholic custom, it is now almost universal — the public taste of late years improving sufficiently, in its sense of the beautiful, to have adopted at least a part of the sentiment and poetry of the old Church. In the Protestant cemeteries, of course, there are neither priest nor acolyte, cross or prayer; only the tribute of loving hearts and hands to the earthly part of the lost ones — believing that their souls' needs are beyond the reach of even their prayers. Formerly, with us a grave-yard was considered a dreary, dismal place, suggestive only of thoughts and feelings calculated to mar one's enjoyment of life. A railing and tomb to mark the spot were thought sufficient proof of remembrance; and though the dead were not forgotten, but, on the contrary, their memory more deeply treasured than is, in too many instances, the case now, when so much show and ostentation seem to have absorbed the truer feeling, yet a grave was rarely visited, save when another member of the family was followed to the same spot. Now, how different the feeling and practice. Every city has its cemeteries, laid out with the best horticultural taste and skill, and neither time nor money are spared in these adornments, combining the extreme of moral beauty, blended harmoniously with shaft and obelisk, Gothic chapel and funeral urn. The change is undoubtedly in the right direction; but unfortunately, as is too often the case, one extreme has only given place to another. Instead of grounds once devoted to grass and weeds, and a uniform edition of marble slabs, square and upright, we have now all varieties of flaunting red and yellow flowers — colors out of place at this earth-bridal — tombs covered with senseless toys, and decorated with heathen emblems, such as inverted torches, lions, dogs, the Egyptian sphinx, and other incongruous adornments, more fit for a museum of curiosities than adapted to a spot which should possess only such emblems as are symbolic of life's greatest lesson, and suggestive of the grand solemnity of its end."

SUSAN BLANCHARD ELDER

IS the daughter of General Albert G. Blanchard, late of the C. S. A. She was born in an extreme Western frontier military post, where her father, then a captain in the United States service, was stationed to watch the border Indians, and her childhood was passed amid scenes and incidents that naturally arise in such a situation. Her mother died while she was yet very young, and for many years hers was the sad experience of an unloved orphan, for she was soon separated from her father's care.

She was educated in the world-noted public schools of the city of New Orleans; cultivation taught her to appreciate art, and her education thoroughly developed a mind of no ordinary capacity.

While quite young, she became the wife of Charles D. Elder, of New Orleans; and when the changed duties from a daughter's secluded home to a wife's and mother's cares fell to her lot, she met them firmly, and cheerfully fulfilled their requirements.

Mr. Elder, when New Orleans was captured by the Federals, went into the Confederacy with his family, and, like many others, sought from place to place a home of safety for his young and helpless family. In Selma, Ala., they remained some time—and their house was almost a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers at one time.

Since she was sixteen, she has contributed to the press, at first short poems and little pictures of life to different newspapers. "Babies," "The First Ride," etc., were full of pathos and beauty, while her poems were outpourings of a young, pure heart overflowing with love and an admiration of the beautiful. "Hermine," her *nom de plume*, always attracted attention to her articles. Much of her patriotic enthusiasm for military distinction must be ascribed to her young days at the West, also her love of the wild and stupendous in Nature. There is great simplicity in her style, and tenderness of feeling in all that she writes. A tinge of melancholy sometimes colors her song; but may not its source be traced to that poetic temperament so touchingly described by L. E. L., and her early want of a mother's tenderness?

She wrote only occasionally, until war came upon our land, when the first battle-cry seemed to renew all her childhood's memories, and her muse poured forth streams of patriotic feeling, appealing to all, and inspiring many hearts.

After the "surrender," she returned to New Orleans, and gracefully conforms to their changed circumstances, devoting much time to the education of her children and those increased household cares to which our Southern matrons have been called since the war. As a woman, she is peculiarly gentle in her manners and refined in her tastes: even in conversation her language is well chosen, and her words harmonious and elegant. She is still quite youthful. Mrs. Elder's most ambitious prose effort is a tale called "Ellen Fitzgerald," embodying some of the events in the life of the late lamented Dr. R. D. Williams, the Irish patriot and poet, who died at her house in Thibodeaux, La., before the war, and full of Southern scenes and feelings. I am told that it would make a duodecimo volume of over 400 pages. She published a portion of this tale in the "Morning Star," a Catholic weekly, published in the Crescent City.

[The following spirited poem is by a lady of this city, who, when the pen was considered "mightier than the sword," was a frequent contributor to our local press. She does not visit our fashionable promenades very often, but happening to be on Canal Street one sunny day last week, she was surprised to see great black chains — emblems of servitude — hung round the necks and over the shoulders of the free-born daughters of our land. On her return home she wrote the following lines, some of which, as our friend A. Ward would say, are "sarkastic." — *N. O. Sunday Times*.]

CHAINS!

Chains on a Southern woman! Chains!
 Base badges of defeat!
 What hand has dared to place them there?
 Binding your folds of flowing hair —
 Coiling like snakes o'er your bosoms fair —
 A strange and foul conceit!

Chains on a Southern woman! Chains!
 Vile types of blackest shame!

Worn in the light of the noonday sun,
Worn in the sight of the men who won
Their foes' respect when hope was gone,
Though not their deathless fame!

Chains on a Southern woman! Chains!
Infamy's fittest brand!
Hung over hearts that once throbbed high,
In those better days long since gone by,
When ye sent your loved ones forth to die
For cherished motherland!

Chains on a Southern woman! Chains!
Black emblem of disgrace!
Ye may cease to mourn for glories fled,
Ye may hush your sighs for a cause now dead,
But ye should not wear without blushes red
The badge of a fallen race!

Chains on a Southern woman! Chains!
Submission flaunted wide!
Fling them away from your scornful sight!
Loosen their fangs from your bosom bright!
Unclasp their links from your arms so white!
Trample them down with pride!

Chains on a Southern woman! Chains!
Away with the clanking things!
They tell the tale of a fortress strong,
Where was done a deed of the darkest wrong,
And a captive's heart was tortured long
By the sound of their iron rings!

Chains on a Southern woman! Chains!
Away with the livery base!
If ye be conquered, are ye cast down?
Need wear a chain, though lost your crown?
Nay! Lift your heads with your past renown,
And walk in unfettered grace!

Chains on a Southern woman! Chains!
Away with the badge untrue!
Ye wrong the memory of the slain!
Ye torture the living heart with pain!
On Southern honor ye cast a stain
Your foemen would scorn to do!

Chains on a Southern woman! Chains!
 Away with the slavish crest!
 Think of the hands now still and cold,
 Chainless and free 'neath the earth's damp mould,
 And twine no fetters of jewel or gold
 O'er hearts where their memories rest.

CLEOPATRA DYING.

Glorious victim of my magic!
 Ruined by my potent spell,
 From the world's imperial station
 Have I dragged thee down to Hell!
 Fallen chieftain! unthroned monarch!
 Lost through doting love for me!
 Fast, on shades of night eternal,
 Wings my soul its flight to thee!

Cæsar shall not grace his triumph
 With proud Egypt's captive queen!
 Soothed to sleep by aspic kisses,
 Soon my heart on thine shall lean.
 Soon my life, like lotus-blossoms,
 Swift shall glide on Charon's stream;
 Clasped once more in thy embraces,
 Love shall prove an endless dream.

Iris! Charmian! Bind my tresses!
 Place the crown above my brow!
 Touch these hands and take these kisses—
 Antony reproves not now!
 Gods! my lips breathe poisoned vapors!
 They have struck my Charmian dead!
 Foolish minion! durst precede me
 Where my spirit's lord has fled?

None shall meet his smile before me,
 None within his arms repose;
 Be his heart's impassioned fires
 Quenched upon my bosom's snows!
 None shall share his burning kisses
 Ere I haste me to his side!
 Octavia's tears may prove her widowed—
 Cleopatra's still his bride!

See, my courage claims the title!
 Closer pressed the aspic fangs —
 Memories of his quickening touches
 Sweeten now these deadly pangs!
 Honor, manhood, glory's teachings —
 All he bartered for my smile!
 Twined his heart-strings round my fingers,
 Vibrant to a touch the while;

Followed fast my silver rudder,
 Fled from Cæsar's scornful eye,
 Heeded not his bleeding honor,
 Glad upon my breast to lie!
 Then I snared him in my meshes,
 Bound him with my wily art,
 From the head of conquering legions
 Snatched him captive to my heart.

Wild his soul at my caresses!
 Weak his sword at my command!
 Rome with fury saw her mightiest
 Bowed beneath a woman's hand!
 Noblest of the noble Romans!
 Greatest of the Emperors three!
 Thou didst fling away a kingdom,
 Egypt gives herself to thee!

Sweet as balm; most soft and gentle
 Drains the asp my failing breath!
 Antony, my lord! my lover!
 Stretch thy arms to me in death,
 Guide me through these deepening shadows!
 Faint my heart, and weak my knee!
 Glorious victim! ruined hero!
 Cleopatra dies for thee!

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

Our castles in Spain are proud and high,
 With lofty spires and glittering domes!
 We may often see in the western sky
 The burnished roofs of those stately homes,

With their crimson banners flung out to cheer
Our weary hearts in their exile here!

All that was lost in days now gone,
Is treasured up in our castle fair;
Our faded crown, and our fallen throne,
Our past renown, and our valor rare,
Our ruined hopes, and our vanished dreams,
Take lasting shapes and unfading gleams!

Our gallant dead are restored to life
By the balmy air of that Spanish land;
Not ghastly pale from their glorious strife,
But laurel-crowned in those halls they stand;
While fretted ceiling and frescoed arch
Resound with the notes of their triumph-march!

The tender vows of the bridal day,
The light shut down 'neath the icy lid,
The golden tint of the hair now gray,
Are all in our Spanish caskets hid,
With the generous hopes of our boyhood's time,
And the nobler deeds of our manhood's prime!

In our Spanish homes no oppression stalks
To bow the head or to crush the heart;
No skeleton freedom in manacles walks,
Bleeding with wounds from a venomous dart;
But Liberty, free and unfettered and proud,
Wears a heavenly robe, not a horrible shroud!

The future is dismal. Its clouds hang low,
Darkening the present with shadows of gloom,
But over our Spanish possessions we know
There's a golden glow and a tender bloom —
And a halo of beauty surpassingly bright,
In whose presence there enters no shadow of night.

If sorrow or shame, with want and dismay,
Ever darken the South in her valleys so fair,
Her children all know they have lands far away —
They all possess stately, proud "Castles in Air,"
Which they never can lose by tyrannical power,
And where Hope smiles serene thro' the gloomiest hour.

NEW ORLEANS, March 14, 1868.

The following is from "Ellen Fitzgerald," and relates to the return of a favorite slave, disgusted with "*freedom*."

Jim's heart began to quake as he neared his master's door. He was afraid that Mr. Dudley would turn him off, have nothing more to do with him; and the very thought was anguish to him.

Mr. Dudley's house was situated on one of those wide, beautiful streets of New Orleans, along the centre of which extended a long avenue of graceful elms, whose foliage at this season of the year afforded a grateful protection from the sun, and served to add new beauty to the handsome residences that stretched along on either side.

The windows of the stately mansion were open, and through them Jim could see the large parlors, with their elegant furniture, graceful mirrors, and glittering chandeliers. It had always been his task, or pleasure rather, to keep those rooms in order, and Jim sighed as he thought of the pleasant days when his heaviest labor was to dust those gilded frames, that rose-wood table, those marble vases, that handsome piano, and the sweet-toned harp of his dear Miss Blanche.

He crept up to the open window and peered in, longing to see the kind young mistress who had always thought that he would come back to his old home. As he stood there, he could see the splendid sideboard in the far parlor, with its weight of polished silver and glittering crystal.

How well he knew those tall decanters, with their long, slender necks! Many a time had his master given him generous libations from their well-filled store. Ah! it almost seemed to Jim that old master stood there now, with wine-glass lifted, hand on hip, enjoying his peerless wine—and so he did! As Jim made this discovery, his heart jumped and fluttered, while involuntarily he withdrew his head from the window, until only his eyes were on a level with the sill. Yes! there was old master "sure enough," thought Jim, just as stout and cheerful-looking as ever; and there before him stood his two fair daughters, Miss Kate, and poor Jim's especial favorite, Miss Blanche. How beautiful they both were, and yet how unlike in form and face! One so fair and fragile, with golden hair and snowy cheek, and such a halo of white-robed peace around her that you would call her by her name as soon as your eyes rested on her. The other so proud and queenly in her bearing, with flashing eyes and rosy lips, the graceful, delicate, yet perfect image of her handsome father.

"Oh, Miss Kate, Miss Kate!" sighed Jim, "how little do you heed or think of the poor, sad ducky at your door!" And yet Jim knew her heart was kind and gentle, though she could be at times as stern and unbending as old master himself.

"But, sweet Miss Blanche!" he went on thinking to himself; "she *cried* for me, and thought I would come back."

Jim's eyes grew moist as this delicious memory came upon him, and he

felt as if all that long, dreary year of freedom might prove to be a dream, and that he would wake some happy day to find himself at home again.

At home! Oh, how he longed to see himself behind that happy group — to feel *at home*, with waiter in his hand, ready to do their bidding! It might be — yes, it might! Miss Blanche would plead for him, and master might forgive and keep him in the old home still!

His joy was so exquisite at the thought, that he heard not the approach of two young men; and it was only when they ascended the steps and rang the clear-toned bell, that Jim came back to the sad reality of the present hour.

He knew well what it meant. They were visitors of the young ladies, and had come to spend a long, delightful evening under the roof he loved so well.

Little chance for him now to see Miss Blanche, and the sigh with which this reflection was accompanied came from the very depths of poor Jim's honest heart.

As the sound of the door-bell fell upon Mr. Dudley's ear, Jim saw him raise his hands in mock dismay, push his two laughing daughters away from him into the front parlor, and heard him say in a tone loud enough to be heard even by the young gentlemen at the door:

"Well, girls! Here are your night-blooming jasmines. So good-bye; I'm off up-stairs to mamma."

Jim sighed again. Oh, why could he not have his humble share of that great house's comfort and delight! But he had forfeited all claim to his master's confidence, and now must bear the bitter consequences. As Jim dropped down into the shadow of the house, and leaned his head against the wall, he did not reflect, perhaps, that his life was truly darkened by anxiety and care; but one thing he did know, and realized to its full extent, and that was that his heart was not by any means as light and contented as when he was a slave to a kind and generous master.

He heard steps again approaching, but this time the new-comer sent out a lively song to herald his coming. The musical words of *Lover* rang out, clear and loud, and Jim recognized his young master William, by the song he had chosen:

"When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'T was on the market-day," etc.

Delighted at this unexpected meeting, Jim jumped forward to meet him:
"Mas' William, howd'y!"

The young man stopped very suddenly, both in his song and walk, as he exclaimed:

"Who in the name of thunder are you?"

"Jim, sir."

"Jim! Why, when did you turn up, boy?"

"I cum straight across the ocean, sir; jes' got home to-day, and is monstrous glad to see you, Mas' William."

"Have you seen your master, Jim, and is it all right there?"

"No, Mas' William: I dusn't dar speak to him fust. I been calculatin' on Miss Blanche or you to help me through. Is old master very much down on me, sir?"

"I am afraid he is, Jim. I have heard him say that he would never have anything more to do with you."

"Jes' what I 'spected and feared," said poor Jim, in a tone of real distress. "Mas' William, can't you talk him out of dat notion? I'll do a'most anything, if he'll only lem'me stay at home."

"What would be the use, Jim? You would get tired and go away again."

"Go, Mas' William? Go away? Go away again?"

There was so much expressed in the climax of this sentence, that young Dudley recognized the sincerity of poor Jim's heart, and determined to do his part in restoring him to his old home and footing.

Seeing that there were guests in the parlor, Dudley advised Jim to remain concealed until a favorable opportunity should offer for presenting himself before his master.

He knew it would not do to take him to the room of his invalid mother; and like Jim, he thought Miss Blanche would prove the most eloquent pleader in his behalf.

"I'll whistle for you, Jim," said the young man, as he prepared to enter his father's house; "and when you hear the signal, be ready to come right forward."

"I'll stay right at dat tree," said Jim, pointing to the avenue of elms. "I can see de winders fust-rate from dar, and can watch when de young gemp-lem's go."

Young Dudley entered the house, while Jim betook himself to his lonely post. Seated there, he could see, as he said, the windows of the house, and could hear the merry voices ring out upon the stillness of the night.

Tears rose to his eyes as he watched the great, shining house, within whose walls he had always found light, and love, and happiness.

He thought over his wretched experience of freedom, his pitiful plight on board the ship, and his present homeless, friendless condition.

He was no longer the boy in whom his master felt such pride and confidence, whom his kind mistress indulged and pampered, and whom the young people had always treated with familiar and affectionate regard.

And now — who cared for him, or took any interest in his welfare? He remembered the nice clothes, the good food, the pocket-money, that had made his life so pleasant in the olden time.

He thought of his Sunday suits, of the circus nights, the procession days, the holiday seasons, when his had been a share of every pleasure, comfort, or amusement.

Shivering with the fear that perhaps these golden days had passed away forever, Jim saw the young men preparing to leave, and knew that the moment of ordeal was near at hand.

Dudley accompanied them to the door, and as soon as the leave-takings were over, Jim heard his young master call Miss Blanche to his side. By the gas-light in front of the house, he could see the gleam of her white hands as she rested them on her brother's shoulder.

Then Jim knew that they were speaking of him, and his heart and his hands and his knees trembled in unison, one with the others. Then he knew that all was told — that a pair of white hands had clapped together in an ecstasy of delight, that a sweet, pale face had flushed with joyful surprise, that a pure and stainless heart had thrilled with generous emotion; and even before the young man whistled, Jim, though stiff from long sitting, had jumped from his place, and was half-way across the street.

"Jim! Jim! Jim!" was Miss Blanche's kind greeting to him, "I was so afraid you had died away there at the North; for I always believed that you would come back to us again. Come in. I'll go right up stairs for papa, and we'll have you forgiven soon, poor fellow!"

She flew away even while she spoke, and as Kate had also gone to her mother's room, Dudley found the parlors deserted.

Jim stood partially hid by one of the doors, as Mr. Dudley, led by his sweet daughter, entered the room.

"Well; well!" he said, in his usual cheerful tones; "Blanche has some mysterious communication to make, and I have to come down from mamma's cosy room to hear it."

He sat down in one of the velvet arm-chairs Dudley rolled up to receive him, and stretched out his arms to Blanche to seat her on his knees.

"Not yet, papa," she said. "First hear what brother has to say, for it is a great, great favor we have to ask you."

There was a slight quiver of sadness in the young girl's voice as she said the words, and for the first time Mr. Dudley felt that it was no trivial question of party or dress that engrossed his daughter's thoughts.

"Father," said Dudley, stepping up to Blanche, and encircling her with his arm, "we come to ask your forgiveness, to petition for your favor; not for ourselves," he added, seeing a look of surprise and pain flash from his father's eye; "not for ourselves, but for a poor, prodigal, truly repentant —"

"It's Jim! dear papa. It's Jim!" cried Blanche, impatient at her brother's slow, studied speech, and throwing her arms around her father's neck. "It's our Jim who has come home; and he wants you to forgive him, and take him back to your favor, and let him be the same old Jim he used to be."

"Whew! There, now!" thought Dudley. "What short work she makes of it! I don't think I would have come to that point for a quarter of an hour yet."

As soon as his name was mentioned by the tender voice which could not fail to win its way, Jim hurried forward, but catching sight of his master's still, stern face, dropped suddenly on his knees, half-way between the door and his master's chair.

"Here I am, massa! here I am!" he said in a tone of humble sorrow; "do anything you want to me, only don't send me away from home!"

"Hush, sir!" interrupted Mr. Dudley in his sternest tones, "and listen to what I have to say."

Jim's head went down upon his breast, as if it had suddenly been dislocated, while it could scarcely be told if he breathed at all, so still and statue-like was his drooping form.

"I have always said," continued Mr. Dudley, "that if ever a slave of mine saw fit to run away, I would never again have anything to do with him. You, however, have come back of your own accord, and this step shows that you have a good heart."

Up came Jim's head again, while honest joy at this assertion shone out from his two staring eyes.

"Though determined to adhere to my first resolution," continued his master, "I will not deal hardly by you; but will myself look out for a good home and a kind master for you."

Again did poor Jim's head go down with a spring, while an unmistakable groan proceeded from the kneeling figure.

"I will do even more," said Mr. Dudley, kindly; "whatever amount your new owner shall see fit to offer for you, I will give over to your own hands, so that in the course of time, by industry and good behavior, you may be enabled to purchase, in an honest way, that freedom you seem so much to covet."

This was too much for Jim's poor heart to bear. It was the fear of this that had kept him thin, and that now gave words to his sorrow and motion to his rigid limbs. Falling rather than kneeling at his master's feet, he sobbed aloud:

"I don't want to be sold! I don't want to be free! I only want to stay in my dear, dear old home!"

Blanche leaned her sweet face against her brother's bosom and wept too.

"Don't part with him, dear papa!" she pleaded; "I don't think he will ever leave us again."

Here was another kind word to cheer his sinking soul, and Jim, rising to his knees, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, exclaimed:

"You are right, Miss Blanche! If every other nigger in New Orleans was free, I would n't go with them. No! That I would n't."

"What an absurd contingency!" whispered Dudley to his sister. "We can count upon Jim remaining with us for a pretty long time."

But poor Jim saw nothing amusing in his humble plight, and drawing himself still closer to Mr. Dudley, while he nervously grasped one arm of the velvet chair, he continued his simple pleading:

"I never knowed how dear everything was to me until I had lost 'em all! O massa, massa! let me stay home now with you until I die!"

Blanche's tender heart melted within her as she listened to poor Jim's entreaties; and again laying her hand on her father's shoulder, she said:

"For my sake, papa, forgive him. I cannot bear to have him sold!"

Mr. Dudley was a kind man in spite of his determined will, and felt sorely

troubled by the alternatives forced upon him. Jim's sincere attachment to the family touched him deeply, and his daughter's tears brought sympathetic drops to his own eyes. What was he to do? How keep his word in regard to Jim? How soothe the grief of his own most cherished Blanche? Suddenly his face brightened, and drawing his daughter close to his side, he spoke again:

"I am truly sorry for you, Jim; but I cannot change my determination never to own you again as my slave. Still, I think I know of one person who will make you as happy as ever I did, and by transferring you to that person's care, I shall feel satisfied that your welfare is secured."

Jim rocked his head from side to side in a sort of hopeless, wild negative; but Blanche, detecting some hidden meaning in her father's altered tone, glanced up to his face with a glad, inquiring look.

"Jim! look at me!" said Mr. Dudley, "and mark my words attentively."

Jim stopped the rocking motion, but looked up with a face most mournful and incredulous.

"I have already chosen your new owner, and henceforth you are no slave of mine. I trust that the lesson of the past may serve as a teacher for the future, and that from this day forth you will be a wiser boy as well as a more contented servant. Here, Jim, is your owner! your new master, or mistress rather; and I hope Miss Blanche may never again have occasion to complain of her new slave, or feel dissatisfied with her old father!"

They saw it all in a moment; and as Mr. Dudley drew his daughter toward him, Jim seized his other hand and covered it with tears and kisses. Blanche clasped him round the neck and thanked him with a hundred different endearing words; while Willie, catching up his hat from where he had last left it, threw it up to the ceiling, and caught it again with a "Hip! hurrah! and father forever!"

Mr. Dudley's hearty laugh rang out with an unmistakable satisfaction in it, and laying his hand on Jim's shoulder, he brought him up to a standing position:

"You are not looking very well, boy!" he said, kindly. "Your young mistress must look after you, and see that you get as fat as you used to be."

Jim understood his master's *ruse* perfectly, but was too grateful to question further.

And what a change had come over his face! The strange, whitish look had gone, and its genuine black hue shone out most brilliantly, while his eyes and even his teeth bespoke his heart-felt joy and satisfaction.

When at last Mr. Dudley dismissed him to the kitchen to see his old companions and fellow-servants, Jim's grin was as natural, and his bow as full of grace and ease as they had ever been. "I feel good all over!" said Jim to himself as he left the room; and just before he was out of reach of "Mas' William's" mischievous eyes, he threw up his arms in a kind of wild, exuberant joy, that made Dudley declare to his father and sister that if Jim had only dared he would have repeated with additional *gusto* his own enthusiastic demonstration: "Hip! hurrah! and old master forever!"

MRS. M. B. HAY.

MRS. HAY, well known throughout the South by her poems and prose, which display talent, sometimes lacking in finish and study, was born in New York, but her parents removed to Kentucky during her infancy, and she was raised in the South.

She is descended from English and Irish parentage, from titled families on both sides. Her mother's father was Scotch, by name of Wilson, and a relative of the celebrated "Christopher North." She is related, on her father's side, to General Andrew Jackson, to whom she is said to have a strong family and personal resemblance. She was married at the age of sixteen to the Rev. A. L. Hay, and accompanied her husband, who went as missionary to the Indians, among whom she spent eight years.

Her life has been spent in arduous duties, and writing has been only an occasional recreation. She has not had the leisure to devote to her pen, to cultivate imagination or indulge in æsthetic taste. She has written many articles of practical or local interest, having been obliged, by circumstances, to lay aside inclinations and taste, and consequently has wooed the Muse but occasionally.

Mrs. Hay has gained considerable reputation as a teacher of mathematics, having written an arithmetic, which was highly complimented by the press and the professors who examined it, and failed of publication by bad faith on the part of the parties who contracted for its publication.

Mrs. Hay is at this time a resident of Shreveport, La.

The following sonnet, which appeared in the first number of the "Crescent Monthly," New Orleans, received many merited encomiums.

ASPASIA.

Aspasia! fair Miletian, thou art wreathed
With all a woman's heart can wish, the dower
Of classic beauty fair, illumed with power
Of intellect. From thy red lips are breathed

Wisdom's deep tones, to woman scarce bequeathed.
 Fame brings thee brilliant wreaths of jewels rare,
 To wind with passion-flowers amid thy hair;
 With Love's rich wine thy heart's deep thirst relieved.
 Yet lackest thou the gem whose glorious sheen
 Would o'er them all a heaven-born splendor roll —
 The gem that from Cleomene's pale brow doth gleam —
 The virgin whiteness of a holy soul.
 Her crown of pure white lilies shall as diamonds beam:
 Upon thy brow shall rest shame's darkest scroll.

The following was published "during the war," and attracted much attention at the time. It possesses considerable merit, although as a prophetic piece it was a failure.

It was written immediately after the news of the successful repulse of the Federal forces, and Vicksburg's brave resistance, before her fall.

VICKSBURG.

Uplifted on a throne
 Of the cold, white gleaming stone,
 A city stands alone:
 Uprising from the tide —
 From the yellow, turbid tide,
 Where the waters sullen glide;
 Where the sunlight of the West
 Streaks the Mississippi's breast
 With its streams of liquid blood;
 And its roaring, angry flood
 Sweeps onward to the South,
 To its grove-encircled mouth;
 The battlements there stand
 That defend our glorious land,
 Our own, our blood-dyed land!

She sits calm *on* a rock;
 She awaits the coming shock,
 In conscious strength sublime,
 Defying all but time.
 Mark ye her bulwarks well,
 That defy the fiendish shell,
 And tell the foemen, tell
 Of the living rampart strong,
 To withstand their bitter wrong —

The wall of living hearts,
Of noble, loving hearts,
At whose name the tear-drop starts:
They have breathed sweet Freedom's air —
They are strong to will and dare —
They are strong to do and bear!

The cannon-thunders roar,
The myriads on her pour:
Through the smoke and din of war,
She arises still serene;
And the sun, with golden beam,
Pours molten glory o'er
Scarred front and trampled shore —
On the bloody, turbid tide,
Where blackened corpses ride,
Where dismantled vessels rest,
With white dead upon their breast,
On their gory, shattered breast.

She was shielded from their ire
With a wall of living fire —
By the just and righteous God,
Who stretched out his mighty rod
On the foeman in the field —
The blasted, crimsoned field,
And o'er her holds his shield:
He will battle with the Right,
And protect her with His might:
He will triumph o'er the foe,
Lay her pride and beauty low:
Chant ye her requiem slow —
A requiem sad and slow;
For a nation shall expire,
By Jehovah's holy ire,
While ascendeth higher, higher,
The anthem that will be
Of a new-born nation free!

When to the Past's deep urn,
Ye for her treasures turn,
Tell ye in words that burn,
To the children at the knee,
As ye talk of Liberty,

How Vicksburg rose in light,
 'Mid the fearful stormy night—
 That blood-stained, bitter night,
 And withstood the foe in might.
 Let her name be wreathed with flowers,
 In your halls and festive bowers,
 Be struck from golden lyre,
 Gleam 'mid the Poet's fire,
 On our Southern breezes float,
 To the nations far remote,
 With the jasmine's odors borne
 On the pure white wings of morn,
 Of the blushing, gold-haired morn;
 Till they weave her name in song,
 With the ancient cities strong,
 That withstood the ancient wrong;
 Till a gem gleams forth her name
 In the flaming crown of Fame,
 Of burning, blazing Fame.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A CAPE JASMINE.

A soft perfume hangs heavy on the air;
 Its sweet nepenthe calms the soul's fierce pain,
 And from life's fever-thirst and fret doth bear,
 And soothes me as my mother's breast again.

Away in distance far dies war's fierce tone,
 While open wide the forest's winding ways,
 Within whose cool, green depths are heard alone
 The murmuring leaves and golden-winged fays.

Thy gleaming leaves recall the brook's bright sheen,
 Wherein again my childhood's feet I lave;
 Where golden-hearted lilies whitely gleam,
 And willows bend to kiss the rippling wave.

Still heavier grows the air with perfume sweet,
 As o'er my brow steal unseen cooling hands:
 My soul goes forth strange visitors to greet,
 And seems to commune with immortal bands.

Bright forms of dream-like beauty round me glide;
 In language wild awakes the sluggish mind;
 Sweet sounds that in celestial realms abide,
 Sweep by upon the unbound western wind.

Now burning thoughts, uprising, seem to swell
 My tongue to utterance, like Sibyl old:
 Alas! the faltering accents break the spell,
 And leave their weird-like beauty all untold.

Why sweep these visions bright across my soul,
 Evoking thence a wild Æolian strain?
 Why do its yearnings vain spurn mind's control,
 And thought's intensity bring thrilling pain?

Thy calm white petals to my gaze unfold,
 And bid my heart to learn in silence meek;
 They say, "The beautiful sweet converse hold,
 To rouse the soul the beautiful to seek."

They bid me clothe my soul in spotless white,
 With Mary, wisdom seek at Jesus' feet:
 White robes alone are glorious in His sight,
 The "pure in heart" for His dear presence meet.

And, gazing on thy glossy, deep dark green,
 The Tree of Life before my vision glides,
 And waters still, reflecting heaven's sheen,
 And white-robed throng that on its shore abides.

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The crimson passion-flower* my life has wound,
 Its buds hang heavy with the dews of night:
 My Father, let my dying brow be crowned
 With Hope's bright buds, and Faith's large lilies white.

RESIGNATION.

Be patient, O my soul! yield not a sound
 Of murmuring 'neath the chastening rod,
 Although Hell's fiercest hosts encamp around:
 Rest thou in fullest Hope and Strength in God;

* Emblem of suffering.

Though as the Son of Morning Satan lures,
 Or with temptations fierce thy strength assays,—
 Though Sorrow's cloud thy heavenly light obscures,
 And Spirit-wrestlings mar thy glorious days,—
 Be patient, for the joyous, glowing morn
 In radiant beauty breaks o'er darkest night.
 Lo! from thy darkness glorious Hope is born,
 That gilds the floating clouds with glory bright:
 From the dull worm, encased in silken shroud,
 Is born triumphant beauty; and the germ
 Within the shell deep-folded, tells aloud
 Of life upspringing from the grave's cold urn.
 As night brings forth the day; decay, bright life,—
 So love is born of sorrow; joy, of pain;
 And holiness, of suffering stern, and strife;
 And purity, from fiercest furnace-flame.

Be patient, Soul! for Faith's full-moon will rise,
 And o'er thy dark, long night its brightness pour,
 And spirits' eyes as stars gleam from the skies:
 But if thou faint, grief veils their beauty o'er.
 Who perfumed isles would reach, or wealth would gain
 From India's clime, the surging wave must stem;
 The purest pearls lie deepest in the main,
 And from dark mines is dug the glorious gem;
 From mental strife is born that burning thought,
 That sends through centuries its glowing light;
 The soul's fierce throes with richer boon are fraught,
 And blood-washed are those robes with glory bright.
 Be patient, then, for from the furnace-glow
 And anvil-beating stroke spring Love and Might:
 Thou yet serenest peace and joy wilt know,
 The palm victorious wave 'mid hosts of light.

GERTRUDE A. CANFIELD.

MRS. GERTRUDE AUGUSTA CANFIELD is a native of Vicksburg, Miss. She was born in 1836, and on the second marriage of her mother, removed with her to the Parish of Rapides, La., where she has since resided. In 1859 she married, and her husband, the gallant Major Canfield, was killed in leading a desperate charge at the battle of Mansfield, April 8th, 1864. No man in Rapides was more universally liked and respected than Major Canfield, and the tribute of honor to his memory was general and spontaneous throughout the parish where he had resided and practised his profession—the law.

Few among our war-stricken people have suffered more deeply than Mrs. Canfield. The loss of husband and children, the utter destruction of all her property, the necessity of providing for the wants of a helpless family, would have utterly overwhelmed a woman of less energy than herself. To this last circumstance (the struggle for support) is owing, in a great measure, the shortness and infrequency of her published writings. The few which have appeared in the "Louisiana Democrat" and New Orleans "Crescent" are marked by a sentiment and sensibility of a true poetic order. They convey the idea of culture, and a fancy which only scatters these slight lyrics from an abundance which will yet mature a work of more depth and pretension.

But it is from Mrs. Canfield's unpublished writings that her friends draw the clearest prestige of her future literary success.

A novel yet in manuscript (the publication having been delayed for a time) is marked by a force, a pathos, and a purity which must give her a high place among Southern writers. It is a tale which none but a woman could have written, from the insight it gives into a woman's heart and hidden springs of action; but it is also filled with characters and details masculine in their grasp of thought and treatment. When "My Cousin Anne" is published, we feel confident that the author will receive her reward, in part at least. We add purity as the crowning grace, for among the sensational and *decollété* writings of the present day, her mode of creation comes to us as a new revelation.

Mrs. Canfield's lyrics are, many of them, spirited and good. They do not appear to be the result of deep thought and careful combination, but spontaneous outbursts which seek rhythmical cadences as the natural music of the song. What she has done already is nothing but an imperfect interpretation of powers, to which we look for more sustained effort and fuller work.

CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

Pause, careless stranger — stop and turn aside;
 The spot whereon thou standst is holy ground.
 What though no monuments in sculptured pride
 Mark where the many graves lie scattered round?
 Yet pause, and bow thy head in reverence deep,
 The place is sacred — here the mighty sleep.

The long dank grass waves rustling in the wind,
 The sere leaves' russet mantle veils each mound,
 And trailing weeds, and the wild-brier vine,
 Have round each headboard leafy chaplets bound;
 While the low breeze's moaning murmur makes
 The only sound that the sad silence breaks.

On all those graves there's not a single line
 To tell fond friends — "Here the loved dust reposes;"
 In vain Affection seeks that spot to find,
 Where trembling hands should strew memorial roses:
 On all alike the long grass rustling waves,
 All look alike, those crowded, nameless graves.

Here rest the heroes of a hundred fields,
 Martyrs to Liberty's most sacred cause;
 Patriots who deemed it privilege to yield
 Their dearest life-blood for their land and laws.
 Our dead! *they* sleep in this neglected spot,
 As though the land they died for loved them not.

But 'tis not so; — shrined in our hearts they lie,
 Holiest of holies! — and their memories green,
 Deep hidden in our breasts from every eye,
 Immortelles of the soul, shall bloom unseen.
 Here rest our dead — our precious hero-band,
 In the fond hearts of their own native land.

Nor here alone,—the wide earth owns their fame;
 In storied climes far o'er the distant sea,
 Where'er is cherished Liberty's dear name,
 Shall they, her peerless champions, honored be.
There rest our dead, embalmed in song and story,
 And every name wreathed round with deathless glory.

No tyrant's fiat can that record tear,
 No rude hand cast those sacred tablets down;
 Our foes, triumphant though they be, must bear
 To hear the pæans of that loud renown —
 That sweeps in sounding surge o'er land and wave,
 And sighs its dirge o'er each Confederate grave.

THREE LOVES.

My childhood's love was calm and light,
 A sweet and pure and sunny vision,
 Shining in colors mildly bright,
 Tinting my youth with hues Elysian;
 And though the world in cold derision
 At childhood's passing passion sneers,
 Few feelings are where the division
 'Twixt earth and heaven so faint appears
 As ere the first love-dreams depart
 From childhood's unpolled heart.

Again I loved—my girlhood's dream
 Had more of passion's depth and power,
 But joyous as the wintry stream
 Just freed by Spring's first sunny hour:
 It passed—and for its bitter dower
 Left anguished heart and aching brain:
 Alas! that such a lovely flower
 Could bear such poison-fruit!—but pain
 Did even like joy at length depart,
 And cool indifference healed my heart.

My womanhood was calmly cold;
 The flame that had so fiercely burned
 Was quenched, and from its fiery fold
 My heart shrank quivering, tortured, spurned;

And vainly deeming it had learned
Sorrow's best lesson—"Trust no more."
In vain: though hope, to ashes turned,
Like apples on the Dead Sea shore
Had mocked my lips, my soul still yearned
For love, though wisdom's dear-bought lore
Told me sweet peace must soon depart,
Should love re-enter my dead heart.

Despite experience' warning wise,
Again I love!—the heart I thought
Was dead to passion's burning sighs,
Thrills to thy touch with passion fraught;
Lives in the light of thy dear eyes,
Deprived of thee, its life, it dies.
As twilight to the deep midnight,
As star-rays to the lightning's glare,
As zephyrs to the tempest's might,
My former loves to this compare:
And should its cherished dreams depart,
In voiceless anguish break, my heart!

OUR DEAD.

Our dead! what tongue can tell their matchless story?
What pen relate their high heroic deeds?
What pencil paint the halo of their glory?
What heart that does not for their sufferings bleed?
The long Confederate Roll of Honor! every name
Shrined in the sanctuary of the nation's heart,
Wreathed round with laurel-leaves of deathless fame,
Shall never from our memories depart.

The war is over—Peace, benign and sweet,
Brings back the festive gathering to each hall
Whence mirth and the blithe sound of dancing feet
Had long been gone:—what though we have not all
Our loved ones with us—*some* are left to meet
With song and jest around the glowing hearth:
Choke back the tears which yonder vacant seat
Calls blinding to the eye:—give our dead rest, O Earth!

Ay, give them rest from where Potomac's waves
 Sound an eternal anthem of repose,
 To where the Shenandoah's countless graves
 Proclaim their well-earned vengeance on our foes.
 Where rolls the Mississippi's mighty stream,
 Where Tennessean mountains pierce the sky,
 There rest they in one long, unbroken dream,
 Tombed in the land for which they loved to die.

"Forget them, and be gay!" In vain! in vain!
 False is the smile that masks the brow of care,
 False is the laugh that mocks the heart's sore pain,
 False as our peace—like Dead-Sea apples, fair
 And tempting to the view, but ashes to the taste—
 The Peace of Desolation!—the red simoom's sweep
 Blasting the green earth to a desert waste.
 Force smiles to your pale lips, all ye who weep,
 Bid every sound of lamentation cease,
 Welcome the dreary void and call it—*Peace!*

Peace let it be—at least the war is over;
 No more the cannon's sullen roar is heard,
 No more the husband, father, brother, lover
 Press the last kiss, gasp out the parting word.
 Homeward each gallant soldier hath returned,
 The war-worn veterans bearing noble scars;
 Joy to the aching hearts that long have yearned
 To greet their dear ones coming from the wars.

Can we rejoice? Our country!—see her stand
 The Niobe of nations!—see her brow,
 So lately regal with its high command,
 Discrowned, degraded, 'neath her anguish bow.
 In Ramah there is lamentation—Rachel weeps
 For all her countless children who are not;
 O'er all our land there's not a wild wave sweeps
 But wails its requiem round some lonely spot
 Where rest our dead—buried, but unforgot.

Pause for a while, my Muse, and fondly turn,
 In Memory's sad and silent worship, where
 Nor storied column nor sepulchral urn
 Blazon such deeds as only heroes dare.
 Bravest and best! o'er thy red grave was heard
 No dirge save the dark pine's perpetual sigh;

Yet is thy name cherished like household word;
 Memory of worth like thine can never die:
 High on the bead-roll of the gallant slain,
 Hero and martyr! *thou* shalt aye remain.

We mourn them not—far happier they than we,
 Unconquered save by the all-conqueror, Death;
 Unchained, untrammelled, for the dead are free:
 Who would not yield this pittance of bare breath,
 All that the vengeance of our foes has spared, to be
 Even as they, our glorious martyr-band,
 Resting with Jackson 'neath the shady tree,
 By the broad river in the happy land?

IN THE TRENCHES.

It was on a cold sleety night of March, 1865, that in one room of a large tenement-house in Richmond a good fire and bright light were burning—a circumstance worthy to be “made a note on,” such luxuries as fire and light not being by any means common in the beleaguered capital, where wood was scarce and dear, coal scarcer and dearer, and money (that would buy anything) scarcest and dearest of all. The lights were “tallow dips,” it is true, but they were tolerably numerous, and judiciously disposed to give as much brilliancy to the scene as possible; and the red glow of the fire was, on so cold and dark a night, a luxury and beauty of the first order. Nor was this all. The light shone upon a pretty picture of household comfort, such as no one would have expected in a tenement-house in Richmond in 1865; that last dreadful year of our dreadful struggle, when the exhausted and undermined Confederacy tottered to its fall; when want was rife in palaces, and gaunt famine crouched on fireless hearths where, till then, the cheery blaze and the hospitable feast had never lacked.

The building of which we write had not been originally a tenement-house, but the residence of an opulent family whom the chances and changes of war had driven from their home, leaving behind them all the comforts and luxuries to which they had been accustomed; so that the room was prettily and even elegantly furnished. In the centre of the room was a table, and on that table—oh, sight rare and delectable!—was arranged a supper that would have rejoiced the soul of an epicure even in long past and almost forgotten “good times.”

White sugar, heaped in snowy profusion, a rare old china bowl, real coffee—none of your wretched substitutes of rye, potatoes, corn-meal, etc., but the genuine Mocha—shed its grateful aroma through the bright tin spout of the

coffee-pot on the hearth; the white china tea-pot flanked it on the other side, while at the foot of the table stood a juicy ham; golden butter occupied the centre; white rolls and biscuits, sweet-cakes and preserves filled up the intervals, and fragrant honey shed the odor of summer-flowers on the wintry air. How on earth, I hear my incredulous readers exclaim, did such a number of good things meet together in Richmond, in 1865? It happened in this wise: The tenement-house was crowded from attic to cellar with refugees from all parts of the adjacent country, and each one had contributed her quota to the feast. One had given the sugar, nearly half the small quantity brought from home, and jealously hoarded in case of sickness; another had spared the coffee from a sick husband's hospital stores; another had sent the juicy ham smuggled in from the country by a faithful contraband; and the pickles, preserves, honey, etc., came from similar sources. Kind and generous hearts! Of their little, each had spared a portion to enhance the young wife's innocent festival. Old Virginia! immortal Old Virginia! cypress mingles with and overshadows her laurels, and her soil sounds hollow with the graves of her noblest sons; but, at least, she has a glorious record to show; and beside the red blazonry of her world-famed battle-fields shines the gentler and more tender, yet equally eternal lustre of her heroic women's deeds of love and charity. And the little feast, contributed from a dozen generous sources, is in honor of one of Virginia's brave defenders—one who had spent all the nights of this cold, sleety March in the trenches before Petersburg—who slept, if he slept at all last night, on the cold, wet ground; but who should press to-night, please God! a softer, warmer couch.

The long-desired, long-solicited furlough is granted at last; and to-night the husband rejoins the wife, not seen for six long months. A few brief days of happiness they will share, even amidst war's universal desolation—forgetting the past, defying the future, they will be happy in the present. No wonder the young wife's eyes glisten, and her cheek flushes, and her breath comes quick and hurried, as she glances now at the clock, now at the table, and anon, with a fonder, more lingering look, at a tiny cradle drawn close to the glowing hearth, in which sleeps a chubby boy of four months old. Four months old, yet never seen by his father! Oh, what pure delight to show her boy, her first-born, to the author of his being!—to witness the father's proud joy!—to share his rapturous caresses! Tears of exquisite happiness—"the rapture trembling out of woe"—stole down the young wife's cheek as she bent beside her infant's cradle, and breathed her lowly, heart-felt "Thank God!" At that instant her ear caught the distant sound of approaching wheels—she knew it was near the hour when the last train from Petersburg would be in: doubtless her husband was a passenger in that train—doubtless it was his vehicle now drawing near. Yes; she is right—the carriage stops before the house—there is a knock at the street-door—it opens, and steps ascend the stairs—nearer—nearer—nearer yet.

She starts to her feet, and, with neck outstretched, fixed eye, and ear intent,

she stands like a statue of expectation. But when the step pauses before her door, with one bound she is across the room, and, without waiting for a knock, throws the door open, prepared to fling her arms around her husband's neck. A stranger stands before her—he places a small slip of paper in her hand, and turns away. He is a messenger from the telegraph office—it is a telegraphic dispatch. She opens it—what does she read? “Your husband was killed in the trenches before Petersburg this afternoon at three o'clock.”

No more—no less! No more was needed to hurl her from a heaven of happiness to a hell of woe—no less could tell the tale! In the trenches! While she prepared to welcome her long-absent with light, and warmth, and feasting—with tenderest caresses, joyous smiles, and the sweet laughter of his unseen child, *he* lay dead in those cold, dreary trenches! There slain—there buried! Never after to be seen by her—never again to have his clay-cold lips pressed by the frenzied warmth of hers—never to lay a blessing on his infant's head! Dead in the trenches! While the words of thanksgiving yet trembled on her lips, came the sudden tempest, uprooting her every hope—the stern, relentless answer of inexorable destiny to her prayer. What wonder if, with the wild, piercing shriek of desperate woe that rang through every corner of the startled house, there went out from that darkened soul all hope, all faith, all religion? Draw the curtain in mercy over such a scene! Into how many desolated homes—could we, Asmodeus-like, have looked during those terrible four years—should we have beheld the same fatal message carry horror and despair to millions of anguished hearts? And can these things ever be forgotten or forgiven? “Vengeance is mine,” saith the Lord; “I will repay it.” “How long, O Lord, *how long!*”

ELLEN A. MORIARTY.

WE believe, firmly, that there is much in a name, and are as often attracted by the name of a writer as the title of the article. The name of "Moriarty" is attractive and inviting, and sounds very "English" too.

Miss Moriarty came to America when very young; was educated in the North, and, on leaving school, came to the South, and has resided here for nine years, no inconsiderable portion of her life.

Miss Eliza Moriarty, well known in the North as a poet of much promise, is a sister to the subject of this article.

Miss Ellen Moriarty writes cleverly. Her poems are generally "hasty," but, with some corrections, do very well, and now and then she is brilliant. Her stories are excellent. We think that she is a better prose-writer than a poet; but as a poet, far above mediocrity. We look forward to seeing Miss Ellen ranking very high among the writers of the country; and with close application and study, it will not be a great while before her name will be lauded as a "rising star" in the horizon of literature. Her modesty and quiet dignity has kept her from being paraded conspicuously before the world; but we still hope and expect that good time to come when true merit will not go unrewarded, and "glitter" be given its true place.

Miss Ellen Moriarty has contributed to various periodicals, North and South; recently to Miles O'Reilly's "Citizen," under her own name and various *noms de plume*—"Evangeline" and "Lucy Ellice" among others.

She is now living near Baton Rouge, La.

AN OLD STORY.

Ah! my love, how many a day
I have gone down to the ocean-side,
And lingered there, till in twilight gray
The sunshine sank in the darkening tide.

And I'd watch the white sails come and go,
 And hear from afar the mariner's song;
 And I'd weep, I'd weep, for I loved you so,
 My heart was sad, and the days were long.

Ah! my love, when the proud ship bore
 Your true love from the land away;
 You did not dream, ere the year was o'er,
 The one you loved would that love betray.
 But a mother's sighs, and a sire's command,
 And the yellow gold in the balance hung,
 And a faithless heart and a faithless hand
 Were bartered away by a faithless tongue.

My love! my love! and we met once more
 'Mid the light and song and the merry dance;
 But the hope and the joy of the past were o'er,
 And I shrank from the gleam of your scornful glance.
 How I loathed the diamonds that decked my brow,
 How my soul turned sick in the pomp and glare;
 I had won them all with a broken vow—
 Won them!—to purchase a life's despair!

ULTIMUM VALE.

'Tis over now! Thy hand held mine,
 Thy voice was in my listening ear;
 I looked in those dear eyes of thine:
 Ah! never more on earth I'll hear
 The music of that voice, nor meet
 Thine eye's proud beauty; for the knell
 Of hope, and all that made life sweet,
 Was uttered in that last farewell!

The last farewell! the last! the last!
 O thought that hath too much of pain!
 'Tis only in the happy past
 My soul can look for peace again.
 O breaking heart! thy agony
 These blinding tears too well can tell:
 God help them who, to-day, like me,
 Are mourning o'er a last farewell!

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

They're smiles and tears, but tears of bliss,
 That gild that meeting there,
 And friend meets friend with beaming looks
 And joy-bewildered air.
 Young Rory stands with throbbing heart
 And earnest, anxious eye,
 To see if 'mid the gathering throngs
 His "own" he can descry;
 For he had toiled with hopeful love,
 And never-wearying hand,
 To gain for those he left behind
 A home in Freedom's land.

Why starts he thus? O Rory, can
 The bending form you see,
 That feeble man, be he who bears
 A father's love for thee?
 You speak to him. He knows you not,
 Though something in thy tone
 Hath made him lift a sudden glance,
 And then its light hath flown.
 But, Rory, wert thou regal-robed,
 A crown upon thy brow,
 Thou couldst not be unknown to her
 Whose arms entwine thee now.
 It is thy mother! Rory, boy,
 The tear that's falling tells
 How deep and strong's the filial love
 That in thy bosom dwells.
 Thy father with thy hand in his,
 Thy sister at thy side—
 I marvel not thy manly heart
 Throbs with an honest pride.
 And, noble youth, should after-years
 See life's sweet hopes a wreck,
 God won't forget thy holy act—
 This meeting on the deck.

But there is one who stands alone
 'Mid that expectant throng;
 He heedeth not the merry laugh,
 The welcome loud and long;

But oft upon the crowded deck
His anxious gaze is cast;
He dares not ask if *she* is there,
Lest hope should breathe its last.

Poor Dermot! as you linger there,
Your thoughts go far away:
Once more across the daisied sod
With idle feet you stray;
You hear the song-bird's mellow notes,
You see the sunlight fold
The meadows fair, the river's breast
In robes of shining gold;
And down among the ancient trees
The chapel and the cross,
The abbey-walls, whose ruin hides
Beneath the spreading moss.
But on you pass. See! some one waits
Your coming at the stile,
And you seek joy, and peace, and love
In your sweet Mary's smile.

And, Dermot, you recall the time,
With pale and tear-wet face,
You held at that sad parting hour
Your wife in your embrace;
And how you promised never more
Should your true spirit rest,
Till she you swore to love and guard
Should join thee in the West.
Poor Dermot! in thy dreams last night
She came unto your side,
And fell around her fair young form
The white robes of a bride,
And fondly pressed her lips to thine,
But they were cold as clay!
You startling woke, and that sad dream
Has haunted thee all day.

A hand is laid upon thine arm —
Look, Dermot, do you know
That kindly face? It is a friend's
Who knew thee long ago.
One kind, mute look — it tells thee all:
Thy hopes, thy toil were vain;
Poor Dermot! she you loved so well
You'll never clasp again.

MRS. E. M. KEPLINGER.

(*"Queen of Hearts."*)

MRS. E. M. KEPLINGER, whose maiden name was Patterson, is a native of Baltimore, Md., of German descent by the paternal line. Her parents died when she was so young, she has no recollection of them, and amid the miseries of orphanage she began the life which seems to have ever been shaded by sorrow. Gentle, yielding, and sensitive in her nature, she has felt more keenly the harshness of fate; and there is a sadness in her face which plainly shows she has suffered.

At an early age she was married in Mobile to Samuel Keplinger, of Baltimore.

Amid all the chilling realities of life, Mrs. Keplinger seems to have lived in the ideal, and through all her sad years she has been wedded to the beautiful in art and literature. Her mind, naturally brilliant, has been well stored with the gems of learning, and the productions of her pen have acquired for her a desirable position among the "writers of the Crescent City."

Her first poem, "The Brigand's Bride," written in the eighteenth year of her age, and published some time after in the "Southern Ladies' Book," attracted much notice; and from the time of its publication her effusions have been welcomed for the beauty, feeling, and grace they embody.

For many years Mrs. Keplinger has been a teacher in the public schools of New Orleans. Her amiability and warm heart have won for her a large circle of admiring friends, and as she possesses a character noted for firmness, she has the rare ability to retain old friends under all vicissitudes of fortune, while her worth and intelligence are constantly enlarging friendship's shining band.

A true Southern woman, during the "reign of Butler" in New Orleans she resigned her position as teacher, her only means of support, and went to the uncertainty and privations of a life in the *Confederacy*. Like an angel of mercy, she labored faithfully in the hospitals, and many a dying prayer breathed her name, and many a liv-

ing soldier has cause to bless the tenderness of heart that bade her willing feet into those wards of disease and death.

After the surrender of the Confederate troops she returned to New Orleans, poor, broken in spirits by the defeat of her hopes, and more saddened with the terrible scenes she had witnessed. Her talents procured her a friend and a patron in the lamented W. H. C. King, who paid her liberally for contributions to his paper, the "Sunday Times." A critic, in noticing her contributions, speaks of "Queen of Hearts" as the "genial, touching, and sweetly natural." Yet "Queen of Hearts" has not written for fame; but for "lucre." Her contributions to the "Sunday Times" were written under many disadvantages, most of them when her energies were exhausted, her brain weary with a day of care in the school-room. Writing for pleasure and writing from necessity are very different; and Mrs. Keplinger's efforts need polishing and pruning. We look for something worthy, not only of the Pelican State, but of the country, from her pen at a not distant day.

AUGUST.

Come thou with stately mien and fiery glance,
In pristine hues, a dazzling meteor-blaze;
The teeming meadows wave at thy advance,
And singing streams give back thy ardent gaze:
They lead thee on, the fresh, young morning-hours,
O'er the full field and undulating plain,
Garbed in their glowing hues, the tiniest flowers
That strew thy path or follow in thy train;
Within thy coronal, amid each gorgeous hue
Sparkle the crystal tears which night hath wept.
The changing iris, set in shafts of blue,
Unvaried, constant, hath this bright morn kept;
The lotus floats upon the golden flakes
Of wavy light; while from its watery bed
Rises the lily pale. The bright sun breaks
In playful ripples o'er the blue waves spread;
The idle dreamer rests on fern-clad hills;
Low, soft winds sigh among the pliant reeds
Æolian melodies. The wild bird trills
Sweet notes through forest, glen, and flow'ry meads.

Spring daisies, pale-blue violets, hide their eyes,
 The chary crocus shuns the glaring day;
 But summer-blossoms, with a glad surprise,
 Unfold their petals to thy fervid ray.
 Lead on through meadows of the asphodel—
 Pale phantom flowers that grow on Lethe's tide—
 Lead on, nor mark the dearth in wood and fell,
 Of cold chill blossoms which stern winter bide.
 The lone acacia 'reft of her soft, creamy spray,
 The regal dahlia holds not court for thee;
 But, fainting, drooping, o'er thy sultry way
 Fall fairy blossoms gilding vale and lea.
 A myriad flowers turn radiant to thy smile;
 The marigold throws back her gold and crimson vest;
 The hyacinth, thus lowly drooping all the while,
 Weeps for thy love, and sighs to be caressed;
 The gorgeous tulips in their warm hearts burn
 Red incense, which they offer up to thee.
 Deep down within the lily's nectared urn
 Poises the thrifty, the voluptuous bee;
 Amid the mystic heath each elfish sprite
 Hath of its pendent pearls stout armor made:
 And so they marched through all last moonlit night,
 Bearing a lance in every serried blade;
 With the wild trumpet-flowers in rich bloom,
 Sound they shrill blasts to herald in this day
 Thine advent: 'gainst each mimic warrior's plume
 Thy robe hath swept as with a conqueror's sway.
 Each rugged slope is trailed by graceful vine!
 O'er shattered parapet, o'er ruined tower,
 The adventurous ivy climbs, or sweet woodbine,
 Making all earth some fairy-haunted bower.
 The broad banana spreads its varied leaves;
 Some float proud silken banners to the sky,
 Some tattered, as when valiant host retrieves
 The gory field; some scroll-like rise on high—
 All nature bathed in sunlight! Proud magnolias shield
 The feathered warblers in their cool, deep groves;
 A denser shadow doth the woodland yield
 Than when in early spring they sang their loves.
 Lo! the full harvest, with its golden sheaves!
 The swift hands sweeping down each rustling blade!
 The sickle flashing in the falling leaves!
 The reapers resting in the oak-tree's shade!

The smell of new-grown clover! 'Mid the green
 The white, crisp, tufted blossoms springing up,
 Bordering low rills, that flow in silver sheen
 And yield to browsing herds a nectared cup;
 The towering poplar with his silvery rind,
 The willow drooping by the rippling tide,
 The veteran oak with his loved ivy twined,
 The palm's umbrageous branches flowing wide—
 All nature in her zenith! her meridian glow,
 Her full-orbed glory to the moistening brim—
 Her *chalice* filled—*one drop* to overflow—
 The tiniest grain to overrun the rim.
 Lead on, through meadows of the asphodel,
 Pale phantom flowers that bloom by Lethe's stream;
 Thine is a brief, bright day—a weird spell!
 Thy presence but a gorgeous summer-dream!

OVER THE RIVER.

'Twas a beautiful land! It arose in my dream,
 Verdant, and varied, and flashing in light;
 Choral with songs of many a stream,
 That sung itself on to the ocean of night.
 Ferryman, ferryman, row me across
 To that beauteous land on the other side:
 This river!—it runs like a wave of floss
 Through the beauteous land mine eye hath desied.
 O'er the calm waters gliding away,
 Lightly the rower sways to the oar;
 Ha! my warm cheek is moist with the spray:
 Nearer we draw to the beautiful shore!
 The glorious land which appeared to my view—
 Its zephyry clouds like mountains below,
 Floating far down the ether of blue,
 Golden, and crimson, and azure, and snow.
 And the river's still singing e'ermore to the sea,
 Or sleeping in shade while the bright stars look down,
 Hushed by the sound of their own melody,
 Giving back to the night-queen her silvery crown.

What is this change that comes over my sight?
 Where are the fields and the forests of pride?
 Where are the valleys all glowing in light?
 The beauteous land which mine eye hath descried.

Ah, *these* are pure waters! No more shall I thirst!
 The cooling wavelet, it meeteth my hand;
 Out from the hill-side the clear drops burst;
 I stoop! but it fades in the bedded sand.

I must tarry awhile! We will moor the bark here—
 Crossing the river at eventide;
Far distant those beautiful shores appear,
 Which seemed but to border the river's side.

Well! I must on. 'Tis a desolate way;
 Night cometh, too! Ah! where is the land?
 How distant! how dim! how it fadeth away!
 It seemed by this winding river spanned.

Chill comes the north wind; I falter! No light!
 Still wander I on. No gleaming of day;
 The beautiful land fades afar from my sight;
 Surely those mists must have led me astray!

"Ah! there's a river far darker than this—
 Shrink not! Its waves bear thee out to the shore
 Of the beautiful land—to thy vision of bliss;
 They who have crossed it return nevermore.

"Shudder not, traveller! No ill doth betide
 Thy bark on the shores of that perilous sea;
 High rolls the wave, but sure is the guide
 Who waits on the banks of that river for thee."

Back o'er the waters my vision flits by!
 False were the meteors that led me astray;
 My beautiful land, with its bright gilded sky,
 I sought it all over life's desolate way.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

"He giveth his beloved sleep."
 When the last sun-rays faded from the drooping flowers,
 And slowly waned the day of June's long, sultry hours,

Softly those words had fallen on the quiet air,
 Softly ! as with a low and half-unuttered prayer ;
 A prayer ! or dreaming, a pondering o'er the promise fraught
 Within them ! a solace, which the sorrowing that moment caught ;
 " Oh, priceless gift — this sweet heart-slumber — after years of pain,
 Of agony ! hopes blighted, or deferred ! — of love all lost, all vain —
 This peace ! this calm ! here lying, hushed in the deep heart-rest !
 Father, thy last great blessing, and thy high behest."

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

They do but sleep ! Therefore were they so passive in my wild unrest,
 With smile, dread ! fixed ! immobile ! the lips I madly pressed ;
 Lips e'er to mine still clinging, passion-breathing pulse of the fond heart :
 Lost love ! lost life ! that was of mine its best, its treasured part.
 O weary heart, 't is past ! of earth, all yearnings, hopes, and fears.
 Rest, weary lids, cast down with weight of unshed tears.
 O busy hands, thus to be clasped, so still, for evermore !
 O wayworn feet, thy wanderings all past — the strife all o'er,
 Bleeding and straying thou hast found *the path* and rest !
 Father, thy last great blessing, and thy high behest.

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

Here we find rest ! Here, where the pale, wild violets creep ;
 Here, where this chasm yawned ! that was so dark, and dread, and deep ;
 Here, where the sounds of the great human sea sweep fitful in,
 And men with supple tread pass on, still on, amid the din,
 Unheeding of the single waves that speed the dark headlands by,
 To join the white phantom-billows of the dread Eternity !
 'Tis but a grave — this chasm ; I shudder not, nor weep, nor shrink
 In dread and loathing ; neither of torpor or decay I think —
 Only of the still hands, folded in their first, true rest !
 Father, thy last great blessing, and thy high behest.

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

And thus wait I the coming of the night, and hope and pray,
 Father, oh, give me rest ! This is a long, a dark, a dreary day.
 If I have murmured, and my burden have not meekly borne,
 Pity thy child ! this weight ! My soul, how lost, how wrecked, how lorn !
 If in one hour of the many thou 'st within my lot
 Decreed, thy mercy I have doubted, Father, let it be all forgot.
 If in the measure of life's sorrows thou 'st meted out to me,
 I have been vain, self-glorified, like the proud Pharisee,
 Still fold me to thy heart — oh ! grant thy promise — rest !
 Father, thy last great blessing, and thy high behest.

THERMOIGNE OF FRANCE.

"A crime to punish! A people to revenge! A king to dethrone!" The red flag with this device was raised on high, by the stoutest of a band of Amazons, who marched daily through the streets of Paris, inciting the poorer classes to aid in the "great work" of the Revolution. "Thou mayest, O woman of iniquity, blot out at least a part of that rallying lie—a king to dethrone! Louis Capet, the last of the Bourbons, laid his head upon the block this awful day. A crime to punish!

"Of what crimes can you and your hellish crew dare to constitute yourselves the judges and avengers? A people to revenge! Is not the blood of the people flowing like water, filling the streets and sewers of Paris? Cry ye for more? Are ye the people? The scum and canaille? The very atmosphere you breathe is tainted with your foul being."

"A Girondist! a Girondist!" exclaimed many voices of the crowd, who, with horrid imprecations and menacing gestures, surrounded the luckless speaker.

"Seize him! down with him! Away with him to the Conciergerie."

"Not until we wash him clean in this dainty bath," said another. Her words gave the impetus to her companions, and they seized and dragged him along the muddy streets, casting him into a black and stagnant pool near, and made him an object loathsome to behold. "Take that to cool your ardor for the king," said one.

"One more for the block," said another. "And a right royal-looking head it is, too—or was before the bath!" exclaimed a third.

"France will be freed of them shortly!" exclaimed an enthusiast, who bore on high the tri-colored ensign with its significant inscription; "but it may take seas of blood, such as flows to-day in the Place de Revolution, for her regeneration, to wash away her shame! We, the down-trodden, rise in the fulness of our vengeance—in our terror and our might! Plebeians! They say it in scorn! So we are! Yet they bend their haughty spirits to us. They cringe, and kneel, and pray us mercy! Here is more fuel to feed the flame that ascends to the high heavens—a holocaust! On with him! An aristocrat! Death to all who wear not the tri-colors!"

The last speaker was Thermoigne. Aspasia had become Bellona—the leader of this band of Amazons, known as the "Women of the Mountains." They went about from place to place, armed with cutlasses, clubs, and other deadly weapons, menacing and often dealing death to the class which they hated, drawing into their dangerous vortex those who were writhing under the pangs of real or imaginary wrongs from the aristocrats, working upon the worst passions of the peasantry, and bringing them to bear in the destruction of the nobility. The crude but impassioned eloquence of the

master-spirit, Thermoigne, drew from their peaceful homes in the provinces thousands of followers. It transformed the gentlest feminine spirit into the ruthless and daring Pythoness. Secure in the protection of the powers of the time being, their lawlessness knew no bounds.

The "Women of the Mountain" and the "Furies of the Guillotine" were one and the same—these demons that thronged around the scaffold and profaned the solemnity of death, the martyrdom of the king, with their wild songs and frenzied gestures, the "rigadoon," the half dance, half ditty that mocked the death-agony of many a noble of France. After abandoning her licentious life, which did not satisfy her cravings for revenge, Thermoigne assumed a stern and majestic bearing, and went forth into the great arena of wildest carnage, where the nobles and aristocracy were the victims of the enraged and ferocious mass.

Her gift of eloquence had been fostered and improved. She hung in raptures upon the debates of the great men of the day, and brought their words, grafted with her own, to aid her purposes. Her hatred was directed in its intensity to the many whom the excess of crime, committed in the name of Liberty, had rendered moderate in their views. One of those they met, who had regretted, in the first outbreak, the part he had assumed, and who had mourned the unfortunate monarch that yielded up his life that memorable morn—mourned him with a grief and remorse that in its vehemence made him reckless of consequences, caused him to hurry on his fate in thus addressing this band, the terror to every heart wherein a drop of noble blood coursed. He felt that when he uttered those words he pronounced his own doom. Ah, well, it would have come later! Thought he, what signifies a week or a month of life now?

Thermoigne was now in her thirtieth year. She wore in her marches and pageantry her martial dress—a tight bodice and short skirt of dark cloth, hat *à la Henri IV.*, with heavy plumes falling upon her shoulders—the honorary sabre accorded her as being one of the first to scale the ramparts of the Bastille; pistols adorned her belt. Her face and whole physique had undergone a marked change. The soft delicacy of her features had given place to a sterner and coarser mould of beauty. Her skin was browned by exposure, her hair had become coarse and dull—perhaps it lacked the care with which she once used to cherish it; as it was, it hung unfastened over her shoulders, giving her a reckless and strange appearance. The contour of youth had gone from face and form. Stern and warring passions had left their impress on her knitted brows and compressed lips, and in harsh meanings upon her once faultlessly beautiful face. Thermoigne, having just reached middle age, was becoming prematurely old. But her energy of body as well as that of mind was increased, her movements were hurried, her words few and to the point, her powers of endurance inexhaustible.

She would harangue the multitude for hours, without the appearance of flagging, either in bodily strength or in vehement and impassioned language

and gesticulation. One of her desires was to construct upon the site of the Bastile, the Temple of Liberty. To this she brought her powerful oratory. "A matchless piece of eloquence, picturesque and seductive," says a historian; "it would almost have moved the stones she invoked to come to her aid."

She took an active part in the massacre at the prisons. At the prison of St. Pelegie she met with or sought a singular encounter, which shall be mentioned hereafter.

To the prison of St. Pelegie, Thermoigne bent her course one May morning, in the zenith of her career. In this building were the most hardened criminals—women, dissolute and utterly abandoned; and with them, in the same apartment, were at times the noble of birth and purest of virtue. To one of the latter was the visit of Thermoigne. She entered the room common to all. The one whom she sought was sitting apart from those who were recklessly killing remorse and the slow, dragging hours in various ways; silent, thoughtful, sad; her doom written in unmistakable lines with the cold, skeleton fingers around the compressed mouth—in the sad and unearthly look—the unmoving eye, that was already glaring into worlds celestial. The victim was young, though not in youth's earliest bloom—fair, even with agony stamped on every feature.

Even her deep despair and her sorrow had not worn out those delicate tracings that marked her birth and origin. Hers was the beauty of the haughty lip, and regal brow, and flashing eyes. She sat apart from the rest, with whom she could have no feeling in common—still, calm, apathetic; her head leaning upon the hand which rested on the wooden table, whereon lay her last rejected meal. She was evidently possessed with but the one thought. The decree passed that day by the dread tribunal, that always found causes why the accused brought before them should die—never why they should not. She was collecting and concentrating her energies, calling upon the blood of a royal stock to flow without one craven chill on cheeks or lips.

"Lady," said Thermoigne, as she stood unheeded by her side, "I come not at your bidding—you know me not—yet I trust that I may be none the less welcome. I would wish to serve you."

The head was raised slowly, the face turned listlessly to look upon the person who thus addressed her. There was no trembling accent which might be attributed to a sudden trepidation arising from hope. Her reply was given almost mechanically, the words were so slow and measured:

"Friend, I thank you; but none can serve me now but Christ, who died for me—an ignominious death like mine. I am condemned to-day by the Tribunal."

"Are you resigned, and ready to die?"

"Ah, no; that is it," she answered, warming with the subject, until a faint flush came upon the marble whiteness of her skin.

"I am condemned to die in three days. Only think what a little time—

Friday! I shudder, I *fear*—the royal blood that is in these veins is recreant in this hour of trial. It runs cold. See you not how I start and tremble at the name of Guillotine? Look you, in my very finger ends this same coward blood forsakes them. I kneel! I pray! Here while this noise and obscenity goes on, I pray for strength in my need.” “It will come at the guillotine,” replied the visitor. “Do not fear for this. You will be courageous enough, or at least you can assume it, as many do. What is all this calmness but pride? But I can serve you: let us talk of the manner in which I can do so. In an hour the gates are closed; we must, therefore, be brief. Your day of doom is fixed. I knew that before I came here. I knew it years ago. I could have read to you from the stars—as I did the fate of your child. Were not my words true? I read the doom of your companion, the queen; you did not ask me then of your own fate, which I plainly foresaw. It was the destiny of the child that you would have. I did read, you remember; was it not truth? Have you ever yet beheld her?”

“No! no! never have I beheld my first-born; my heart is crushed, my spirit broken ever since then. O God, if even at this dread hour I could see her, I could die in peace!”

“Alas! unfortunate being, you know not what you ask. She is not one whom a mother would be proud to claim, and especially one in your peril, and with your pride. Would you like to hear of her in her sunken and degraded state?”

“I would! I would! Speak of her, I pray you.”

“Will you forgive me if I should shock you with the recital? I fear that it would unbinge your nerves, and make your sorrows too weighty.”

“No; I will hear. I implore—command you to tell me what you know. Bring her hither ere I die; be her soul black and hideous, still is she my child!”

“Well, be calm; you will see her ere many days.”

“Where? Is it possible that I shall see her here in my prison?”

“No, not here. At the guillotine.”

“O just and merciful Redeemer, is she to die this death?”

“Not to die—no, no, far from it; to *dance* the dance of death. She is one of the furies who haunt and cling round the guillotine.”

“Woman, who art thou, thus to tear my heart in pieces? What, oh! what of harm, have I or has aught of mine done to you, that you should kill me with those lies, the invention of your wicked brain.”

“I can listen; I can be forbearing and magnanimous. You are to *die*! What I have spoken is truth, and only truth. Would you have more?”

“Yes, go on; you cannot stab me more deeply than you have. Clear up this dark mystery. Who has conceived and carried out this fiendish plot to steal my child, and devote her to a life of crime? Speak, or I cannot hold you guiltless.”

“That I can pass over too. What power have you to punish, if I were

culpable? And so far as my art, you know, can read, I will give you the history:

"A deep wrong led to this vengeance. Your husband betrayed a beautiful and sinless peasant, who lived in a peaceful cottage upon the silvery, murmuring Loire. He assumed a false character, and brought himself to her level to show her afterward how high he was above her, and that never, in the long journey of life, should their paths be crossed by each other. The girl had high, hot blood. She was not noble; but she was revengeful—daring! Her hate was implacable and deadly, as her acts have shown."

"My God! is this, can this be true? was he so base? And she was very beautiful you say?"

"Ah! radiant, unsurpassed. Her beauty had all the heads of Paris turned for a while. But you were very fair too; fairer by far than now."

"Fairer than she?"

"No, no; I cannot vouch for that. I leave you, when I bring her to your recollection, to decide that point. You remember your bridal robe, embroidered so skilfully—such labor spent and such taste displayed?"

"Of course, I do; but what of it?"

"You remember the embroideress who brought it to you, and who was so wondrous fair that you could scarce keep your eyes from her face long enough to look at the work of her fingers?"

"I do remember. She was incomparable for one of her class. You do not mean that she was—"

"I mean that she was your husband's victim," said Thermoigne, bitterly, her anger stirred still deeper by the remark which drew that fatal line between the proud and the lowly. Surely, Thermoigne, your desires must be sated—the end of your life accomplished. This bleeding heart! its trust that you have taken away, leaving it cold and dead. Then, the proud head that is to lay upon the block—will not this stay your remorseless hand? No, not yet; your object, the chief one, is yet to be accomplished—a secret of deep importance to you, to be drawn from those white lips.

"The hour is but half expired. As I cannot serve you, I will linger no longer. By your discomposure, I feel that I have already stayed too long."

"Stay yet a while, for the solitude of this place is horrible; even with these around me, I am as if I were in a desert. You are a link of the outer world, that I would fain not sever so soon. What is the nature of the service you would render me?"

"I would bear to your husband your last injunctions—take to him any love-token you might wish to send."

"My husband, thank Heaven, is far from here; far from this carnival of blood. He is, I hope, safe on the borders. You cannot serve me thus."

"I foresaw this, and can tell you the spot that holds him now, at this moment, far better than you can yourself."

"Tell me, then, for I do sorely doubt you."

"He is in England!"

"No, no, not so; there your skill fails. Three days ago he had not left France; he only hoped to be able to do so."

"Right, truly spoken; he was only waiting an opportunity to embark. Since then, propitious winds have borne him across the Channel. He left Havre disguised as a fisherman, and is secure from his enemies."

"God be praised! this is a consolation in death. Ah, my Ethis! God grant that he may not, hearing of my denouncement, return with the vain hope of saving me."

"He would return, think you? But why need I ask this? He loves you; that is my answer. 'Tis well! But, lady, can I not, after this turbulence is passed, tell him of my last hour with you—give to him some pledge of your love for him and remembrance, which even the dread of death could not affright?"

"That is done; but yesterday I placed in the hands of a friend a ring and other mementos for him."

"You did yesterday, but those hands are doomed; they will have no power over your behest in a week after your death. Those fair, soft fingers will be useless as your own. So will pass away from this earth all those whom you would intrust."

"Sever, then, from my head a lock of hair—the longest and glossiest! I will write one line. I cannot steady my hand for more. Give these to him with my blessing; I water them with my tears."

"I promise you faithfully that I will render you this service. It is beautiful, and silken, and soft—this lock of hair! So it looked years ago, the night of your bridal. I could never forget its lustre."

"You knew me, then?"

"I have seen you more than once. But one I loved knew you far better. Farewell! The hour is spent! They summon forth all who are not inmates of St. Pelagie."

"Farewell! You have been harsh, but I forgive you. Execute my mission. Give him that lock which I severed from the head he loved; tell him it has been watered with my tears; that those words are written as with my blood. Tell him that my heart never swerved from its devotion to my God, to him, and to France. Do this, say this, and may God shield you from a death like mine! Stay! Shall we meet no more? It is three days yet!"

"We shall meet again but once!"

"You will come here then?"

"No, at the guillotine!"

"You will attend me thither! Ah, bless you! Strange, wonderful being! Who and what art thou?"

"I am Thermoigne!"

"Thermoigne! leader of the bands of lawless and ferocious and inhuman women! Thou art she? O woman! woman! you are my deadliest foe."

You have betrayed me. You have stolen from my lips the place of his concealment — to use it to his ruin. Ethis! lost, betrayed by me, who would have died to save you."

"It is but retribution! I was betrayed by him, and I in turn am the betrayer! Ah, you do not recognize in me the embroideress, whose beauty you have extolled and declared unusual for one of her class. I am not nobly born, I am a peasant of the Loire, but I am braver than you. Farewell, you will behold me and *her*—your child—in three days."

There was a heavy fall upon the floor as the door closed and shut out Thermoigne. The women, who had not heeded the conversation, hurried to the side of the pale, spectral being. They raised her up tenderly; her silent grief had awed them into respect. The gentle face had moved them to pity, all their attempts to bring back her spirit to consciousness were vain. The guillotine was cheated of a victim.

Not long after, in the Abbaye, in the September carnage, Thermoigne met her betrayer, whom she had, by the information gained of his wife, placed there. He never knew until this day by whose agency he had been arrested; but there were secret spies, enemies, and hirelings prowling about, and he never suspected the agency of Thermoigne. Here they met in the massacre. She confronted him in her martial dress, hesitating for a moment in her intention of plunging her sabre into his heart. She held it high above him. It was ready to descend, but fell harmless by her side. "It is too quick," thought she. "He must have days and nights of lingering torture, and then, from that soft pillow of rest, pass to Hades."

"I have come!" she exclaimed, as she threw open the door of his cell. "Do not wave me back with that white, soft hand of yours. You know not what I bring!"

"Pardon?" asked he, starting up wildly in vague hope.

"Fool, no! Think you that *I* would be the bearer of that? I would cast it to the flames and let you perish first."

"For God's sake, woman, leave me! I wronged you, it is true. Have I not atoned? Will not my bleeding trunk, which you shall ere many days behold, suffice to sate your mad desires? Begone, I pray you!"

"Ere I depart, then, take this. Open it! One you loved well gave it to me. Ha! you are flushed now! You know that silken tress of her hair!"

"How came you by this? By what revulsion of earth or heaven did aught of *hers* reach *you*?"

"I visited her in prison in another guise than this, I wrung from her the secret of your hiding-place. I told her of your daughter and hers. But, forsooth, I forgot to tell *you* she will be at your death agony! The youngest and fairest of our band is she—you will observe her, if you are not blind with fear, at the guillotine. You remember the story of her death, when a child. That was but a plan of mine to prevent the search, which, being prosecuted so rigorously, might have ended in success.

"This daughter of yours lives. She is fair — very like her mother! Shall I bring her hither to-day? She is here now. Hear you not the riot, the oaths, the imprecations, the shrieks of the victims? The castle is thronged from dome to cellar with us. Your daughter has a share in aiding this purgation. She comes — she is on the stairway right above us; shall I bring her to her father's arms?"

"No, no! Thermoigne, spare me this, in God's name. Kill me now, or leave me. Oh! would to God my hour had already come!"

He was spared from the massacre for the guillotine. Thermoigne's last interview, the night before his death, was remarkable as the sealing act of her vengeance and ferocity.

She entered in her martial attire, with a gay and careless bearing that mocked the agony of the doomed man.

She danced around the room of the prison with her companions, and sang wild songs, and uttered coarse, taunting jests of the morrow's jubilee that they would have at the scaffold. Every nerve in his weakened and emaciated form thrilled with the cold shudder of death at the fearful allusions; yet he sat silent, with folded arms, affecting a stoical mood, which was far from his real state. There was one in this terrible pandemonium of unsexed womanhood, that sent a shudder of horror to his soul.

"The youngest and fairest!" He thought of those words. The likeness to his martyred wife was unmistakable. The fearful conviction flashed upon his soul and settled there. Significant smiles and gestures from his tormentors sealed the conviction and seared his brain. That night the last ray of reason fled; his dark eyes, vacant and lustreless, looked upon the terrible paraphernalia of death without a glance betokening a realization of his fate — an apathy that half defeated the vengeance of his persecutors. He died. The object and end of the sinful life of Thermoigne being gained, she gradually relaxed in her work of vengeance. The band, under new auspices, disappeared altogether in 1795.

By a strange contradiction in her nature, she sank into a deep melancholy after the death of Ethis and the accomplishment of her vengeance — a change that was ominous. Her reason wavered, and was at length totally overthrown. She lived a hopeless and revolting maniac through twenty-four years of durance, and died at last, under the sovereignty of Louis XVIII., an object of universal detestation and execration.

MRS. LOUISE CLACK.

THE subject of this sketch, Mrs. Louise Clack, of New Orleans, is a Northerner by birth ; but having been from her infancy associated with the South by the ties of interest and relationship, she was, in feeling, a Southerner, even before her marriage, at a very early age, with Mr. Clack, of Norfolk, Va., made her in heart and soul indissolubly united to our country and our people. Since her marriage, her constant residence at the South, her love for its people, and her devotion to and sufferings for its cause, have made her, to all intents and purposes, a Southerner, and fully entitled to a place among Southern writers.

Up to the commencement of the war, the current of her life glided on as smooth and smiling as a summer sea. The wife of a prosperous lawyer in New Orleans, her time was passed in the pursuit of innocent pleasures, in dispensing elegant hospitalities among her numerous friends, and in the delightful cares of wifehood and maternity. It is well said that "the happiest nations have no history ;" and if this be true of nations, it is certainly no less true of individuals.

When "halcyon broods over the face of the deep ;" when not a storm disturbs the deep serenity of the soul ; when not a cloud so large as a man's hand glooms on the horizon of the future — what then can the historian or the biographer find to say ? But when calamity comes ; when danger threatens ; when the "times that try *men's* souls" are upon us, and we see the spirit of a "weak woman" arise in the majesty of its strength to confront disaster and battle single-handed with adverse fortune, what nobler theme could poet or historian desire ? Such is an epitome of the life we would portray ; a life, alas ! too like in its leading features to the lives of thousands more of our unfortunate countrywomen during and since the late terrible struggle. When Beauregard's call for aid rang trumpet-like through the length and breadth of our land, Col. Clack raised and equipped a battalion of volunteers, and hastened to join our hard-beset army at Corinth. From that time the subject of our sketch endured what many another anguished heart was at the same time suffering. To know that the one cherished idol of her soul was severed from her side, exposed daily, hourly, to desperate danger ; never to know what moment might bring

the tidings of his death ; to lie down at night with the unspoken but heartfelt prayer that morning might not bring the dreaded tale ; to rise at morning from dreams haunted by visions of battle and slaughter—with the awful thought that night might close over her a widowed mother, and alas ! after hoping, fearing, dreading, praying for three long years, at last came the fatal blow which, as no fears could hasten, so no hopes, no prayers could avert.

Col. Clack fell at the battle of Mansfield, in the desperate charge made by Minton's brigade on the enemy's batteries, when many a hero's soul passed from the bloody field to the arms of attending seraphs. When the sad news reached his widow, she was a refugee from New Orleans—driven from her home by the merciless invaders who then occupied it, and who had neither respect nor compassion for old age, childhood, or womanhood. To the pangs of her awful bereavement were added those of exile and ruthless spoliation. It was while in this desolate and forlorn condition that her first literary work was produced. Until now, beyond an ardent love for, and a keen appreciation of the beauties of literature, she had no claim to the title of "literary ;" but now an intense longing for "something apart from the sphere of her sorrow"—something that should lift her out of, wrench her away from the ever-present, torturing subject of her regrets, together with pecuniary necessity, induced her to prepare a volume for the press. "Our Refugee Household" was the result—a book which unites, in a charming manner, the sad experiences of the writer with the loveliest creations of fiction and fancy. It is a string of pearls strung on a golden thread. The varied characters and changing fortunes of the little "Refugee Household ;" the heart-breaking trials and imminent perils to which they were exposed, form a groundwork of intense interest, upon which the lively fancy of the writer has erected a superstructure of fairy-like beauty and elegance. In addition to her first work, Mrs. Clack has also published a Christmas story-book for children, which bears the title of "General Lee and Santa Claus"—a tiny volume, which unites in its limited space sound patriotic feeling with the frolic fancies so dear to little folks. And she has, we believe, now in press a much more elaborate work than either of the above ; one which we hope will place her fame on an enduring pedestal for the admiration of posterity.

With this brief sketch, we present to our readers the following specimen of her poetical powers, which will, of itself, speak sufficiently in their praise, without the addition of a word from us.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S FADED FLOWER.

"Oh, grandmother dear, a masquerade ball!

A ball, I do declare!

I'll robe myself rich in costume of old,

In a train, and powdered hair."

And a beautiful girl of sixteen years

Knelt by her grandmother's chest;

While that stately dame, in a high-backed chair,

Smiled at each timely jest.

Brocades, and silks, and satins antique

Were strewn in confusion rare

Round the fair young girl, while diamond and pearl

She wound in her bright brown hair.

"What's this? what's this?" she jestingly cried,

Holding high a faded flower;

"Why treasure it here, my grandmother dear,

With relics of bridal dower?"

"My child, it is dearer far to me

Than silk, or satin, or pearl;

For it 'minds me well of vanished hours,

Of hours when I was a girl.

"Ay, well I remember the day, 'lang syne,'

When my first love, last love—gone—

Came to my side with this then fresh flower;

'Twas a beautiful spring-like morn.

"But he's gone before—yes, many a year!

Hush, Flo! the pearls are thine;

I'll meet him yet in perennial spring:

Don't crush the flower—it's mine."

And the fair girl gazed in mute surprise

At the tear and flushing cheek;

Kissed the tear away, then her thoughts stray

To the ball of the coming week.

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The ball is o'er—a pure white bud

Flo folds to her throbbing breast;

She has learned the power of the faded flower

She found in her grand-dame's chest.

MRS. GIDEON TOWNSEND.

THE genius, gracefulness, and spirit which characterized certain contributions published in the "New Orleans Delta," over the *nom de plume* of "Xariffa," sixteen or seventeen years ago, when that journal was conducted by Judge Alexander Walker, excited much interest and curiosity at the time in literary circles, as to the identity of the no less modest than gifted writer.

An eager inquiry at last discovered that "Xariffa" was a young lady just passing the threshold of womanhood; and that though connected by ties of kindred with many of the oldest and best families in Louisiana, and thoroughly imbued with the taste, sentiments, and ideas of Southern society, she was by birth and education a Northerner. A native of New York, Mrs. Townsend was of the ancient and honorable stock of the Van Wickles, of New Jersey, and the Van Voorhises, of Dutchess County, New York. Her mother, the daughter of Judge J. C. Van Wickle, of Spotswood, New Jersey, is a lady of fine mind herself, and distinguished for her elegance of manner and generous hospitality. She is still living at Lyons, New York, the birthplace of "Xariffa." In the very bloom of her literary fame and promise, Miss Van Voorhis formed a matrimonial alliance with Mr. Gideon Townsend, an energetic and intelligent gentleman, who, though of an active and business character and much absorbed in the struggles of commercial life, always manifested a warm sympathy with and high appreciation of the literary tastes and pursuits of his talented wife.

The happy and congenial couple now live in New Orleans, surrounded by a most interesting family, including a bright little daughter, who is already an authoress at the age of thirteen, and gives promise of unusual brilliancy and vigor of intellect. Since her first appearance in the "Delta," Mrs. Townsend, or rather "Xariffa," as she prefers to be known in her literary relations, has been a regular contributor to many of the leading journals and magazines of the day, and a successful essayist in some of our ablest Reviews. In the "Delta," the "Crossbone Papers," which were widely copied and commended; "Quillotypes," a series of short essays, which were attributed,

on account of their vigor and power, to the pen of one of the opposite sex, excited special attention and admiration. "My Penny Dip," a humorous tale or sketch, was published throughout the country and ascribed to various authors, and, returning at last to New Orleans, re-appeared in the "True Delta" as "My Penny Dip, by Henry Rip," a fit name for so bold an appropriator of the product of another's genius.

We cannot, however, in the narrow compass of this sketch, enumerate the many productions of Mrs. Townsend's pen. Besides prose sketches, she ranks high as a poetess. Her poems evince originality, imagination, taste, and power of harmonious versification. Some specimens of these, which accompany this sketch, will give an idea of her poetic gifts and powers. We confess, however, to a preference for her prose writings. In pleasant sketches of character and scenery, in quiet humor and gentle satire, her smooth, even style and euphonious yet vigorous sentences never fail to enlist interest, to hold the attention of the reader, and to leave a most agreeable impression of the sound sense and pure heart of the accomplished writer. It is much to be regretted that family cares and duties should deprive the public, and especially her immediate circle of friends and admirers, of the more frequent enjoyment which her pleasant contributions to our periodical literature must always afford to those who can appreciate and admire genius, wit, high mental and moral culture, and good taste, so happily blended with all the social and domestic virtues, as they are in the subject of this sketch.

MY WORLD.

I have a world, a world that's all mine own ;
A realm that teems with all things rich and rare,
And blooms or perishes, exists or dies,
Is sunlit, shadowed, peaceful or at war,
As I may will. It is a changeful world,
Whose beauties turn to terrors, and whose joys
Melt into gloom as meteors melt in night.
To-day, the silver cascade's sparkling mirth
With the swift flash of gorgeous bird-wings joins ;
The grass is green, and laughing rivulets
Under the weedy banks with shadows play,

While over all the cloudless heavens bend
 Like some triumphal arch, beneath whose blue,
 In chariot of gold with flower-wrought wheels,
 The princess-royal Youth rides down Life's road
 Toward the palace of Futurity.
 To-morrow, all things bright and gay have fled;
 Stupendous rocks the dark skies seem to bear
 Upon their craggy shoulders: where the sun,
 Provider prodigal for Earth, his bride,
 But yester lavished splendor, all is night
 And wild, discordant tumult, while the sea,
 From the stern shores that manacle its strength,
 Preaches its solemn sermons.

'Tis my joy,
 At times, to woo the spirit of the storm,
 And wait his coming from the gates of cloud.
 The howling winds his lusty heralds are,
 Who shriek his advent over moor and main,
 While through their wild Æolian trumpets roll
 The breath of tempests and the blasts of woe;
 Weaving in weird yet wondrous harmony
 Destruction's battle-march. Mantled in mists,
 His angry hands of noisy thunders full,
 The livid lightning flashing from his eyes,
 His wrathful brow with scowling fury black,
 The Storm-king comes; cloud-armies at his back,
 A veteran host whose hoary locks have waved
 In Nature's conflicts since creation's birth.

The hills, stern in their resignation, yield
 Their brows, sunbrowned by ages, to the stroke
 Which seeks their hearts. The valleys sob, the rills
 Put up a petulant cry; the forests proud
 Bow down their lofty heads, rocks crashing fall,
 The sullen mountains veil their battled fronts,
 The billows gnash their teeth, Confusion wild
 Claps her jubilant hands, and Nature's queen,
 Earth, the all-beautiful, lifts her wet eyes
 In mute appeal, and vanquished lies beneath
 Her conqueror's gaze.

But now, awearied grown
 Of hearing Nature's harp discordant strung,
 I turn aside, and lo! the sun rides forth
 Serene in splendor through unclouded skies,

And like a kingly lover proudly folds
 The sorrowing world in his forgiving arms,
 Rebukes the angry seas, and woos the winds
 To rest. With a fond touch he gently lifts
 The rose which fell a victim to the storm,
 And with a kiss he dries the crushing tears
 Out of the lily's overladen heart.
 The frailest flow'ret smiles at his approach,
 And lifts its head to meet his kind caress.
 All hail to thee, supernal god of light,
 Who thus at once a universe canst sway
 And stoop a daisy's little face to kiss !

I am sole ruler in my world, and make
 It calm and lovely, terrible or wild,
 To suit my mood. I dwell therein alone,
 Amid the hosts of things inanimate
 The only animate one ; or I do throng
 Its ways with merry feet and merrier hearts,
 And forms all grace and gayety, which float
 Like zephyrs to my arms and offer me
 The smile of cordial welcome.

Souls are there
 True as eternal truth ; and eyes whose light
 Steady as vestal fires illumines my life ;
 And hearts whose throbbings faithful echoes are
 Of footsteps that crossed over them to death.
 The unforgotten fill familiar nooks,
 And still deep natures, calm as summer lakes,
 Offer Love's fragile bark safe anchorage.

There, all that's noble in mankind is man's ;
 And woman's womanliest attributes
 Surround her nature like a belt of stars.
 There sweet-lipped sympathy, takes up the cross
 Of sobbing sorrow and her burden shares.
 No serpent there e'er writhes beneath the rose,
 No love forgets, no friendships fade away.
 The good, the beautiful, the true, are there,
 The triune bright, whose mission is to teach
 Earth, after all, is one of heaven's gates.
 From hence I go among the outer world,
 Whose hidden rocks had wellnigh wrecked my trust
 In human kind, with calm, uplifted brow,

A glad forgetfulness of wrong — a heart
 Which, kneeling down beside its altar lone
 To taste the bitter wine and blackened bread
 On self-communion's solemn table, learned
 To render thanks for power to forgive,
 A spirit schooled to bear.

Thus do I live
 A dweller on the earth ; yet by the hand
 Of thought — that strange and most mysterious prince
 Of the fair House of Life — led up above
 It and its woes to dream my dreams and sing
 My songs in peopled solitude. Whene'er
 The outer world is cruel unto me,
 When friends I've loved and trusted changeful grow,
 Or when misfortune lays her heavy hand
 Upon my brow, and human pangs press hard
 Upon my human heart, I hie me here,
 To this my inner world ; and shutting out
 All that may cold or uncongenial seem,
 I bow me down, and lifting up my voice,
 Broken and full of sobs, to Him who rules
 All rulers, I pour out my griefs, and lean
 With all my woes on His consoling breast.
 Then doth my world, that world whose stilly shores
 Shut out life's chilling bleakness, glow with scenes
 Of sacred beauty, even as the walls
 Of dim cathedrals teem with scriptural
 Paintings. A tender light, by clouds subdued,
 Shines on my soul ; and like an organ touched
 By reverent hands, my heart peals anthems.

Go ye who ever have the blight endured
 Of change and sorrow and the dark deceit
 Which stains the world without, go build ye up
 A home like this, an inner realm that teems
 With all that's fair, and beautiful, and bright.
 There, at the foot of its own cross, thy life
 May sink and show its wounds, and healed arise.
 There will ye find a refuge from all ills,
 A shelter from all storms ; in time of need,
 Enough ; in hours of weariness, sweet rest ;
 In place of hatred, love ; in place of foes,
 Friends constant as the stars. There wilt thou find

That calm and all-transcendent peace which comes
 Of the surrendering of earthly things
 To hold unveiled communion with thy God.
 And thou wilt find among the silent paths
 Many a broken altar of thy life,
 Beside whose ruined columns thou wilt kneel,
 Not mourning or aggrieved to see it thus,
 But thankful that thou didst not lean too long
 Upon its weakness. Thou wilt sigh, perhaps,
 The thistle and the clambering brier to see
 Where thou hadst planted roses ; yet thou'lt feel
 That thorns make surer ladders than rose-leaves
 With which to scale the great Eternal Gates.

 JOHN.

I.

I stand behind his elbow-chair ;
 My soft hands rest upon his hair —
 Hair whose silver is dearer to me
 Than all the gold of the earth could be,
 And my eyes of brown
 Look tenderly down
 On John, *my* John.

II.

The firelight leaps and laughs and warms,
 Wraps us both in its ruddy arms ;
 John, as he sits in the hearth-glow red,
 Me, with my hands on his dear old head ;
 Encircling us both
 Like a ring of troth,
 Me, and *my* John.

III.

His form has lost its early grace,
 Wrinkles rest on his kindly face ;
 His brow no longer is smooth and fair,
 For Time has left his autograph there ;
 But a noble prize
 In my loving eyes
 Is John, *my* John.

IV.

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands
 Browed by the suns of other lands,
 In tender clasp on my own to lay,
 "How long ago was our wedding-day?"
 I smile through my tears,
 And say, "Years and years,
 My John, *dear* John."

V.

We say no more: the firelight glows,
 Both of us muse—on what, who knows?
 My hands drop down in a mute caress;
 Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless
 With my life's best worth
 The heart and the hearth
 Of John, my John.

 EBB AND FLOW.

I.

The morn is on the march—her banner flies
 In blue and golden glory o'er the skies;
 The songs of wakening birds are on the breeze,
 The stir of fragrant zephyrs in the trees;
 Waves leap full-freighted to the sunny shore,
 Their scrolls of snow and azure written o'er
 With hope, and joy, and youth, and pleasures new,
 While surges fast the sands with jewels strew—
 The tide is in.

II.

The stars shine down upon a lonely shore;
 The crested billows sparkle there no more;
 Poor bits of wreck and tangled sea-weed lie
 With empty shells beneath the silent sky.
 Along the shore are perished friendships spread,
 In Hope's exhausted arms lies Pleasure dead;
 A life lies stranded on the wreck-strewn beach,
 The ebbing waves beyond its feeble reach—
 The tide is out.

CREED.

I.

I believe, if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the Isles of Death
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

II.

I believe, if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again warm, tender, true to thee.

III.

I believe, if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deeps or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf
To prove death could not make my love forget.

IV.

I believe, if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night,
And gather stars like fagots, till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me!

V.

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of Time,
As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

VI.

I believe who has not loved
Hath half the treasure of his life unproved ;
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

VII.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk :
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich Crown-Jewel, Love, of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.





GEORGIA.





[AUTOBIOGRAPHY.]

MRS. MARY E. TUCKER.

"Seven cities now contend for Homer dead,
Through which, while living, Homer begged his bread."



YES! seven *cities* claimed the honor of being the birthplace of the immortal "Homer" *after he was dead*. I, who am still living, have the credit of being born in three *States*, not to speak of countless numbers of *cities*.

Georgia, State of my adoption — the Empire State of the South! proud would I have been had thy red hills given me birth; but — I was not born there.

New York, because Staten Island had the honor of being the birthplace of my noble father, whose ancestors, the Huguenots, left France because of their devotion to a *principle*, thinks that I should have been born there: I was not.

Providence, Rhode Island, the place of my mother's nativity, *intends* claiming me upon the plea that I have Yankee ingenuity and perseverance; but — I was not born there. Rhode Island is too small a State to claim me.

That I was born, is an undeniable fact. My father says that Cahaba, Alabama, is the place of my nativity.

Alabama—"Here let us rest!"—the beautiful name which was given *my State* by the Indian chieftain who, driven by the cruel white man from his native home, sought with his tribe to find peace and rest in the flower-land bordering on the beautiful river which still bears the name of "Alabama." The Indian found no rest — neither did I: in that respect the Indian and I resemble each other.

Posterity may wish to know in what year the light of my genius burst upon the world. My enemies pronounce me somewhere near forty years of age; my friends declare I do not look a day over twenty. Our family Bible was destroyed by the Yankee or negro incendiaries during the late "rebellion" — I use the word "rebellion" sarcastically, for I was a REBEL, and I glory to own it — therefore, unless I choose to tell my age, posterity will never be the wiser. The Bible

said, before it was burned: "The 6th day of November, 1838, Mary E. Perine saw the sorrowful light of day."

My mother! Holy influences surround me. No cord of memory thrills at the sacred name of mother: only in dreamland have I seen her. She, the beautiful child of song — loving and beloved, pure as the flowers she cherished — died that I might live.

They buried her under the orange-trees, and often, while a tiny child, have I sought the jasmine-covered grave, and wept for the love of mother.

"Mary Eliza, beloved wife of Edward M. Perine, died in the twentieth year of her age.

" 'Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all.' "

That is all. What more can I wish? It is enough to make me venerate anything in the shape of woman who bears the sacred title of *mother*.

My father! It is said I am especially fond of gentlemen. Why should I not be? My father was a gentleman; and, judging all men by him — my standard of a true, honorable, noble image of the Almighty's master-piece — how can I keep, if simply out of respect for my father, from loving his sex? My father! That one word contained my child-world. He was to me *all* — mother, father, sister, brother, and everything except grandmother; for I had a grandmother, and my earliest recollection is of a kind of buzzing in my ear as she vainly essayed to rock me to sleep in my little cradle. How could I go to sleep, when she would not hush talking? I remember distinctly that, exasperated to frenzy, I told her that if she did not let me alone I would make Uncle Wiley, our negro carriage-driver, cut her head off and throw her in the river.

The power of conversing is a gift greatly to be desired, but I certainly do not wish my children to inherit the fully developed organ of language of their great-grandmother.

Perhaps I do wrong to mention the only failing, if the gift of language can be called a failing, that my grandmother possessed. I could fill volumes with her virtues. I can never forget her untiring and unselfish devotion to me as a child, and to my own little ones, who, when her cords of memory quavered with age, took my place in the heart of the dear old lady; and I seemed to her what my dead mother once had been. No — when I want an example of faith, hope, love, and charity, I have only to look upon my grandmother.

I suppose I must have been a very precocious child, for I know that I read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and made love to my father's clerks before I was six years old.

When I was eight years of age, my father married Miss Fanny E. Hunter, daughter of Judge John Hunter, formerly of Selma, Alabama, who was well known during his life throughout the Southern States.

The sister of my step-mother married Col. Robert White Smith, of Mobile. Mrs. Smith was, a few years ago, one of the most beautiful ladies I ever saw, and is still very lovely. After my father's marriage, my grandmother went to Milledgeville, Ga., to take possession of some property which came to her on the death of her brother. I, of course, accompanied her. In Milledgeville, I was chiefly noted for my mass of peculiarly colored hair, which strikingly resembled the tendrils of the love-vine, which grows so plentifully in the marshes of the South, my light-blue pop-eyes, and also for my large feet and hands, which seemed to be forever in my own way, and in the way of everybody else. "They say" that I used to be a rhymist then — perhaps I was. I only know that every time I climbed a tree, or hid my grandmother's spectacles, I was called bad or mischievous. Now, when my olden pranks are alluded to, they are termed the "eccentricities of genius." I was, of course, sent to school. Being considered fearless and venturesome, I was selected, together with a young classmate from the botany class, to search in the woods for wild flowers as specimens to be analyzed. We liked botany, but preferred zoölogy, and returned to the school-house with rare specimens. When the teacher opened the box, what was his astonishment and consternation to find it filled with tiny toads, which jumped out and covered the floor, and also a young owl, for which I had taken pains to climb into a hollow tree, to the detriment of my dress!

Poor old Doctor Cotting! he was blessed with a deal of patience, but the frogs proved too much for him, and I was sent home with a message that nothing but the grace of God could do anything with me.

As Topsy says, "I growed up," until I became a fair and goodly tree, as far as size was concerned. My father came to see me, and concluded that I, his eldest hopeful, needed pruning and training. For that purpose he brought me to New York. During my journey, I characterized myself, much to the mortification of my father and step-mother, by drinking lemonade from my finger-bowl, calling nut-crackers pinchers, and blanc-mange pudding — all owing to the want of

proper training. I am glad now that my early years were spent with a poor grandmother instead of a wealthy father, for the economy practised in her household gave me habits of frugality which I would not otherwise have possessed, and which proved invaluable to me during the war.

My father placed me in a boarding-school in New York, where I remained one year only; for I was fond of the creature comforts, and as I only received the flow of the soul, I left in disgust. My indulgent parent then placed me in the "polishing mill" of Mrs. Leverett, who still has her school in Eighteenth Street; and to that establishment I am indebted for the elegance of manners for which I am so justly noted.

Here let me mention that Mrs. Leverett was all to me that a tender, gentle mother could have been. She praised my talents, which she, even then, although I could not realize it, seemed to think I possessed; reproved me for my faults, and gently strove to correct or eradicate them. Mrs. Leverett's daughters were also very kind to me, and I remember with gratitude how they seemed to take the ignorant, rough Southern girl into their hearts.

At last I was sent home accomplished.

I was young, rich, and as for looks, why, I could pass in a crowd of ugly girls.

Of course I fell in love. What fool does not? I did not marry the object of my adoration. I fell in love again: this time I married, after first saying to my intended:

"No, thou art not my first love:
I had loved before we met;
And the music of that summer-dream
Still lingers round me yet.
But thou, thou art my last love,
My dearest, and my best;
My heart but shed its outer leaves
To give thee all the rest" — CABBAGE.

After my marriage, my husband took me to his home in Milledgeville, Ga., where we lived with his mother for one year. They were all kind to me, and I loved them, but I was glad when my husband said that I should preside over a home of my own.

The next year a little birdling came to cheer our nest, "My Gentle

Annie," my dark-haired child, whose deep-blue eyes and sad glances seem ever before me. Then came "Little Mary," the one the preachers call an "imp of mischief" — a white-haired fairy foundling, so loving, and so full of fun.

Perhaps I was happy then : I do not know, but I think I was ; any way, we lived peacefully until the war commenced. It brought sorrow to all our land ; and I need not speak of its consequences to me, one of the million sufferers.

When the struggle ended, my father and my husband said they had lost *all*.

It is said, that to become a Christian, one must be born again : poets and Christians resemble each other, for

"Poeta nascitur non fit ;"

and I know that the suffering I endured during, and after the close of the war, must have been the pangs of my second birth, which created a poetic nature I am sure I did not before possess.

Leaving my home and little ones, with the full, free consent of my husband, and the approbation of my father, I came to New York, (I cannot speak of the sorrowful parting from my babies,) to seek my fortune as a journalist, and also to procure a publisher for a volume of poems which I had written at various times

It would be useless to tell how I struggled with poverty, but never lost my precious hope and faith ; and how, in time, I found and made friends by scores, Republicans and Democrats, who completely ignored the political question, and gave me not only encouragement, but work, for which they paid me well. Say what you will about the cold, heartless nature of the true-born Northerner, I *know* by sweet experience, that, beneath the crust of snow, deep hidden in their hearts there blooms the fragrant flower of sympathy, whose perfume gladdens the heart of the homeless, when the outward ice is thawed by the knowledge that one is worthy, industrious, and not totally devoid of brains.

Need I say that I succeeded ? and that those who advised me to remain at home and cook and wash dishes, (two kinds of work I could never endure,) and turned their heads the other way when they saw me, now greet me with smiles and say, "I always knew you would succeed, you were so persevering." True, I am still away from my home and those I love, but soon, very soon, I hope to be with my dear

ones, never to leave them again until the Great Master calls me to join my mother in that glorious land where all is love.

I have given you a brief outline of my eventful life, in which I have stated the leading facts only. Hundreds of pages could I fill with my journeyings over the United States, and incidents which I am sure would prove interesting; but you remember the old adage, that "shoemakers' children always have to go without shoes;" so I, who am constantly employed in writing the lives of others, cannot spare time to elaborate my own history. So I will only add, that if ever I become famous, it will be owing to the *blessing*, not the *curse* — *necessity*.

In 1867, M. Doolady, New York, published Mrs. Tucker's first volume — "Poems." The "New York Tribune" says of this volume:

"A volume of *Poems*, by Mary E. Tucker, published by M. Doolady, is apparently of Southern origin, and derives a certain interest from its expression of Southern feelings during the war, and its allusions to the sufferings of the South since the restoration of peace. At the same time, it is not intended to exert a sectional influence, much less to nourish the sentiment of contempt and hate for the lovers of the Union. Nor is there any considerable portion of its contents devoted to themes of local interest; but, on the contrary, they are drawn from the general experience of life, and depict the emotions which arise from its vicissitudes in a mind of more than ordinary sensitiveness. The poems are the effusions of an excitable nature with an ear attuned to the melodies of rhythm, and an experience familiar with the gradations of joy and sorrow. They do not pretend to be the exponents of deep thought, or to have been prompted by the highest impulses of the imagination. With their modest claims, they need not be brought to the test of an austere judgment; and their frequent sweetness of versification, and their pleasant, if not brilliant fancies, entitle them to a respectable place in the poetry of feeling and aspiration."

"Miles O'Reilly's" paper, "The Citizen," welcomes this volume thus:

"Mrs. Tucker has prefaced this dainty little volume with her own portrait, and on first opening the book we wondered why she had published either the portrait or the poems. But between the two there is a striking resemblance. After looking at the face for a little, you grow to like it for its kind, pleasing, truthful, womanly expression. And so, too, the verses, though they are not, strictly speaking, beautiful, improve vastly upon acquaintance. They are true and sincere in sentiment, and sufficiently smooth in versification. There is no affectation, no unhealthy sentimentality about them; but

many of them possess a simple, touching pathos that is infinitely above the simulated sorrow so dear to the school-girl mind."

Says Professor A. B. Stark, of Tennessee, in a notice of this volume:

"In the poems we find ample evidence of the poet's Southern origin and sympathies. But before reading the poems, we look at the preface—it is rude to skip the preface, the little, private, confidential foretalk the author wishes to have with the reader—and find it modest, naïve, and winning, disarming one of the power of harsh criticism. Hear her:

"'Out of a simple woman's heart these rivulets of rhyme have run. They may not be great, nor broad, nor deep. She trusts they are pure. She wrote these verses often in sorrow, perplexity, and distress. . . . She will feel rewarded if, though these buds and flowers be not very beautiful, they give to any soul the perfume of simple truthfulness and genuine feeling.'

"Well, her poems are neither broad, nor deep, nor brilliant. If you look into her volume for new ideas, philosophic thought, glowing imagery, deep insight into passions and motives, or an intense love of nature, you will be disappointed. But they are pure, simple, natural—the outgoings of a true woman's heart, sympathetic, kind, loving, truthful. While reading them, you feel that you are in communication with an innocent, noble-hearted, Christian woman. There is no cant, no twaddle, no morbid sentimentality—a negative merit, always appreciated by a healthful reader. Her volume belongs to that respectable class of books which afford pleasure, comfort, and recreation; in their brief life doing some good, but no harm; cheering some lonely, heart-sick wanderer; sending out into the darkness a single ray of heavenly light, which may guide some poor, benighted soul amid the pitfalls of sin; adding one sweet note to the grand symphony of joy and praise and thanksgiving swelling up from the hearts of all that are glad, and pure, and innocent on earth."

"Loew's Bridge, a Broadway Idyl," a brief poem, was published by the same publisher, and attracted a great deal of attention. The poet views the moving throng on Broadway from Loew's Bridge,* a large aërial structure at the intersection of Broadway and Fulton Street, where the thoroughfare is continually thronged with vehicles of all kinds, rendering it almost impossible for pedestrians to pass.

Mrs. Tucker has been a most industrious writer, contributing regularly to "The Leader," "Ledger," and other New York papers. Her latest ambitious effort was a "Life of Mark M. Pomeroy, Editor of the La Crosse Democrat, a Representative Young Man of America"—Carleton, publisher, New York.

* This bridge has been recently taken down.

HUGGING THE SHORE.

"Do you think you will hug the shore, captain, to-day?"

Asked a saucy young flirt, with a smile;
 With a crimson flush was dyed her cheek,
 And over her brow swept the roseate hue,
 While her eyes revealed in their dancing blue
 All the lips declined to speak.

The captain glanced at the distant shore,
 And then at the maid awhile:
 The shore was distant, and she was near,
 And the rose-tint deepened, as he said, "Dear,
 I'll neglect the shore to-day!"

And around her waist crept the captain's hand —
 It was so much better than hugging dry land!
 And he said, glancing over the vessel's bow,
 "The ship is hugging Cape Hatteras now,
 But I'll hug the Cape of May."

KINDNESS.

One single word of heart-felt kindness
 Oft is worth a mine of gold;
 Yet how oft we, in our blindness,
 The most precious wealth withhold.

Like soft dew on thirsting flowers,
 It revives the drooping heart;
 And its magical, blest showers
 Is the soul's best healing art.

Oh! however sad and lonely
 Life's dark, sterile path may be,
 One, one single kind word only
 Causeth all its gloom to flee.

How can we know of the troubles
 That must rack another's soul!
 All must know that empty bubbles
 Of life's cares o'er all heads roll.

Then, forgiving and forgetting,
 Let for aye the kind word fall;

Only our own sins regretting
With a charity for all.

Then this life will be a pleasure,
When we all speak words of love;
For we know our earthly measure
Will be more than filled above.

CHILD AND BLIND MAN ON BROADWAY.

Thank God for children! for they give
New life to those who would not live
But that the bonds, so holy, bound
Like some fresh vine an oak, around
Their aching hearts, too full of grief,
Which find in bondage sweet relief.
God bless each childish, happy face,
Each fairy form so full of grace!
For without children life would be
Devoid of all its purity.

An angel? No, 't is but a child of earth,
But Venus smiled at that fair maiden's birth.
True, Poverty has placed on her his mark
Of scanty garments;
But tattered robes hide not the wealth and grace
That nature showered on hair, and form, and face:
Full many a childless parent would bestow
Gold, yellow, glittering gold, could that fair child
With her pure face, by art's hand undefiled,
Have been her very own.
But Nature sells not — freely does she give.
God, in his wisdom, that we all may live
Contented with our lot,
Gives mind and beauty to his favored few;
To some he grants more than their meed of wealth,
And to the rest he opes his store of health.

This child is leading by her gentle hand
Her aged grandsire, on whose sightless eyes
The hand of Time has placed his seal of seals;
Nor will they open, until in the skies
Light of all light his glorious Self reveals.

On, on they pass — but ah ! that piercing scream
 Awakes me — is it but a dream?
 No ! there he stands in middle of Broadway,
 A frozen statue, moving neither way :
 A horse is near him ; and, with instinct rare,
 The little child, who makes his life her care,
 As if to shield him from approaching harm,
 Twines her fair arms about his aged form.
 I hold my breath ; but ah ! no need of fear ;
 The watchful guardian of the Bridge is near,
 Robed in his blue coat, with the star of gold,
 Whose courage gives him mine of strength untold ;
 He hurls the horse back, and they onward move —
 The loving guided by the hand of love.

THE DYING YEAR.

Shadows on the snow are lying,
 Day is dead, the year is dying ;
 Wailing winds around are sighing
 For the year that now is dying.

Tell me, year, before thy fleeting,
 Tell me what will be the greeting
 Of the year we'll soon be meeting :
 Are the hopes that fill me cheating ?

Old year, whisper — still I listen !
 Are hopes only drops that glisten
 For a moment, as they christen
 Rose-buds newly born ?

And the old year tells me, dying,
 In the voice of winds soft sighing,
 "Child of earth, cease, cease thy crying :
 What is life but hope ?"

Old year, give me, ere thy leaving,
 Token that I may cease grieving ;
 Make my faith pure, keep me believing
 Both in man and God.

Silver clouds are o'er me sailing,
 And the stricken year, fast paling,
 Softly whispers, 'mid the wailing,
 "I leave thee LOVE and HOPE."

MISS MARGIE P. SWAIN.

THIS gifted young writer is a native of Taliaferro County, in the State of Georgia; but in early life she became a resident of Alabama. Her home is with her adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Swain, of Talladega County.

The great civil war, at its inception in 1861, found Miss Swain, then scarcely entered on her teens, a pupil of White Chapel Female Seminary, near Talladega. In common with almost all of her sex, from the youngest to the oldest, resident in the States where slavery existed, she became an ardent Southerner in her feeling. As the contest proceeded to more and more sanguinary horrors and gigantic proportions, her interest deepened accordingly, and the stirrings of genius within her broke forth in poetical expression. At a period of life when most young girls are busying themselves with lessons in geography or algebra, her daring mind actually planned and executed "Lochlin," a regular "romaunt of the war," in iambic verse, unaided by other hands, and urged forward solely by the inspiration of her own genius. It was completed, and put through the press at Selma, Alabama, at an age younger than that at which a vast majority of the poets have made their way into the publication vestibule of the temple of fame. The first edition of this poem abounded with typographical and other errors, resulting in great part from the manifold difficulties experienced by publishers as results of the war. In this first edition, the poem was entitled "Mara," for which the young authoress has substituted "Lochlin" in a new edition soon to appear.

Since the publication referred to in 1864, Miss Swain has spent a portion of her time at school; has mastered an extensive course of literary and historical reading, and has written many other poems, soon likewise to be given by her publishers to the world. The most considerable of these is "Constantius," an historical drama of the times of the immediate successors of Constantine the Great. We venture the prediction that Miss Swain's "Constantius" will prove a decided triumph in the difficult art of dramatic composition, and a faithful portraiture of Roman life in the fourth century. Her minor poems,

sufficient of themselves to form a respectable volume in point of size, display great versatility of powers, range of information, rhythmical aptitude, and rare poetic beauty.

And yet all these works of her genius have been produced while she has so constantly been seen in the school-room, or the gay circle of thoughtless companions, that it is wonder to those who know her best how or when they were written. This fact is of itself a high commentary on the force of her genius, and creates higher hopes for her future great and lasting eminence in literature. A manifest improvement in her later productions is visible; and as she has before her all of that period of life when the full maturity of her intellectual powers may be expected to be realized, other works, surpassing those already produced, may be confidently expected.

In person, Miss Swain is about the medium height, of fair complexion, handsome spirited features, and hazel eyes, that, when interested in conversation, glow with singular brilliancy. In conversation, she seldom attempts to display those powers which she seeks to wield through her pen; but when occasionally interested by a congenial companion, her conversation is peculiarly instructive and fascinating. If she can happily steer clear of the maelstrom of matrimony, and life and health be spared to her in the pursuit of literary renown, we confidently predict for her an eminence in the world of letters not excelled by that of any of her countrywomen—and we even hope that she may surpass them all.

VANITAS.

Ah, vainly we sigh for the summer
That dwells in the land of fair flowers;
And vainly we strive for the pleasures
And the bliss of happier hours!

For joy is a flower that bloometh
At morning, and fadeth at night;
The mem'ry thereof is outblotted
By thoughts which each day brings to light.

Care roots up the planting of pleasure;
The heart is the seat of all woe;
The worst of all pains is its throbbings,
Those pains that kill life as they go.

Love rises, entrances, and leaves us,
And hopes drift like leaves before wind;
All bright things and sweet take their leavings,
But sorrow remaineth behind.

How vain are the dreams which we cherish —
Those dreams in the dark future's mines;
They melt as the foam of the ocean,
And die like the music of rhymes!

When all things we have that are given,
Satiety is but the crown;
And while in the chase of strange visions,
In death's darkened vale we go down.

Then, oh! for a land of all beauty,
Where dwelleth the light of old days —
The soul is not cheated by falseness,
And joy has bright, genuine rays.

THE LAST SCENE.

The last gun had sounded defiance to foes,
Each sword in its scabbard was lying;
Each vet'ran stood sternly, and thought on his woes,
And wept that his country was dying.

Our rifles were stacked, and our cannons were laid
In graves o'er which heroes were weeping;
We gazed on our banners the last time displayed,
And envied those then 'neath them sleeping.

Our chieftain and hero in sorrow passed by,
Yet proud — 'neath its pall never drooping;
We loved him — we cheered, yet our shout rose not high;
Our hearts were to destiny stooping.

We saw our proud banner, now conquered, fall low,
And that of the foe rise above it;
We felt that its folds should wave o'er us no more,
And wept — for then most did we love it.

We looked on our squadrons bowed down 'neath despair,
 And thought on the dead clothed in glory;
 Gazed, through blinding tears, on our country's black bier,
 And longed to lie down with the gory!

We thought on our glory — our loved ones afar —
 The long years of toils and of dangers;
 Then trembling, clasped hands, we worn brothers in war,
 And proudly we parted 'mid strangers!

THE SENTINEL OF POMPEII.

Dr. Guthrie tells us a touching story of the fidelity of a Roman soldier at the destruction of Pompeii, who, although thousands fled from the city, remained at his post, because dishonorable to abandon it without being relieved, and died a death of useless, but of heroic devotion. He says: "After seventeen centuries they found his skeleton standing erect in a marble niche, clad in its rusty armor, the helmet on its empty skull, and its bony fingers still closed upon its spear."

Thick darkness had lowered, Vesuvius had sounded,
 The flame of his wrath arose high in the sky;
 Dense volumes of thick smoke the mountain surrounded,
 And lay like a pall over doomed Pompeii.

Far, far in the distance the peal of his thunder
 Vibrated, and shook the firm earth with its sound;
 While, to his hot centre the mount rent asunder,
 Red rivers of lava in fierceness poured down.

And thousands were gazing in fear and in horror,
 And thousands, inured to it, dreamed not of doom;
 But soon e'en the fearless beheld with deep sorrow
 That ashes the city — themselves, would entomb.

Like snow-flakes, those ashes of dire desolation
 Came thick, fast, and stifling, with burning-hot stones;
 While momentarily grander the fierce conflagration
 Loomed up in the distance, with death in its tones.

And near to the gate that looked out on the mountain,
 A sentinel stood with his spear, keeping guard;
 He saw the hot lava boil up like a fountain,
 And heavily roll on the city toward.

He thought of his dear wife alone in her anguish,
 The helpless ones weeping beside her in fear;
 "Yet not e'en for sweet love must duty e'er languish,"
 He murmured, and clasped again tightly his spear.

The hours passed slowly — none came to relieve him;
 He called to his leader: "How long must I stay?"
 Yet not for his life would that soldier deceive him,
 But stood to his post through that terrible day.

He saw the dark ashes entombing the city;
 He saw them rise up inch by inch to his chin;
 He looked on the burning flood, and in deep pity
 He uttered one prayer for his home, and was dead.

The city was covered, the lava flowed over,
 And beauty and manliness, childhood and age,
 And rich things and beauteous now to discover,
 Were buried below by Vesuvius' rage.

Years, long years have passed, yet that sent'nel is standing,
 All helmeted, now disinterred, near his post;
 And pilgrims, aweary at Pompeii landing,
 Look on him, the strangest of all her strange host!

EXTRACTS FROM

"CONSTANTIUS: A TRAGEDY."

ACT I.—SCENE VI.

Soliloquy of MAGNENTIUS before assuming the imperial purple.

Mag. If I should fail — why do I speak of it!
 The great know no such word. Ambition's hand
 Hath blotted it from off the mind of greatness!
 When to weak fear bent proud determination,
 Or yielded valor unto timorous doubt?
 Though life is dear, yet fame is dearer still,
 And those who grasp the laurel must have will!
 The road to honor lies through dangerous grounds,
 But they must brave all harms who win the wreath.

Why do I strive, when conscience bids be still,

To grasp this throne and sceptre? Power is like
 Those golden apples on the Dead-Sea shore,
 Which turn to ashes on the lips. 'T is like
 The glowworm in the dark, which, when we grasp
 And scrutinize by day, loses its charms.
 The robes of power are bright, dazzling all eyes ;
 But clothed in them, how heavily they weigh !
 Why do I seek that which but brings me care ?

ACT II.—SCENE III.

A bower in the palace-garden of MAGNENTIUS. LUCIA alone.

Luc. Why lingers he? I fear me ill betides !
 To lovers parted, hours creep by like snails ;
 And surely his swift love would outrun these ;
 For the sweet joy of meeting would repay
 For every danger !

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. Doth Orpheus touch his lyre in murmured tones,
 And breathe its sweetness through my lady's lips,
 That while she speaks enchantment reigns around ?
 Oh, what a charm her beauty sheds abroad !
 The desert were an Eden were she there,
 For like the sun she warms all into life.
 The Gueber never bowed unto his god
 With such idolatry as I to thee.

Oh, beauty's brightest sun, smile on thy devotee ! (*Kneels.*)

Luc. Arise, brave friend, and bow at Shible's shrine,
 It is idolatry to kneel elsewhere !

Bru. First let my parched lips sip the honey-dew
 From off thy rose-tipped, pearly fingers' ends,
 And it will be a balm to strengthen me,
 When miles of weariness shall separate
 This saddened heart from all the light it hath !

(*Kisses her hand.*)

Luc. Why, Brutus, thou wouldst make me vain, did I
 Believe the pretty things which thou dost utter :
 But feigning is the poetry of love ;
 Therefore are lovers so poetical !

Bru. This poetry of love is life's day-spring ;
 And till it shine existence is a blank —
 A feverish dream — a longing for the dawn,

Which when it breaks, if clouds o'erspread the sky,
 And disappointment's storms obscure love's sun,
 Gloom comes apace—existence brings no joy:
 Life would a burden be too hard to bear,
 Did not Remembrance fly unto the past,
 And make her nest in Memory's once bright halls.
 Oh, Lucia, if thou shouldst cease to love me!

Luc. Farewell, my friend—farewell—I must away,
 It is my lady who doth summon me!

Bru. Wilt go so soon? I scarce have heard thy voice.
 When lovers meet, how like the lightning's flash
 The hours fly by; but separated, an hour
 Is an eternity! One moment more:
 Thy lady will not chide thee if her heart
 Hath e'er kept time to love's enchanting music.
 Oh, leave not yet—we may not meet again!
 Thou art my light, my life; being away,
 Darkness and death are left! Ere thy bright eyes,
 The loved stars of my destiny, shone on me,
 Life was a void—a winding labyrinth
 Of darkest paths, where shapeless phantoms lured
 Me ever on. I followed without aim;
 For what is life to those who do not love—
 When to no beacon we can steer our bark?
 Thou wilt say fame—but fame's an empty word;
 For envy is the venom that doth blight
 The fairest flowers that grow on her soil.
 Then give me an eternity of love;
 For heaven without it would possess no charms,
 If it exist—and we too be immortal.

Luc. Thou speak'st as though no future dawned for us!

Bru. I spoke of heaven—this I learned from thee—
 I know no heaven but in thy pure sweet:
 With thee is happiness—from thee is woe!

ACT III.—SCENE VIII.

Constantius and a woman upon a battle-field, among the dead and dying soldiers.

Wom. He dies, my lord—behold!

Sol. Mother—my mother!

Wom. He's thinking of his mother; noble boy!

Con. 'Tis mother first, 'tis mother last with man.

Woman, behold your influence! How strong man
Doth bare his breast unto the tide of life,
Stemming its flood with all his pride and strength,
Looking forever to one beacon-light,
The love of woman, which doth send its ray
Unto the swimmer o'er the darkened waves.
Though man to man may turn 'mid pleasures wild,
When fame to victors doth extend her wreath,
Yet all his triumphs are for woman's brow!
His holier moments are devote to her;
And in grief's hour, 'tis mother, sister, wife,
To whom he ever turns — and e'en in death,
These are the names his murmuring lips last speak!

KATE A. DU BOSE.

MRS. DU BOSE is the eldest daughter of Rev. William Richards, of Beaufort District, S. C. She was born in a village in Oxfordshire, England, in 1828. Shortly after her birth, the family came to the United States, and settled in Georgia, but removed in a few years to their present home in Carolina.

In 1848, she was married to Charles W. Du Bose, Esq., an accomplished gentleman, and lawyer of talent and ability, of Sparta, Georgia, where they still reside.

Mrs. Du Bose was educated in Northern cities, but for some years was a teacher in Georgia, her adopted home.

At an early age, she gave indications of a love of letters, and had she chosen to "break the lance" with professional contestants for literary honors, she must have won distinction and an enviable fame. But as a bird sings because it must find vent for its rapture, or as the heart will overflow when too full for concealment, thus with her writings. Her productions have been given to the public from time to time, through journals and magazines, generally under the *nom de plume* of "Leila Cameron." Some of her best poems appeared in the "Southern Literary Gazette," published in Charleston, and edited by her brother, Rev. William C. Richards, now a resident of Providence, R. I. The "Orion Magazine," of Georgia, was also favored with contributions from her pen, and in its columns appeared the prize poem, entitled "Wachulla," the name of a famous and wonderful fountain near Tallahassee, Florida. This poem was deservedly popular, and if the spirit of the fountain had chosen a nymph from its own charmed circle to sing the praises of "beautiful Wachulla" and its surroundings, the lay could not have gushed up from a heart more alive to its beauties and attractions than that of its talented author.

In 1858, Mrs. Du Bose's first volume was published by Sheldon & Co., New York. This is a prose story for the young, entitled, "The Pastor's Household" — a story of continuous interest, displaying narrative and dramatic power. The portraiture of "Lame Jimmy," one of the prominent characters — "a meek, silent boy," with pale face,

and a look of patient suffering upon his young features—is admirably drawn; and as we *see* him, as he bends over his desk at school, with his large eyes full of the light of intellect, poring over his books, we triumph in the truth that God sometimes gives the poor boy, in his threadbare coat, the princely endowments of mind which may win him distinction among the “world’s proud honors,” and crown him a king among men.

As a member of a large family, all remarkable for intellectual acquirements, Mrs. Du Bose has been much favored in procuring an early and thorough cultivation. One of her brothers, Rev. William C. Richards, is not only widely known as a popular editor and writer, but is also the author of the “Shakspeare Calendar.” Another brother, T. Addison Richards, of New York, the poet and artist, is the principal of the “School of Design for Women,” established within the walls of Cooper Institute, New York.

In her elegant home, where unpretending piety and domestic love are combined with refined and cultivated tastes, seen in all the surroundings, and where the patter of children’s feet is heard, and their happy laugh echoes through its walls, Mrs. Du Bose forms the centre of attraction to a circle of friends, as well as that of home, and wears with equally charming grace the triple name of wife, mother, and author.

LOULA KENDALL ROGERS.

LEOLA, a well-known *nom de plume*, falls on the ear softly, musically, "as if the very personification of that ideality which extracts inspiration from the whispering wind, the song of birds, the blush of flowers, the lightning's flash, and the thunder's roar."

Miss Kendall is a graduate of the Wesleyan Female College, of Macon. In the home of her childhood, a charming country-seat in Upson County, Ga., there are so many lovely spots in her native county, so many "glen echoes" where one might imagine her a nymph "calling to sister spirits of the greenwood," we do not wonder that the gift of poesy is hers.

Her ancestors were from North Carolina, and there is probably no family whose authentic history can be more closely traced through every period of the annals of that State. Her great-great-grandfather, who signed his name Joseph Lane, Jr., as far back as 1727, died at his residence on the Roanoke, in 1776. His youngest son, Jesse Lane, emigrated to Wilkes, near Oglethorpe County, Ga., and his descendants are dispersed through all the Western and Southern States; Gen. Joseph Lane, a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States in 1860, and ex-Governor Swain, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, being among the number. One of his daughters married John Hart, son of Nancy Hart, the famous heroine of the Broad River Settlement, and one of his grand-daughters was wife of Judge Colquitt, Senator from Georgia in 1847. Thus brought into close relationship with many of the highest families of the South, the subject of this sketch inherited the spirit of patriotism that prompted them to make any sacrifice, however great, for the welfare of their country. We do not know that we can introduce her in a more acceptable manner than by inserting here the following extract of a letter written by her without any thought of its publication, (1862.) Speaking of herself, she says:

"I have always been a child of nature and lover of poetry ever since I can remember, though it is pleasure enough for me to lurk among flowers, to

listen to their heart-voices, and remain *silent* while drinking with intoxicating delight the sweets of far more gifted worshippers. Occasionally I cannot resist an inclination to snatch my own little harp from its favorite bed of violets; but its rustic strains are simple, and not worthy of being placed among the productions of those whose gifted pens have gained for them a reputation more enduring than gold. My first poem was written at eight years of age, a grand attempt, which mamma carefully preserved. At dreaming fourteen, I went to Montpelier Institute, once under the supervision of Bishop Elliott, and its fairy groves, sparkling streams, and 'moonlit palaces' grew more dear when I fancied them the abode of viewless beings who told me of all things holy and beautiful. My composition-book was filled with wild, weird imagery, and the geometrical figures on my slate frequently alternated with impromptu verses, which are still kept as souvenirs of that dear old place. Two years in Macon College (where prosaical studies and life's sterner realities crossed my path) almost obliterated the silly dream of my childhood; a dream of *fame*, which now has utterly departed, for I have long since ceased to pursue a shadow so far beyond my reach. I write for those who love me—that is all; but if these wild flowers, gathered among the hills and streams of my native land—these untutored voices that speak to me from each nestling leaf, are able to dispel *one* single cloud among the many that overshadow our country, I have no right to withhold them.

"There is no lack of talent in our bright Southland; but, under the sunlight of prosperity, it has never yet been brought out in all its strength."

Of these "wild flowers and these untutored voices" we shall have but little to say, preferring to let them speak for themselves. She writes prose and poetry with equal facility, and her letters are models of literary composition; for here she expresses herself with that gentle warmth and modest freedom that characterizes her conversation. As Mrs. Le Vert somewhere expresses it: "She seems to dip her pen in her own soul and write of its emotions." In company she is plain and unassuming, being wholly free from pedantry and pretension; and yet she possesses great enthusiasm of character—the enthusiasm described by Madame De Staël, as "God within us, the love of the good, the holy, and the beautiful."

"Leola" was quite a student, and accomplished much, though her advancement would probably have been greater had she possessed such a literary guide and friend as G. D. Prentice was to Amelia Welby. But, as has been said of another, when we consider the great disadvantages she must have labored under on an isolated plantation, far from public libraries, and far from social groups of literary labor-

ers and artists, it seems to us that her writings reveal the aspirations of a richly endowed genius and the marks of a good culture.

"Leola" is also exceedingly domestic, being, as she says, gifted with "a taste for the *substantial* as well as the poetry of life;" a proof that poetry and the larder are not always separate companions, but may exist together on very amicable terms. The productions of "Leola" consist of fugitive pieces dashed off under the inspiration of the moment, many of them being published in the newspapers of the day. We would "as soon think of sitting down to dissect the bird whose song has charmed us, as to break upon the wheel of criticism poems springing so much from the *heart-side* of the author."

Since the "end of the war," Miss Kendall has become a wife, and is now Mrs. Rogers.

THE HEALING FOUNTAIN.*

"A nameless unrest urged me forward; but whither should I go? My loadstars were blotted out: in that canopy of grim fire shone no star. I was alone, alone! A feeling I had that there was and *must* be somewhere a Healing Fountain. From the depths of my own heart it called to me, Forward! The winds, and the streams, and all nature sounded to me, Forward!" — CARLYLE'S *Sartor Resartus*.

On, on she wandered all alone, o'er deserts vast and dim,
No hopeful ray to light the gloom, no spirit-soothing hymn;
The wearied heart no goal had found, all dark the future seem'd;
"There *must* be rest *somewhere*," she cried, and nought the toil deem'd.

Black shadows clung around the heart once filled with childlike trust,
And tempters whispered in her ear, "*Thy spirit is but dust!*"
Then she long'd to know, poor orphan child, if in another sphere
She ne'er must meet with Lilly, to dwell forever there?

If the spirit's voice must ever cease, with life's dull care and pain;
If the midnight toil, her searches for Egeria's fount were vain?
Beulah! thy childhood's sacred haunts are truthful guides for thee;
There rove at twilight's solemn hour, and lowly bend the knee.

Yon lofty mountain's gilded height looks upward to the sky,
E'en Nature's simplest voices tell the soul can never die:
Then leave thy desert vast and dim, where erring feet have trod;
Each streamlet here, each bud and flower will speak to thee of God!

* Written after reading "Beulah," 1859.

But onward still, O child of toil ! by storm and tempest tossed ;
 Thy burning feet are wandering on, till childhood's faith is lost !
 The scorching beam of summer sun poor Hagar scarce could bear,
 With no fount to slake her fever-thirst, no waters gurgling there,

Till words of confidence and trust her parching lips express'd ;
 Then joyfully an angel came, and gave her peaceful rest :
 So Beulah might have found the balm to lighten every care —
 A spring to heal her aching heart — by strong and earnest *prayer*.

The Healing Fountain ! Pure and bright those ripples near us gleam ;
 We need not roam o'er burning sands to quaff its crystal stream :
 Its whispering music oft we hear, a star shines from above,
 Illuming all with holy light — that star is Heaven's love.

NO NIGHT THERE.

On hearing a sermon by Rev. A. M. Wynn, on the text, "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever." — *Rev. xxii. 5.*

No night there ! Bright sunlight is streaming
 O'er min'rets of silver and turrets of gold ;
 Sweet flow'rets 'mid dewdrops are blushing gleaming,
 And chaplets of beauty the angels unfold ;
 Each rainbow-hued fountain its mist-wreaths is weaving
 In glittering circlets that fairies might wear ;
 All is lovely and joyous, no darkness and grieving,
 No weeping nor sighing, no harrowing care.

No night there ! Soft zephyrs are gliding
 On pinions of daylight in melody free ;
 And beautiful streamlets, 'neath laurel-shades hiding,
 Vie with them in chanting of love and of glee.
 Crimson-tint curtains o'er blue skies are flowing,
 And flowers are scatt'ring their fragrance abroad ;
 All heaven with brightness and beauty is glowing,
 As seraphim murmur the name of the Lord !

No night there ! No angels are moaning
 O'er lost ones enveloped in the white shroud ;
 No death-doom in heaven, no wailing or groaning,
 No sorrowing there of the meek and the bowed.

Oh, is it not blissful to think of the meeting
 With memory's treasures that dwell in the heart?
 The long-loved voices in accents of greeting
 There mingle together, but never to part.

No night there! The day-king is spreading
 His mantle of sunlight o'er meadow and grove,
 Where wind the gold pathways that spirits are treading,
 And song-birds are chanting of God and his love.
 No curses and shouting, no midnight of horror,
 No shrieks of the wounded, no reveller's bowl:
 Happiness reigning, no tear-drop of sorrow
 Can ever invade the sweet peace of the soul!

THE LOST SOUL.

"When earth a woful wreck
 Through the sea of space shall roll,
 No tears will be shed in heaven like those
 O'er one lost human soul!"—MARY E. BRYAN.

Gone! gone! gone!
 The dreams of sunny years,
 Their vacancy is filled with nought
 But bitter sighs and tears.
 Oh! who can paint the anguish
 Of torn and bleeding hearts,
 When a hope that clustered fondly
 O'er some loved one thus departs?

Dead! dead! dead!
 To virtue and its goal;
 All pleadings and entreaties fail
 To melt that sin-curst soul.
 The reveller's wild shrieking,
 The reeling, wretched sight,
 The proud form bowed in misery;
 Life's morning turned to night.

Woe! woe! woe!
 A "still small voice" repeats,
 But its warnings are neglected,
 Till the soul its ruin meets.

Kind whispers are not heeded,
The heart is frozen o'er,
Soft words and holy teachings
Can reclaim it nevermore.

Lost! lost! lost!
On eternity's foaming sea;
No anchor now to stay its course—
Where will the haven be?
O'er mountain billows floating,
By tempests madly tossed,
No kindly morn is beaming
O'er the human soul that's lost.

Down! down! down!
It sinks to endless woe,
The poisonous cup has done its work,
Man's worst and deadliest foe.
Yet the midnight watch, as usual,
Proclaims that "all is well;"
To ashen lip and lifeless clay
A mocking funeral knell!

EMMA MOFFETT WYNNE.

CRAGFONT is the title of a neat, unpretending volume, from the publishing house of Blelock & Co., New York, issued in 1867.

The title-page stated that the book was by "a young Southern lady," and it was the first production of Emma M. Wynne, of Columbus, Georgia.

Like the majority of Southern books, "Cragfont" has been indiscriminately praised by well-meaning but injudicious friends, whereas true criticism, while it might pain for a time, would in the end assist the youthful *débutante* on the field of literature.

"Cragfont" is a book of great promise, and we look for something worthy of herself and of her Southern country from the author. From the remarks of two readers of this book, we cull the criticisms we give.

Says a writer in "Scott's Magazine," of Atlanta:

"Not sustaining carping Zoilus in his ill-nature, we think, with another, upon whose brow the greenest of laurel is still triumphantly worn, that 'to point out too particularly the beauties of a work is to admit tacitly that these beauties are not wholly admirable.' 'Cragfont' is not without errors, such as all young writers are betrayed into; but the flashings of genius so visible throughout the book overshadow and outweigh the faults, which, after all, are only the 'peccadilloes of the muse.' The plot of the book is finely conceived, the invention strong and vigorous, while imagination, that primary and indispensable requisite in a writer, like the touch of Midas, gilded every object that presented itself. The style is classical and elegant. The author seems to excel in the delineation of female character. They are all particularly fine and well sustained.

"The heroine, Isabel Grattan, never grows commonplace, while the gay, sprightly Lizzie Armor wisely refrains from attempting a part too heavy.

"While dealing in classical lore and antiquities, perhaps, a little too freely, there is a depth of tenderness and pathos running through the whole, that would tell at once it came from a woman's heart."

Says a lady reader, in alluding to "Cragfont":

"In the first place, I began at the beginning and read the title-page. The little quotation from Cousin, and the longer one from Mrs. Browning, each

came in for a share of study. I knew that these mottoes contain frequently the key to the whole matter which follows; and so would I do 'Cragfont' justice, and read these too. The second contained a hint which I resolved to profit by—to

“‘Gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul forward into the book's profound.’

Very profound I have proved it—that is, some parts of it. The fair author evidently admires Miss 'Beulah' Evans, and follows hard after the celestial flights of that learned lady. The title is not appropriate; it might just as well be styled New Orleans, or New York, since the scenes are laid principally in these two cities, and 'Cragfont' only appears briefly in two chapters. This 'ancestral mansion' is a 'stylish' country residence for an American; but perhaps in Tennessee they do live in 'turreted castles,' and perhaps they have 'rooks' in Tennessee, also. I don't know much about the ornithology of that State, but I had an idea rooks were confined to England. However, this may be merely a 'poetic license' to prove the unmistakable and indisputable aristocracy of our hero, as rooks are supposed to favor with their presence only the *ancien régime*.

“‘Cragfont' contains a variety of information, and a variety of languages, and a series of essays or dissertations on various subjects are scattered through the book. It exhibits talent and promise of future excellence; but, in itself, is hardly a successful novel or book of essays—a 'half-way performance.' The writer, we feel confident, will yet make a worthy offering to Southern literature.”

From these two opinions it is apparent that the talent of Mrs. Wynne cannot be doubted. To quote again from the first critic:

“We look for a great book from the author of 'Cragfont.' It smacks somewhat of pedantry, and let us not have another gifted Southern writer immolated upon that altar.

“The mind, though star-reaching in its aspirations, has its temple upon the earth; and the eagle, though the companion of the mountain-storm, must look below for the food on which it lives; and we trust the writer of 'Cragfont,' while steering with dexterity between the Scylla of redundancy on the one hand, will guard against the Charybdis of pedantry on the other, and not exhaust her Titanic strength in endeavoring to pile Pelion on Ossa.”

The author of "Cragfont," Mrs. Emma Moffett Wynne, was born in Alabama, in 1844. Her father, Major Henry Moffett, removed to Columbus, Ga., a beautiful city on the banks of the Chattahoochee, before she had completed her fourth year. She was very fortunate in having her steps first directed in the paths of learning by the accom-

plished and talented authoress, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, under whose tuition she was placed at the age of five years.

In her fifteenth year, she went to the well-known Patapsco Female Institute, near Baltimore, entered at once the senior class, and graduated the following year with much honor to herself, receiving a gold medal for proficiency in French. The following fall of 1860 she spent in New York, at the Spingler Institute, perfecting herself in music, French, Italian, etc. Owing to the "state of the country," she returned home early in the spring, (1861.)

During the war, she occasionally contributed to the "Field and Fireside," published at Augusta, under the *nom de plume* of "Lola."

She was married in May, 1864.

Mrs. Wynne, being so young, with native talent and habits of study, will, without doubt, enrich the literary world with many productions of rare merit. We understand that she is preparing an historical romance in some way connected with Maximilian, the late Emperor of Mexico — a tragic subject well suited to her pen.

In personal appearance, Mrs. Wynne is exceedingly prepossessing; and this, combined with an elegance and vivacity of manner, renders her both attractive and fascinating. Occupying the highest social position, she is esteemed an ornament to the circle in which she moves.

LIFE'S MISSION.

The mission of life is not always lofty, yet the duty of its accomplishment is none the less imperative. The account is required of the one talent as surely as of the five. The mountain is too steep and rugged save for men of stern mould; yet in the valley the fields "are waiting for the laborers." How mistaken is the reasoner who would reserve to the sterner sex all those feelings of ambition, the reaching upward for higher and holier things! How many of gentler natures have felt the unsatisfied longing for more knowledge, more power over their own minds! When we go, with Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, and Jean Ingelow, through all the chambers of the soul, and listen to the music of their songs, we feel that within our hearts whole volumes of sweet poetry exist; the power to word it alone is wanting. Just as those we love so dearly are never in this life quite near enough to us; we would have them closer — heart to heart, soul to soul; this mortal body stands between. In our dreaming of the other world, we sometimes think that perhaps by our joy there will be these yearnings satisfied; the spell of silence will be broken, and our own poetry, sweet, beautiful, heavenly, will fill our hearts.

AN ARTIST.

Isabel had worked steadily for a week on a picture of "*Diogenes in Search of a Wise Man*," and when at last it was completed, she had reason to be proud of its exquisite finish, which was obvious even to a careless observer. She had completed it in time for one of her *réunions*, for she was anxious it should be criticized by an artist who "bore the palm" in New York. Signor Rochiette was a warm friend of Isabel's. An old man himself, and having now a position where he could almost defy criticism, he felt a strong interest in this young spirit who had just begun the ascent, the height of which he by talent, genius, and energy had reached. He saw unmistakable evidences of great genius in the girl; her enthusiasm was what he admired most.

Few persons who undertake anything in this life with a cold, phlegmatic spirit, ever accomplish much.

The brilliantly lighted chandelier threw a soft glow over the dark, hard face of the old cynic philosopher, as, with lantern in hand, he continues his seemingly vain search. Isabel had playfully remarked to one of her *soi-disant* admirers, that "to this old sage she had committed her destiny, as, in the numbers which would pass before his gaze, the face which brought a smile over his hard, iron features, showing he had found the object of his search, to him should be given her heart and hand." It was a daring jest, like the one passed in chess between Richard and Berengaria; but this timid gallant, unlike the daring *Cœur de Lion*, did not essay to try his own fortune, as in his mind he felt his incapacity to meet the requisition.

This evening Isabel had quickly completed her toilet and hurried into the drawing-room, to give her picture the last critical examination before the guests arrived.

She felt as, perhaps, the old artist of Florence, when his "Madonna," which had been kept from the public gaze, was first uncovered in honor of the royal Charles of Anjou:

"As the painter's mind felt through the dim
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with his reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire."

Isabel was roused from the dreamy reverie into which she had fallen by a voice near her. "*Buono sera, Signorina, Abbiamo bel tempo giorno.* You have reason to be proud of your painting." It was Bassini, her Italian teacher.

"Ah! signor, you give me false praise; I have so far to climb yet."

"You then hope to reach the top?"

"Why should I not? Does the Mosaic law contain any particular clause forbidding ambition in a woman? God implanted in our hearts the germ of all principles, and he intends we shall cultivate them."

Signor Bassini smiled.

"The evil as well as the good, signorina?"

"God is not the origin of evil; that is inherited from our first parents. God has given to all his creatures, endowed with a common degree of intellect, the power to discriminate between right and wrong, and there is an intuitive feeling within us which tells when we are fulfilling his purposes. My logic is not equal to Aristotle's, and yet I think it not bad."

"You think, then, that woman may enter the lists with man in the race for fame?"

"No, no! You mistake me—in part. She need not be a Lucretia Mott, or Lucy Stone, or Anna Dickinson. The vast expanse of the forum was never intended to be filled by a woman's timid voice, and when she places herself upon the rostrum she deserves to be hissed down to her proper place among the audience. The dove is no match for the eagle in its upward flight. But if a woman have the talent given her, an account of it will surely be required; and if she can satisfy the upward longings of her heart, without neglecting the responsibilities life has placed upon her, I think it right she should make the effort. And God, too, tempers all these things; the same Being who regulates the moving world marks the sparrow's fall; and I think he never places the lofty yearnings, high, holy desires in a person's heart, without giving him the power to satisfy them. That so often they do not, is owing to their own *vis inertia*. As Carlyle says, 'Our incapacity lies within ourselves. When the golden moment of success comes, we stand in our weakness unable to seize it, and our after-life is spent in mourning the bright occasion lost.' And when we send our arrow upward, you *remember*, signor, 'if we aim at the sky, we shall reach higher than the tree.'

"According to one writer, signor, since the time of Raphael there can be no originality in painting. He conceived and embodied everything. You remember she says, as some critic said of Shakspeare, 'Show me in any painter, ancient or modern, an especial beauty of form, expression, or sentiment, and in some picture, drawing, or print after Raphael I will show you the same thing as well or better done, and that accomplished which others only sought or attempted.'"

"In answer to that, Miss Isabel, I would say that Raphael and Angelo, in their cartoons, defy alike criticism and imitation. Yet Cole has, in his series of pictures, the 'Voyage of Life,' given us in these modern years a creation of his own, which deserves to be a model of landscape painting, and has, in that connection, surely sent his name to posterity."

"Speaking of the immortality of the names of the early artists," said Isa-

bel, "how few, comparatively, of their works have reached us! It seemed almost an evil destiny working against those early masters, Cimabue Giotto and Niccola Pisano, that the art of engraving should have been discovered after their death. Such fragments of their works have come to us! Dante should have provided a special place in his 'Purgatorio' for that old prior who had the superb paintings from the Apocalypse of his friend Giotto, in the church of Santa Chiari, at Naples, whitewashed over, because they made the church look dark!"

"Speaking of Giotto reminds me, Isabel, have you been to the Düsseldorf since that antique collection has been added?"

"Yes; I was there yesterday, and it is a rare treat to an antiquary. I noticed one thing a little remarkable. In an old picture there, with a gilded background, Jehovah is represented — God the Father. I have never seen before an attempt to portray his features."

"Yes; I noticed that, simply the huge face, emitting and surrounded by a halo of golden rays, looking out of the heavens. You know, for a long time it was a disputed question whether Christ should be represented by outward comeliness or extreme repulsion; but the old fathers decided in favor of the former, and I believe it was your favorite, Giotto, in his celebrated 'Crucifixion,' which became a model for his scholars, who first departed from the Byzantine school, and softened the expression of intense physical agony in the Redeemer's face into one of heavenly resignation. This collection, now at the Düsseldorf, must bear a very ancient date. The Italians were indebted to the teachers who, in the twelfth century, came from Constantinople into Italy and Germany, and established schools at Sienna and Pisa for introducing their mode of pencilling and mixing colors. I consider the picture at the Düsseldorf only interesting as an antiquity, showing the history and progress of art."

"I remember seeing at the Berlin Gallery a 'Madonna and Child,' executed by one of the Byzantine painters. The background was most elaborately gilded, as in these pictures at the Düsseldorf, the local colors fearfully vivid, with little or no relief."

"Yes; at the Louvre, in Paris, there is one similar. I remember the flesh tints were of a blackish or greenish hue. It is strange that those ancient workers — *artists* we can hardly call them — with human models before them, should have so long remained unprogressive. The pedantry of these nurses of art in its infancy, compared with the modesty of the great master who, at the close of his life, had for his motto, '*Ancera imparā*,' 'Still learning,' but substantiates the trite proverb, 'A little knowledge puffeth up.'"

MRS. MARY C. BIGBY.

MRS. BIGBY has written many very sweet poems; although, contributing only to the journals of her native State, she is not as widely known as many who cannot equal her poorest effort. Indeed, her cultivation of the Muses has been more as a recreation than otherwise.

Mrs. Bigby — her maiden name was Dougherty — is a native Georgian, and was educated in Georgia. At an early age she evinced an uncommon fondness for poetry, and wrote many verses that would have done credit to one of mature years. An incessant reader, she has gathered a rich and varied fund of information from books, upon which she can always draw with surpassing aptness and effect. In conversation she is fascinating and instructive.

She was married at an early age to John S. Bigby, Esq., of Newnan, Georgia, and is now the mother of three children, two sons and a daughter. She resides in Newnan, a pleasant town, particularly noted for its intellectual and literary characters.

She only occasionally contributes to various journals, having written much that is unpublished.

“Polk” is not surpassed by the beautiful verses of H. L. Flash, which they resemble, on “Zollicoffer;” while in “Delilah” we can imagine standing before us the “Gentile girl with jetty eyes.”

“Judith” was awarded a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, offered by “Field and Fireside,” (Augusta, Georgia,) in 1864, for the best poem, over forty-nine competitors.

POLK.

No richer harvest Death hath reap'd
In all the Southern gleanings,
No braver blood than his that flow'd
With eucharistic meaning.

He left the soil he died to save,
 Crimsoned with his gore,
 To claim the sacerdotal crown
 The martyr'd Stephen wore.

The cross—the symbol of his faith—
 He bore with meek renown,
 Till, budding like the Levite's rod,
 It blossomed in a crown.
 All o'er the land a Lent of tears
 Shall Salem's daughters keep;
 Her sons look on with stony eyes—
 For Vengeance must not weep.

DELILAH.

A Gentile girl, with jetty eyes,
 And hair of tropic gloom,
 Gleaming with gems of Araby,
 And sweet with its perfume:

Each rippling fold and sheeny wave
 Plaited with studied grace;
 A frame of ebon to enshrine
 The picture of her face:

A warm, bright mouth aglow with love,
 A cheek where brown and red
 In loving rivalry combine
 To make the dimple's bed:

Arms rounded with a sculptor's art,
 Hands supple, soft, and fair,
 And other beauties half concealed,
 Showing charms still more rare:

She comes from ages far remote,
 A type of woman's power,
 A fiend of hell, a form of light—
 Beauty her only dower.

A bright anathema she stands,
 Defiant in her charms;
 For Gaza's giant was a child
 Encircled in her arms.

CHARLESTON.

No willing captive wilt thou stand,
 While tyrants manacle thy hands
 With tripled steel;
 But proud, defiant as thou art,
 Though anguish rend thy very heart,
 Thou'lt scorn to kneel.

Let foes still thunder at thy gate,
 Unblenched, thou'lt calmly bide thy fate,
 Whate'er it be :
 Thy hand will grasp the sacred fire,
 And on thy self-elected pyre,
 Thou'lt still be free.

Thou art not despoiled; honor's left,
 Fair virgin city of the South ;
 Like Egypt's queen,
 The head that wears a regal crown
 Can ne'er to conqueror bow down,
 But dies a queen.

Where'er the dauntless and the free
 Fight for their birthright — Liberty,
 In distant lands,
 For a memorial be it told,
 Until the mountain-tops grow old,
 How Charleston stands.

 PRIZE POEM.

JUDITH.

Evening's first-born, the fair initial gem
 Of starry thousands, trembles in the blue;
 Its happy mission, lamping out the way
 For *all* the wandering children of the sun,
 Trooping to do obeisance to the queen
 Of heaven. Cloud-circled on her car, she draws
 The stream of stars along the vaulted floor,
 Willing captives at her chariot wheels.

Earth, with its throbbing pulses stilled,
 Is listening for the orisons of night,
 And conning o'er the rosary of stars
 Hung brightly on her bosom. Beautiful,
 Mysterious night! The great symbolical
 Apocalypse of Deity's own grandeur;
 Perfect now, as when the creating voice
 First called thee night. Earth groans with curses:
 Her pristine beauty marr'd, the noxious dew
 Of sin on every flower. The heavens,
 Harmonious in their mighty sphere
 As when the morning stars in concert sang,
 Show but their Maker's hand. The poor worm, man,
 With his weak, ephemeral hopes and joys,
 Wraps around himself the scanty mantle
 Of his selfish aims, a fig-leaf covering,
 And walks beneath the thousand eyes of night,
 Nor trembles at the voice that calls within;
 Looks out upon the scene, beautiful
 As heaven, solemn as a thought of hell,
 And feels no awe at the familiar show.

Not in vain the lesson He has writ in
 Cabalistic lines of gold. She who stood,
 Alone, on Judea's storied hills,
 Read in the emblazoned page what faith
 Alone might see. High resolves, begotten
 Of her country's bitter wrongs, grew steadfast
 As the everlasting stars of heaven.
 He who led *that* host, surely would not leave
Her to the blind uncertainties of chance.
 In the instincts that now stirred her heart
 She read His will, plainly as if engraved
 With pen of iron on the solid rock.
 In that dark medieval age, when man
 Must needs be something of a "law unto
 Himself," the inner voice, that *whispers* now,
 Spake loud and clear. And angels who had left
 Their Eden homes to 'tend the fallen race,
 Breathed in her ear words that to us would seem
 An unknown, mystic tongue.

Of righteous wrath,
 No self-elected instrument was she.
 Predestinated for this hour, she stood

Obedient to the ordained will,
 Accomplishing in one eventful deed
 The purpose of her being. And she felt
 That He who willed the act would bless the means.
 God was o'erhead, and at her feet the camps.

Like snowy doves that settle in a flock,
 The white tents stood upon the sacred hills,
 A host in number like the stars above.
 To-night, they boasted when they drove their stakes,
 To-morrow's eve should see them on the plain,
 And burning cities, sacked and ruined towns,
 And widow'd matrons, with their houseless babes,
 Attest the vengeance of their steps. Alas!
 How helpless Judea seem'd. Yesterday
 She threw aside her chains; to-morrow's sun
 Might see them riveted anew. Her doom
 Was sealed unless her God should interpose.

The reeling sentinel had ceased his round,
 And slept at last beside the smould'ring fire.
 They too, in imitation of their chief,
 With wassails "vex'd the drowsy ear of night,"
 Till heavy slumber still'd their babbling tongues.
 The lonely jackal's distant, plaintive cry,
 The Jordan fretting o'er its rocky bed,
 In haste to reach the bosom of the sea,
 Were sounds the oleander-scented breeze
 Brought from the plains below. The goatherd's cry,
 The shepherd's evening song from far-off hills,
 Mingled with the night-bird's boding voice.
 Nearer was heard the tethered camels'
 Awkward tread. Loosed from their cumbrous load,
 They stalked like spectral shadows on the hill,
 Cropping the scanty herbage.

A censer

Held by a silver bracket, burned with spice
 And pungent aromatic sandal-wood
 Before the Assyrian's tent. A lamp
 Lit within, shone o'er a sleeping soldier.
 Fresh from the banquet, he had thrown himself,
 Apparelled as he was, upon his couch.
 A canopy of purple and of gold,

Wrought with barbaric gems, hung o'er his head.
 Heavy potations of generous wine
 Had surfeited this sensuous being,
 And Holofernes slept:—slept but to dream
 Again he had quaffed the ruddy wine,
 And sweeter draughts than ever vintage gave,
 From rubier lips. His lustful dreams were
 Following in the lascivious track
 His waking passions made. A mutter'd oath,
 Or some coarse term of love from coarser lips,
 Told where his thoughts kept tryst.

A woman's hand
 Parted the crimson curtains from the door,
 And Judith stood within. With beauty such
 As never hath endowed a Gentile maid
 She stood, this dusky daughter of the sun,
 Fair as Rachel, when her shepherd lover
 Deemed her worth the seven years' wooing,
 And yet seven more. A high, heroic
 Style, like Sarah had, when it tempted God's
 Most faithful son to use duplicity.
 Courageous was she as the Kenite's wife,
 Who slew the sleeping Sisera; wily
 As the queen whose conquering beauty made
 The royal will subservient to her own
 And to her people's good. As noiselessly
 As move the figures we but see in dreams,
 She glided to the sleeping chieftain's couch,
 And bending low, "a moment o'er her face
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, and then it faded as it came."
 The glittering sword that hung above his head
 Would riot in her kindred's blood, and *now*
 The stalwart arm that *then* would wield its weight
 Was nerveless as an infant's. The charm'd hour
 Of fate had come. A woman, frail as fair,
 Youthful as weak, accomplishes its design.
 She paused a moment ere she laid aside
 The mercy-loving nature of her sex.
 The woman pleaded in her heart, perhaps
 For him defenceless and asleep. 'T was but
 A moment. The vow her lips had breathed
 Transformed the creature to a nobler thing.

As vessels that the priests have once blessed,
Though made of common clay, become henceforth
Forever sacred to the temple's use,
So the baptism of her mission fell
Upon the heart and brain, transfiguring
Her whole being. If it is truly said,
"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,"
Then we have erred in calling Judith young.
We looked but on the strangely dazzling face,
The full, voluptuous, and perfect form,
And not upon the spirit caged within.
Called we her fair? How poor a word for
Beauty — terrible as Egypt's death-angels!
A woman? Yea, if that be vengeance's sex.
With no unseemly haste proclaiming fear,
She took the pond'rous weapon from the wall;
Laying one hand upon his matted locks,
The other held the instrument of death,
Swift the descending blade flashed in the light.
The deed was done, and Judea was free:
A Woman's hand had brought the priceless gift.

Sing on, O Stars! your everlasting song,
And let the moon in cloudless beauty walk
Her fair celestial way. Before thy light
Shall pale in morning's gray, Judith shall raise
The song of victory Miriam sang,
And Deborah echoed 'neath the spreading palms:
"Israel's God is Lord for evermore."

ANNIE R. BLOUNT.

MISS BLOUNT is a native of Richmond County, Va. She commenced writing for her own pleasure and amusement at an early age, and many of her juvenile productions appeared in print under various signatures.

She graduated at Madison Female College, Madison, Ga., with the very highest honors the institution could confer; the president stating to the trustees and audience that she was the most perfect scholar he had ever graduated.

After her graduation, although very young, Miss Blount, at the earnest persuasion of teachers, friends, etc., assumed the editorial conduct of a literary paper, which, under her auspices, rapidly grew into public favor, and was widely circulated. Miss Blount, besides being literary editress of the "Bainbridge Argus," (which position she held for two years,) contributed to other Southern literary journals. She received a prize offered by a literary paper published in Newbern, N. C., for "the best story by any American writer."

Mr. T. A. Burke, then editor of the "Savannah News," thus alluded to her success:

"An examining committee, composed of W. Gilmore Simms, the eminent novelist, Rev. B. Craven, President of the Normal College, N. C., and John R. Thompson, editor of the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' have awarded the first prize, a one-hundred-dollar gold medal, to 'Jenny Woodbine,' *alias* Miss Annie R. Blount, of Augusta, Ga., 'for the best story,' to be published in a Southern paper. We know Miss Blount well, and her success as a writer, both of prose and verse, is what her decided talent induced us to expect. She is young—probably the youngest writer of any reputation in the country, North or South—and, with proper study and care, she has much to expect in the future."

This story, "The Sisters," was printed in 1859, in the "Newbern Gazette." Miss Blount has received numerous prizes for poems and novelettes, offered by various papers. In the summer of —, she was invited by the trustees and faculty of Le Vert College, Talbotton, Ga.,

to deliver an original poem at their annual commencement. An enthusiastic gentleman, in a notice of the "Commencement," says:

"It was the privilege of the large audience to listen to a poem from Miss Annie R. Blount, of Augusta. Her subject seemed to be, 'The Power of Woman.' The reading elicited extraordinary interest. . . . It is impossible for me to give any just idea of the poem, and I will conclude by saying, if I am ever called to the battle-field, I want the fair author to be there to read the concluding lines at the head of my column."

The next summer, Miss Blount delivered a poem at the "College Temple" Commencement, Newnan, Ga. After the reading of the poem, the faculty of College Temple conferred on her the degree of "Mistress of Arts."

In 1860, Miss Blount collected her poems and printed them in a book. The volume was dedicated to Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, under whose kindly auspices it was published. Considering the unsettled state of the times, the book sold well, and was highly complimented by the press. The following notice of the volume is from the pen of that graceful writer, Miss C. W. Barber, then editress of the "Southern Literary Companion":

"While looking over some book-shelves in our new home, the other day, we came, unexpectedly, across a volume of Miss Blount's poems. We had never seen the book before, and sat down at once 'to read, to ponder, and to dream.' Annie Blount has, in this unassuming volume, established her right to the laurel-wreath. She may now lay her hand confidently upon it, and few will dispute her right to its possession. We were not prepared to find so many gems in so small a casket; we did not know that so sweet a bird carolled amid the magnolia groves of the South.

"Letitia E. Landon won for herself a deathless fame in England and America. Wherein are her poems so greatly superior to Miss Blount's? Both have dwelt much upon the varied emotions of the human heart; sometimes it is hopeful, sometimes disappointed love that they sing about. At Annie Blount's age, Letitia Landon had certainly written nothing sweeter, deeper, or in any respect better than this volume of poems contains. Before she died upon the coast of Africa, she had, of course, gone through a wider range of experience than Annie Blount has yet done, and every phase of human life develops in us all some latent power. But, even in her last poem—an address to the 'North Star,' written only a few hours before her death—there is nothing superior to the following, which we copy from Miss Blount's Poem entitled, 'The Evening Star':

“Where dwellest thou, my young heart's chosen one?
 What glorious star can claim thee as its own?
 If it be true that when the spirit flies
 From earth it nestles in the starlit skies,
 What orb is brightened by thy radiant face?
 Methinks in yonder Evening Star I trace
 The light which circled o'er the brow I love,
 And fixed my wayward heart on things above.

.
 Sweet Evening Star, brighter than all the rest,
 Thou art the star my infancy loved best;
 And still the fancy-dream my bosom swells,
 That there, with thee, my loved one's spirit dwells:
 I'll clasp the dear delusion to my breast,
 That it may quell this wild and vague unrest,
 And though from native land I wander far,
 I'll turn to thee with love, bright Evening Star.’”

Miss Blount was devoted to the Southern cause, and did all she could for the soldiers. She was exceedingly anxious to go to Richmond as a nurse; all of her male relatives were in the Virginia army, but her health was so delicate her friends dissuaded her, and she tried to do all the good she could at home.

The hospitals at Augusta, as the war progressed, became crowded with the sick and suffering, and every patriotic woman had ample opportunity to do good. Miss Blount, followed closely by her old nurse (a faithful “maumer”) with a basket of delicacies, went daily from ward to ward with tender, pitying words and gentle ministrations. One word for the faithful “Maumer” Rachael, who, although an humble colored woman, was a second mother to Annie Blount, left motherless at that trying age when she most needed a mother's counsel. “Faithful to the last” should be her epitaph. She would not accept freedom, laughed at the idea of leaving “her children,” as she termed them, and labored for them as untiringly and devotedly after the freedom of her race as before, until, one mild September evening, death wrote “Finis” to her earthly work, and the faithful, devoted creature breathed her last, amid the gentle ministrations and bitter tears of the “children” she had served so faithfully and loved so tenderly.

Miss Blount resides in Augusta, with her brother and family.

UNDER THE LAMPLIGHT.

A PRIZE POEM.

Under the lamplight, watch them come,
Figures, one, two, three;
A restless mass moves on and on,
Like waves on a stormy sea.
Lovers wooing,
Billing and cooing,
Heedless of the warning old,
Somewhere in uncouth rhyme told,
That old Time, Love's enemy,
Makes the warmest heart grow cold.
See how fond the maiden leaneth
On that strong encircling arm,
While her timid heart is beating
Near that other heart so warm;
Downcast are her modest glances,
Filled her heart with pleasant fancies.
Clasp her, lover!—clasp her closer—
Time the winner, thou the loser!
He will steal
From her sparkling eye its brightness,
From her step its native lightness;
Or, perchance,
Ere another year has fled,
Thou may'st see her pale and dead.
Trusting maiden!
Heart love-laden,
Thou may'st learn
That the lip which breathed so softly
Told to thee a honeyed lie;
That the heart now beating near thee
Gave to thee no fond return—
Learn—and die!

Under the lamplight, watch them come,
Figures, one, two, three;
The moon is up, the stars are out,
And hurrying crowds I see—
Some with sorrow
Of the morrow

Thinking bitterly;
 Why grief borrow?
Some that morrow
 Ne'er shall live to see.
 Which of all this crowd shall God
 Summon to his court to-night?
 Which of these many feet have trod
 These streets their last? Who first shall press
 The floor that shines with diamonds bright?
 To whom of all this throng shall fall
 The bitter lot,
 To hear the righteous Judge pronounce:
 "Depart, ye cursed—I know ye not!"
 Oh! startling question!—*who?*

Under the lamplight, watch them come,
 Faces fair to see—
 Some that pierce your very soul
 With thrilling intensity:
 Cold and ragged,
 Lean and haggard—
 God! what misery!
 See them watch yon rich brocade,
 By their toiling fingers made,
 With the eyes of poverty.
 Does the tempter whisper now:
 "Such may be thine own!"—but *how?*
 Sell thy woman's virtue, wretch,
 And the price that it will fetch
 Is a silken robe as fine—
 Gems that glitter—hearts that shine—
 But pause, reflect!
 Ere the storm shall o'er thee roll,
 Ere thy sin spurns all control—
 Though with jewels bright bedecked,
 Thou wilt lose thy self-respect;
 All the good will spurn thy touch,
 As if 't were an adder's sting,
 And the *price* that it will bring
Is a ruined soul!
 God protect thee—keep thee right,
 Lonely wanderer of the night!

Under the lamplight, watch them come—
 Youth with spirits light;

His handsome face I'm sure doth make
 Some quiet household bright.
 Yet where shall this lover,
 This son, this brother,
 Hide his head to-night?
 Where the bubbles swim
 On the wine-cup's brim;
 Where the song rings out
 Till the moon grows dim;
 Where congregate the knave and fool,
 To graduate in vice's school.
 Oh! turn back, youth!
 Thy mother's prayer
 Rings in thy ear—
 Let sinners not
 Entice thee there.

Under the lamplight, watch them come,
 The gay, the blithe, the free;
 And some with a look of anguished pain
 'T would break your heart to see.
 Some from a marriage,
 Altar, and priest;
 Some from a death-bed,
 Some from a feast;
 Some from a den of crime, and some
 Hurrying on to a happy home;
 Some bowed down with age and woe,
 Praying meekly as they go;
 Others—whose friends and honor are gone—
 To sleep all night on the pavement stone;
 And losing all but shame and pride,
 Be found in the morning a suicide.
 Rapidly moves the gliding throng—
 List the laughter, jest, and song.
 Poverty treads
 On the heels of wealth;
 Loathsome disease
 Near robust health.
 Grief bows down
 Its weary head;
 Crime skulks on
 With a cat-like tread.

Youth and beauty, age and pain —
 Vice and virtue form the train —
 Misery, happiness, side by side;
 Those who had best in childhood died,
 Close to the good — on they go,
 Some to joy, and some to woe,
 Under the lamplight —
 Watch them glide,
 On like the waves of a swelling sea,
 On, on, on to Eternity.

SUGGESTED BY THE CUSTOM OF STREWING OUR SOLDIERS'
 GRAVES WITH FLOWERS.*

Strew those dear graves thickly over,
 Every sacred earth-mound cover,
 Son and brother, friend and lover,
 Sleeping there.
 Matrons! maids! the South's chaste daughters,
 Bring to all our sainted martyrs
 Offerings rare,
 The very fairest flowers that bloom,
 To deck each hallowed soldier's tomb!

Violet, rose, and morning-glory,
 Though they say, "Memento mori,"
 Also tell the pleasing story
 Of the time to come:
 Where no clamor rude of battle,
 Sabre's clash and cannon's rattle,
 Sound of fife or drum,
 Shall disturb the quiet air —
 All is peace and beauty there!

Bring your laurels, lilies, roses,
 Bind them into sweetest posies,
 Strew them where in death reposes
 The dear, precious dust
 Of our braves, the true and knightly:
 O'er each hallowed grave tread lightly;
 'T is a sacred trust
 Thus to scatter flowers above
 Lowly graves of those we love!

* April 26th.

"Stonewall," bravest of "the immortals,"
 Passed triumphant through heaven's portals,
 Lilies for thee, Christian warrior,
 And a cedar spray!
 Ashby! Stuart! Pelham! glorious
 Braves, who led your hosts victorious
 Through the deadly fray,
 Strew we here blush-rose of May,
 Eglantine, and fadeless bay.

Morgan! Cleburne! Zollicoffer!
 What spring flowers shall we proffer?
 Which are the worthiest of the offer
 To thy memories?
 We will strew o'er thy still bosoms
 Spring-time's sweetest, choicest blossoms,
 The fair fleur-de-lis,
 "Emblems of true knighthood's pride,"
 With the amaranth, side by side.

But how vain the task to number
 Our immortal braves who slumber!
 And yet like no vague penumbra
 They before me rise—
 Clad in robes of snowy whiteness,
 With a more than mortal brightness,
 Pass my yearning eyes—
 Those who've stacked their arms forever,
 Those who've crossed the shining river!

Ah! the South's warm heart embraces
 Each of these dear fallen faces,
 Asleep in hallowed resting-places,
 Marked, "Confederate Dead;"
 All bright jewels of that nation,
 Perished from the fair creation.
 Knightliest head
 Slumbers oft 'neath some white stone
 Bearing that sad word, "Unknown."

What though weak gave up to stronger
 In brute force—forgive the wronger—
 Though our banner float no longer,
 But is sadly pressed

To some still, dead heart that bore it
 Proudly through the fight? Now o'er it—
 That cold, pulseless breast—
 Lies the banner, sadly furled,
 That once claimed homage of a world!

Scatter flowers each "last home" over,
 Every soldier's earth-mound cover,
 Son and brother, friend and lover,
 Sweetly resting here—
 Each "somebody's darling" sleeping;
 Far or near, *some* heart is weeping,
 For each grave so dear
 Holds *somebody's* love and pride:
All are ours, for us they died!
 On this one day, set apart,
 The whole South mourns *as with one heart!*

AUGUSTA, GA., April, 1868.

A LITERARY PAIR OF LOVERS.

"We will make our escape to the library, Henry, or to my sanctum, which is more retired. I have a sketch which I wish you to criticise, or at least to review. You know I am no ambitious candidate for literary honors; but when I publish an article, even if the world should never know its authorship, I like it to be polished carefully, and I write in too great haste always."

They repaired to the cosy little room Irene termed her "sanctum," and were soon busily engaged in looking over her manuscript.

"Why do you not desire fame, Irene? The fruit which so many covet is within your grasp. With care and cultivation—no genius can excel without these—you might become one of the finest writers of light literature of the age."

"You think so, Henry?"

"Most certainly I do. You have always underrated your own powers. Your portfolio abounds with gems of poesy, which equal anything ever written by my favorite, Mrs. Browning. Why, Irene, had you the ambition, you could write a name on the annals of your country's fame that would never die. Child! child! you do not know yourself. You have a versatility of talent I have never seen surpassed!—but you write a great deal better than you talk. I have often wondered at that. I have seen you appear confused and embarrassed when some question was discussed, and in half an hour you would go to your own room and write out your opinions so clearly and sen-

sibly on a subject of which you had seemed ignorant, that you astonished me. Understand me, you are always a brilliant conversationist when interested; you never make idle, unmeaning remarks, and at all times converse better than any woman of my acquaintance. In fact, there is an indescribable charm about all that you utter; you invest ordinary topics with interest, and clothe the meanest objects in your beautiful garments of poesy, until they seem wholly to have changed their nature. But your writing is superior to your conversation; you seem to think more clearly and beautifully when the pen is between your fingers, and there is a boldness and originality about your style very refreshing in this age of imitation."

"I cannot accuse you of flattery, for I know that you are sincere in all you say; but you judge me with the partial eye of affection. Do not be a syren, luring me on to my own destruction. Suppose that I become so inflated with vanity as to enter the lists with more experienced writers. Fancy me with heart and soul engaged in the task—risking my all on the throw of a single die;—then imagine me defeated in the contest. What will be my fate, when, like a disappointed gamester, ruin stares me in the face? Oh! Henry, I am proud, very proud. If I should write for fame, and the critics should assail me, I would die, like the sensitive Keats, when the rude breath of unappreciation swept over him."

"You are mistaken, Irene; you do not know your own nature. There is something within you that would rise superior to all this. You would feel that you *deserved* success; and—"

"Rank myself among the great unappreciated!" laughed Irene.

Unfortunately for Henry's argument, he had not read an article from the pen of a late writer, stating that those whom the world refuses to acknowledge are generally appreciated as much as they deserve to be. He subscribed to the now evidently exploded fallacy that geniuses have lived and died in unmerited obscurity.

"At any rate, criticism would never kill you, Irene; you *could* not be crushed to the earth; the very pride you speak of would sustain you. Is a flower the less sweet because the rude boor tramples it under foot? Would your poems be the less meritorious because some critic saw no beauty in them? You are not *vain*, and only vanity shrinks from a little wholesome criticism. Genius is willing to have its faults pointed out, and to amend them. You were not vexed just now when I made a wholesale erasure in one of your essays. You only looked over it carefully, reasoned with me a while, read it again, and said frankly, 'You are right, and I accept the amendment.' Vanity would not have said that, or at least not sincerely, because vanity would have considered the article perfect at first. I did not see one look of wounded pride on your face; if you felt, you did not betray it; and oh! Irene, that telltale face of yours!"

He smiled fondly on her, and possessed himself of the tiny hand resting near his on the paper.

"Fame cannot bring happiness to woman, my dear friend. Dost remember what Mrs. Hemans says?

"Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away!—to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring."

And again, the last verse of the same poem:

"Fame! fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool, fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need,
Where must the lone one turn or flee?
Not unto thee, oh! not to thee."

And Mrs. Norton—gifted daughter of poetry and passion, whose heart was almost breaking with the weight of its own sweet song—says, in her 'Picture of Sappho':

"Fame to thy breaking heart
No comfort could impart;
In vain thy brow the laurel wreath was wearing;
One grief, and one alone,
Could bow thy bright head down—
Thou wert a woman, and wert left despairing."

"You select such sad quotations, that one would fancy you subscribed to the common belief—that fame and happiness cannot dwell together."

"I do believe it."

"And are not alone. Is it not Mrs. Hemans, who, in describing an impassioned woman of genius, bids her not hope for blessedness on earth, and adds:

"For unto thee earth's gift is—Fame."

"Yes; and in another place she says:

"Tell me no more, no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place, a home for all
Its burden of affection. I depart

Unknown, though Fame goes with me. I must leave
 The world unknown — yet it may be that Death
 Shall give my name a power to win such tears
 As would have made life precious.”

“What a heart-wail is this — proving the emptiness of fame to a woman’s craving heart! I do not believe that any happy woman ever writes. It is either the disappointed young woman, or the unhappy, perhaps deserted wife, who flies to science and literature as a nepenthe. Those who fail to find congeniality in their domestic associations will seek for sympathy abroad. Those who miss the *heart* homage of the one, seek the lip homage of the many. But to a crushed heart, the cup of the world’s applause must seem to contain the waters of Marah, and the fruits of public appreciation turn to Sodom apples on the lips.”

We will leave this literary pair of lovers to discuss such topics as they please.

UNEQUALLY YOKED.

“‘Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his level, day by day,
 What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
 And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.’

“As *true* as bitter.”

“You agree with the poet-laureate, then, Mr. Hampton?”

“I do. I have seen really refined women marry inferior men, and have marked their downward career, until I saw them become as coarse as the clowns they had wedded. It is a most miserable position for a superior woman to find herself mated with a man who cannot appreciate the glowing fancies which flood her own brain, and invest the meanest thing with a sort of poetic beauty — to be derided for some quaint, sweet conceit — to blush for shame when her ‘lord and master’ gives vent to his commonplace thoughts, clothing them in a coarse fustian covering. I had a friend — a noble woman — thank God, she is dead now; and her sorrows and persecutions are over. She was ‘mated with a clown,’ and has herself told me that she was painfully conscious of her superiority to the man she had married and had promised to look up to and respect; that she had tried to unlearn all she had ever known; that she read no books — ceased to cultivate her intellect, and to quench the thirst of her grasping mind at the stream of knowledge, lest the disparity between them should grow so great as to become intolerable. There were ‘tears in her voice,’ as she said it, and she was an old woman then, older in suffering than in years. She was endeavoring to dissuade her young and

gifted daughter from a romantic love-match. The girl had lost her heart, or fancied she had, which is almost as unfortunate, to an uneducated fellow with a handsome face, and the mother shuddered as she saw in prospective the humiliation which must inevitably ensue when the intellect of her daughter should be fully developed, and she with this clog attached to her, drawing her down — ”

“Did they marry?” asked Irene, abruptly, not heeding the unfinished sentence.

With a bright look and a joyous laugh that made him positively handsome, Hampton replied :

“I am rejoiced to say, no. The lady is one of our most distinguished Southern writers.—is married to a man of great cultivation; and the hero of her ‘young love-dream,’ about which I have seen her laugh until the tears stood in her eyes, is keeping a livery stable.”

“How is it, Mr. Hampton, that men of intellect so often marry women who have nothing to recommend them but personal charms?—women without cultivation, without natural talent, without nobility of character. It has often been a source of wonder to me; and yet it occurs so frequently. The most sensible man I ever knew, a man too, of refined æsthetic tastes, a scholar in the best and truest sense of the word, has a wife whose soul never soared above jellies and preserves. I don’t think she ever read a book in her life—beg her pardon! I have heard her discoursing gravely about the Arabian Nights, whose falsehoods she declared disgusted her. She is a famous housekeeper; keeps her rooms, her children, and herself as tidy as possible. But, good heavens, Mr. Hampton! how must that man feel when, in reading, he forgets how empty and shallow her brain, and repeats aloud to her some exquisitely beautiful passage, only to meet a look of wonder, or an unmeaning ‘That *is* pretty’? The strangest thing of all to me is that he seems contented with his lot.”

Hampton laughed.

“Some men, Miss Stanley, are such devoted worshippers of self, that they can endure no rivalry; they desire that their wives should look up to them in blind adoration, and rely on their judgment with unquestioning faith. They do not like for a woman to have opinions of her own, lest she should forget the divine fiat against which no true woman rebels: ‘Wives, obey your husbands.’ They feel important and consequential, because by one person, at least, they are regarded as ‘monsters of intellect.’ It is sublime selfishness, extravagant love of *I*, which influences such men to marry shallow-brained women. Perhaps your ‘sensible man,’ with all his intellectuality and refinement, has enough of the animal in his nature to appreciate a good dinner more than a polished sentence, and prefers a feast of the good things of earth to the ‘feast of reason and the flow of soul.’ Marriage exists not for him in a beautiful ideal state, but he looks on it as a prosaic reality—three meals a day—shirt-buttons in order—children neatly dressed—and a house well kept and carefully dusted.”

"But one can *hire* a housekeeper," remonstrated Irene, with an indignant flush of the cheek.

"So one can, Miss Stanley; and if one wants a doll with a pretty face to look at in hours of weariness, there are plenty of wax ones exhibited in show-cases and shop-windows, which may be purchased for a trifle. As for me, I would not select a wife for her ornamental or useful qualities, giving the latter a poetical meaning. I should seek for a *companion* and *friend* — one who would share in my higher, holier thoughts — ennoble my aspirations — call forth the better part of my nature — incite me to lofty, noble deeds — refine me by her gentleness — soften down the rough edges of selfishness in my nature — soothe my hours of despondency — inspire me with new hope when I felt crushed to the earth, if I ever *could* feel so with the love of such a woman — check me in sin — encourage me in honorable ambition — be, in short, *my better self*."

It was interesting to watch the changes which passed over Irene's expressive countenance during this somewhat lengthy speech. At one moment her face kindled, at the next her eyes softened, and wore a subdued, tender expression. Finally she raised her downcast eyes, opened them full into Hampton's, met his earnest look, and, coloring slightly, said, with some agitation of tone:

"But you have not fully answered my question."

"The problem is hard to solve. Euclid never contained a more complicated one; yet it may be solved in several different ways. I have seen some men so self-worshipping that their contemptible pride made them fear rivalry. Some are so practical that they only desire housekeepers; some fear intellectual women because — although the ancient scandal has often been refuted — they have adopted the mistaken notion that a woman who is brilliant in society, who has won prizes in the literary tournament, and is accustomed to the adulation of the public, must, of necessity, be a disagreeable home-companion — neglecting all the household duties, ignoring her responsibilities as wife and mother, for the sake of achieving fame, and growing despondent and irritated in the absence of that excitement and praise which is to some what his pill is to the opium-eater, an absolute necessity, without which the victim regards life as a burden too heavy to bear. Then there are sentimental youth who dream of

'An airy, fairy Lillian,'

and think that the woman destined to be a wife was only created to look charmingly, dress becomingly, nestle closely to one's heart, put a pair of white arms about one's neck, and go through life billing and cooing, turtle-dove fashion. I, myself, used to fancy that I would be perfectly happy in a little love of a cottage, (like the one described in Moore's sarcastic poem, which Poverty entered one fine morning, putting the little god who had inhabited it before to inglorious flight,) with a little love of a wife who would

wear white frocks and rose-buds in her hair, who would sing to me and kiss me, who would never puzzle her brains about abstruse questions, or, indeed, care for anything but to love *me*."

"What cured you?"

"David Copperfield cured me, or, rather, that silly but loving little child-wife of his. How wise of Dickens to remove her to a better world in her youth, and restore to the disappointed man the dream of happiness that haunted his boyhood, by giving him that love which alone could satisfy an exacting soul like his. Fancy such a woman growing to mature womanhood—to old age—bah!—and with such a husband! As it is, we can sympathize with, weep for, almost love the poor little butterfly, with its coaxing, winning little ways. Its very foolishness is attractive because of youth, beauty, and an affectionate, clinging heart. But imagine her an old woman!"

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MARIA JOURDAN WESTMORELAND.

MARIA ELIZABETH JOURDAN is of mingled French and English blood, her father being of French extraction, while her mother boasts a long line of English ancestry, whose generations extend far, far back to the "mother country." Col. Warren Jourdan, the father of our subject, was a Georgian; and never was man more devoted and jealous of the rights of his State than he. *For twenty-one years uninterruptedly* he was in her councils and battled heroically in her cause. He was also the intimate friend and ready champion of George M. Troup. In 1835, he espoused the eldest daughter of Col. Reuben Thornton, also well and favorably known in Georgia, a Virginia gentleman of the old *régime*, who removed to this State when it was in a very unsettled condition, and purchased large landed estates on the Oconee River, in Greene County. Here Col. Thornton resided for many years, but the climate proving so miasmatic and baneful, and having time and again been bereaved by the loss of his children, he determined to seek a more healthful locality for his beloved ones. The beautiful *petite* village of Gainesville, Hall County, nestled away in the mountains of Northern Georgia, with its salubrious climate, its bracing atmosphere, and sparkling, delightful waters, all conspired to invite the stricken invalids to its enchanting region. Thitherward the family came, and there Col. Thornton purchased a summer-seat. Years after, at this very spot, while in quest of health, Col. Warren Jourdan met and wooed and won Mary Johnson, the eldest daughter of Reuben Thornton and Maria Winston. This union was auspicious in the extreme. Col. Jourdan possessed wealth; he was cultured and refined; a courtier in manners, an Adonis in appearance, chivalric, generous, and hospitable, he certainly was richly entitled to the enviable reputation which he enjoyed of being one of the most irresistible men of his day. His wife also was quite cultivated and attractive, a fine musician, and an excellent artist. Added to these lighter accomplishments, Mrs. Jourdan possessed remarkable courage and an indomitable will, which, in after-years of vicissitude and change, caused her to successfully surmount grievous obstacles, and to heroically com-

bat the hard and bitter strokes of fortune with which she was so often lashed.

Just here it may be proper to state that Mrs. Warren Jourdan, at the ripe age of fifty-four years, has in course of preparation a *practical* "Cookery Book," which will be peculiarly adapted to the wants of the young and inexperienced housekeepers in our distressed and impoverished Southland. Reared, as the women of the South were, in luxury and ease, and being deprived of their inheritance, *trained servants*, etc., they are left without guide or director in the culinary department. This book, then, is a *sine qua non* with the wives of our soldier-boys. It will soon be ready for their use. All who have ever eaten at the hospitable board of Col. Jourdan can testify to the excellency and deliciousness of Mrs. Jourdan's *cuisine*.

Begging pardon for our digression, we return to that which interests us more particularly — the birth, education, talents, and literary career of our authoress. The felicitous union of which we have spoken was fruitful of four as handsome and intelligent children as ever blessed the home and hearts of fond parents. The third child and second daughter was Maria Elizabeth Jourdan. Loveliness of person and precocity of mind were her gifts from nature. It was a rare thing for one to pass the thoughtful little beauty without prophesying a brilliant future for her. Even in tender childhood she gave unmistakable evidences of that genius which has given to the *literati* those essays which have appeared from time to time in the columns of "Scott's Monthly," and the "Ladies' Home Gazette," both periodicals published in the city of Atlanta, the home of Mrs. Westmoreland.

With Maria Jourdan, music was a passion. Having been so fortunate as to have always enjoyed the tuition of skilful masters, she early became a proficient in the art, and, unlike most married ladies, she has never thrown aside her favorite amusement, but devotes much time to familiarizing herself with the various operas, etc., her rendition of some of which is worthy a Strakosch or a Verdi. Her touch is exquisite and thrilling, her manipulation wonderful. Nor should we fail to speak of her beautiful improvisations, which so often charm and delight the home circle. Hour after hour have we seen her under the inspiration, as it were, of Orpheus, while strain after strain of the most witching music would be borne upon the air, ravishing the ear, melting the heart, and causing the eye to grow liquid, and the lip to quiver with emotion. On such occasions Mrs. Westmoreland is tran-

scendently charming. The rapt look she wears; the deeply sad expression of her large, dark, and lustrous eyes; the heightening color, the classic brow, where "thought sits enthroned"—all, *all* combine to form a picture over which artists would delight to linger. Her manners are fascinating—not indeed free from that *hauteur* peculiar to high-bred Southern women; but she commands without repulsing. She is a brilliant colloquist, her conversations abounding in wit, repartee, and pleasantry.

Mrs. Westmoreland is endowed with a high order of intellect, excelling, when at college, in mathematics and the languages. She also early evinced a preference for the study of the classics, and her mind is richly stored with stories and legends—of those real and mythical personages whose marvellous deeds and glorious achievements have been sung from time immemorial. The Baptist College, located in the beautiful and refined city of La Grange, is the *alma mater* of Mrs. Westmoreland, as it is also of her not less gifted but less ambitious sister, Mrs. Madeline V. Bryan, who writes charmingly both in prose and poetry. A few weeks after the completion of her seventeenth birthday, Maria Jourdan became the wife of Dr. W. F. Westmoreland, of Atlanta. They went to Atlanta to reside. Mrs. Westmoreland's *musicals* and *conversazioni* were always brilliant and *recherché*. She was also the founder of a "literary club," whose members convened once a week at her residence on Marietta Street. On these occasions, private theatricals were performed, and poems read or delivered, each member being compelled to contribute something for the amusement and edification of the "club." These weekly reunions were replete with interest and information, and happy they, indeed, who formed one of this charmed circle. Mrs. Westmoreland's home has been brightened by two lovely and intelligent children; the elder, a daughter of eight summers, resembles her mother both in mind and person.

The *advent* of this little one occurred on the day *South Carolina seceded*; her father, a staunch and uncompromising secessionist, immediately gave his daughter the name of that gallant and chivalric State. The younger child is a lovely, golden-haired boy of scarce four years. *He* came to his mother, *not* when the cause of the South was *hopeful*, but at the fatal hour when Sherman captured and desolated Atlanta! They are both children of the revolution, and we can but breathe a prayer that before they arrive at their respective estates of woman-

hood and manhood, the clouds which blacken and threaten our political horizon may be dissipated, and that peace and harmony may be restored to our wretched and distracted Southland.

Mrs. Westmoreland was devoted to the cause of the South, and toiled unremittingly, through heat and cold, rain and sunshine, during those terrible years of blood and carnage from which we have but emerged. She composed two very creditable "dramas," which were entitled "The Soldier's Wife," and "The Soldier's Trials;" these were performed upon the "boards" of the Atlanta Athenæum. The proceeds, which were munificent, were donated to the destitute wives and children of those brave Atlantians who were battling so manfully for our cause on the historic soil of the "Old Dominion."

The first evening the play of "The Soldier's Wife" was presented, the Athenæum was crowded almost to suffocation: the order and decorum observed on that occasion was wonderful, and bespoke at once the high regard and appreciation which the Atlanta public felt for the *dramatic neophyte*. The emotion evinced by that vast audience was deep and unfeigned; and every eye shed a tear and every bosom heaved a sigh over the stricken wife who had abandoned herself to sorrow, in the hourly expectation of the news of the condemnation of her husband, who had deserted the army, and fled to his home and little ones to preserve them from starvation. The play was a decided success, and the youthful follower of Æschylus left the Athenæum amid the congratulations of many sincere and loving friends.

Mrs. Westmoreland has discovered a wonderful talent for *essay writing*; her reviews also of different authors evince a rare conception, and a nice discrimination possessed by few. Her charming reviews of Owen Meredith's "Lucille" and "Aurora Leigh" have caused many to read those poems who would never have done so but for the rapturous eulogies pronounced by her upon their writings. Her "Cacoethes Loquendi," "Scribendi," and "Carpendi" are characteristic pieces, conversational in style, and abounding in humor, satire, and wit. Among the many essays which have emanated from the graceful and facile pen of Mrs. Westmoreland, not one has been more warmly received than "What is It?" There are many things in that production which go home to the heart of every reader, and he vainly asks himself, "What is it?" that he is ever desiring, ever striving after. Alas! echo mockingly answers, "What is it?"

Her contributions appeared under the signature of "Mystery."

"Onward — Upward," an essay of much vigor and research, is pronounced by many to be her *chef-d'œuvre*: really, where one has written so many clever things, we confess ourselves at a loss to know on which to bestow the palm. Mrs. M. J. Westmoreland's name is before the public; the veil of "Mystery" in which she was so long enshrouded has been swept aside; and with the heart-felt wish that the "gods" may look kindly upon her, we leave her to the fulfilment of her destiny.

Mrs. Westmoreland will shortly publish a novel anonymously, and contemplates issuing her "Essays" in a gala suit of "blue and gold," a dress they merit, and deserve a large circulation.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

That indefinable longing—that hopeless yearning after what we have not—that craving of the human heart which is never satisfied—that irrepressible desire to go forth into the Invisible—to live in the ideal, forgetting and forgotten—to roam from star to star, from system to system, only holding intercourse with the unseen spirits that dwell in this imaginary world! Twelve hours of such existence were worth a whole lifetime tamely spent in eating, drinking, and sleeping! We are taught that reason and judgment are more to be desired and cultivated than all the other mental faculties, while imagination is the least desirable, and, if indulged in, produces a listless inertia, which erects an ideal standard of life, leading us into untold vagaries and idiosyncrasies. But, in the words of Mrs. Browning:

"If heads
That hold a rhythmic thought must ache perforce,
For my part, I choose headaches."

So, if imagination, on this *je ne sais quoi*, can carry us beyond this "vale of tears"—can stop for a moment Ixion's fatal wheel—can make Tantalus, in spite of his thirst, essay his efforts for water—then give us the ideal—let us dwell in the imaginary. First let us consider—what are we born for? A purpose. What do we live for?—vainly pursuing that will-o'-the-wisp, Happiness, which, while we grasp it, glides through our fingers, and is gone. We die—hoping to reach heaven. Since Adam's expulsion from the Garden of Eden, human nature, in every age, in every clime, and under all circumstances, has been the same. Empires have risen and fallen—men tempted and overcome—women flattered and betrayed—martyrs in every cause have perished on the rack and at the stake. And what is the cause of it all? Is it not that uncontrollable desire to "o'erleap our destinies," and

penetrate the realms of the unknown? We are undoubtedly born to fill some niche in the great walls of the world; but where that vacancy is, few of us discover until too late, or, having found, still fewer go to work in real earnest to fulfil their allotted destinies. That "life is real, life is earnest," too few of us appreciate; and that we are all rather blindly following some phantom, some ideal of the soul, is too palpably true to be controverted. There is implanted in every human breast, with any aspiration at all, a heart-felt craving that will not be stilled—a something that preys upon our very lives as the vulture upon the vitals of Prometheus. It seeks to go beyond our present life, and fain would pierce the dim shades of futurity, hoping to find in its winding mazes that phantasm which did not reveal itself in the past, and which the present denies.

These phantoms rise up from the shrine of ambition, and every other passion to which mankind are prone. Does it not seem strange, that with all the lights of the past before us, we should so often be deluded? Is it not stranger still that we should trust this *ignis fatuus*, knowing it has lured so many unwary pilgrims to destruction—these spectres, that lead us blindly on, and elude our very grasp when we stretch forth our hands to clasp them? Each individual fancies himself the fortunate one who is to escape disappointment and sorrow—whose bark is to sail upon an unruffled sea, propelled by propitious gales—still hoping to evade the fatal whirlpool, until he is irretrievably lost in its circling eddies. This "Wandering Jew," this restive demon is never at ease. Take the first mentioned of these phantoms—these invisible giants that crush as they bear you onward: Ambition, for example. It is a monster of frightful mien, a fiend incarnate, which sacrifices everything to gain its ends. It heeds not the cries of orphans, nor the prayers of widows. It sheds with wanton hand the blood of the brave, and gazes on the criminal with defiant scorn. It snatches from men their morals, from women their virtue. It turns love into hate—rends asunder family ties—disrupts governments—toils unceasingly on, ever on, and levels everything in its march to victory. Argus-eyed, it watches to add more victims to its list. The night is engrossed with plots which the day shall execute. When, at last—having forfeited honor, principle, friends, name, and everything worth living for—this proud Lucifer reaches the topmost round of the ladder of fame, dragging its weary victims after it, we find, alas! too late, that the dream of our lives, the *Ultima Thule* of our hopes, "like Dead-Sea fruit, turns to ashes on our lips." By ambition, angels fell; and it cannot be expected that poor, frail mortals should win where seraphs failed.

TALKING.

What shall we talk about, then?—and how? Every one has felt the power of words, and been moved to tears or convulsed with laughter by their touching pathos or ready wit. The charm and fascination of talking well refines and polishes men, while it elevates women. How delightful, upon the occasion of a dinner party, to have some one present who can relate an anecdote, repeat a poem, propose an appropriate toast, or sing a song! It is said that at those “club” parties in London, years ago, where the most brilliant wits of the day were wont to assemble to enjoy “a feast of reason and a flow of soul,” the participants would study assiduously their speeches for a week before attending, thereby rendering them perfectly sparkling. Of course, then, the ready wit and unexpected puns, etc., would but increase their brilliancy. It is a well-known fact that Sheridan always prepared himself before attending those parties, at which he would meet the most polished wits. The “Noctes Ambrosianæ” of Edinburgh might be re-enacted in more parts of the world than one, if every one would only give a little more attention to these matters.

But the “almighty dollar” is the curse, the Mephistopheles of Americans; and even now I can hear some excessively practical person exclaiming, “What’s the use of it?” “What will it pay?” Why, the use of it is to cultivate the agreeable, and make that life which is but a span—a troubled dream at best—pass as pleasantly as possible. If it does not pay you, it will yield a rich harvest to your children. Just think how much more agreeable life would pass, should the whole world wear its “company face” all the time, instead of going about growling and scowling about everything! But, while you must cultivate your conversational powers, do not ignore the fact that the peculiar charm in entertaining lies not so much in talking yourself as in touching upon some favorite topic of the person addressed, and in listening in the most deferential manner. This was Madame Récamier’s *forte*. She was very beautiful and attractive, but did not converse nearly so well as many of those brilliant women of Paris during her day; but she possessed sufficient tact to touch the right chord in others, and, with her lovely eyes resting upon their faces, and seemingly drinking in every word as though it had been inspired, she entered into their conversation *con amore*, and left each one under the impression that he was her *beau idéal* of manly perfection. Does not this go far in proof of the doctrine that men love pretty, silly women, who can hand them their slippers and *robe de chambre*, and draw them a cup of tea, ten times more than they do an intellectual woman, who can be a companion for them. It is a melancholy fact that highly cultivated and intellectual women only call into existence a kind of cold admiration from the other sex; and while their hearts are breaking and longing for love and sympathy, they find that it is all bestowed upon some little weak, namby-pamby, dependent creature, who does not nor

cannot appreciate it. And thus time flies by on lightning wings, and we stand upon the very brink of eternity before we know that we have lived, or understand the duties and demands of life.

The Countess of Blessington is represented as a great talker, but so sparkling and witty that she always drew around her the most cultivated and polished men. On the contrary, while Madame de Staël is conceded to have been the most gifted female writer who ever lived, in conversation she harangued rather than entertained, until, intellectual as she was, the men would actually fly from her. Her excessive vanity sometimes placed her in very ridiculous positions. Everybody is familiar with the story of herself and Napoleon, when she asked him who was "the greatest woman in France?" and his reply, "She who bears the most children, and gives to France the greatest number of soldiers." Her vanity led her to suppose that the Emperor would say, "Why, Madame de Staël, of course." On another occasion she and Madame Récamier were conversing with Talleyrand; or, to use his own expression, he was "sitting between *wit* and *beauty*." Madame de Staël propounded the following question: "Monsieur Talleyrand, if Madame Récamier and yourself and myself were taking a little excursion upon the Seine, and the boat were to capsize, which one of us would you attempt to rescue?" Like a genuine Frenchman, he replied: "I should endeavor to rescue both." A little piqued at his reply, Madame de Staël said: "Well, you know you would have some preference; which one of us would you save?" He replied again: "I should extend a hand to each one." Irritated beyond concealment this time, Madame de Staël said angrily: "Tell me! which one would you rescue? You know it would be impossible to save both." True to his French nature, Talleyrand gallantly replied: "You, who know everything, Madame de Staël, should know that also." Thus he extricated himself from his embarrassing position by complimenting (and justly, too) her intellect. This is a specimen of ready wit which is rarely found.

Nothing can more finely portray the power of words than the famous speech of Napoleon to his army, just preceding the battle of the Pyramids, in which he said: "Soldiers! from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions!" Do you suppose they would have been fired with the enthusiasm and patriotism which made them conquering heroes, if he had said: "Boys! that huge pile of rocks are gazing at you?" Never! Then, if there be such a charm and fascination in conversing well, let us all ignore that which is vulgar and commonplace, and cultivate to the highest extent the "unruly member."

MISS MARIA LOU EVE.

WHAT this lady has published has attracted attention, and gives promise of future excellence in some work of an extended character. Miss Eve has received several prizes for essays. The prize essay furnished to "Scott's Magazine" in 1866, entitled, "Thoughts about Talking," was very readable.

Miss Eve was born at Woodville, near Augusta, Ga. She has contributed occasionally articles to various Georgia journals, and has two novels in manuscript, which may never delight this generation of readers. Writing, with her, has been an occasional amusement only. Her residence is in Richmond County, Ga.

SINCERITY IN TALKING.

And *apropos* of the foundations of talking, there is also an old-fashioned idea, now nearly obsolete, *nous avons change tout cela*, that they should rest more or less upon truth as their basis; and despite all theories to the contrary, there is a certain satisfaction in feeling that we may rely implicitly upon the statements that are made to us, especially upon professions of esteem or regard.

We all carry with us into the business transactions of life a certain alloy of skepticism, and receive each statement with a few grains of allowance, not feeling bound to believe that each flimsy fabric will last until we are tired of it, simply because told so by the obliging shopkeeper; but in the social relations of life there are some things that we would like to receive upon faith. If we could only believe all the pleasant things told us by our friends, what a charming world would this be! And when our particular friend, Mrs. Honeydew, tells us she is delighted to see us, have we any right to question her sincerity merely because we happened to overhear her say, "Those tiresome people again?" We had no business to hear what was not intended for us. Why should we go peering behind the scenes, where all is so fair and specious on the outside?

If we should all commence telling the truth at once, what a grand smash-up of the great social machine! What a severing of long-standing friendships — what a sundering of ties! Madam Grundy would hang herself in

despair. If I should tell my dear friend, Araminta, that her new bonnet is horrid — simply because she asks me how I like it, and that is my honest opinion — would she ever speak to me again? Or would you endure the presence of the man, though he were your best friend, who should tell you that your two-forty nag shuffles in his gait? Alas! which of us would not, like True Thomas, have refused the gift of the “lips that could never lie”?

Yet, let us not linger too long on the wrong side of the embroidery frame, picking flaws in the work, but only see to it that our fingers weave no unworthy figures on the canvas.

What a wonderful thing, after all, is this matter of talking! Words — words! Deeds are as nothing to them. It is said that love requires professions — but friendship demands proofs in the form of actions. But was it by deeds of kindness or devotion that whimsical, prating old Jack Falstaff so endeared himself to the heart of Prince Hal as to call forth that most touching and suggestive tribute, “I could have better spared a better man,” upon hearing that his old boon companion was killed? We can better spare the man who has saved our life than the one who makes it pleasant by his society, the pleasant companion who made it worth the saving. Blessed forever be the art of talking; and blessed be the men and women who, by their pleasant, sunshiny talk, keep the heart of this gray-haired old world as fresh as ever it was in its prime. The pleasant talkers, may their shadows never grow less!

BREAD FOR THE CHILDREN.

The father came back to his wretched home
With a lagging step and a weary air;
The features that once were his Mary's pride
Were haggard with hunger, stern with care;
The ashes that lay on the hearth were cold,
And so was the child on the naked bed,
The clothing had long ago gone for bread;
The bed where the youngest of all lay dead.

The others clung fast to the father's knees,
Importunate now in their cry for bread;
He pushed them away with an angry hand,
Nor looked at the bed where the child lay dead;
And scarcely less cold in their helpless hold
The arms that were wrapt round the lifeless clay:
But out to the street where the gas-lights burned
And winked at him now in the strangest way.

The music stole out at the open door,
A carriage was waiting just at the curb;
The robber stole in at the dead of night
With a noiseless step, so not to disturb
The coachman asleep on the driver's seat;
And up the broad stair with a silent tread
He glided along, past the banquet-room,
And thought of his children crying for bread.

And he stole along up the carpeted stair,
Away from the music, away from the glare,
And entered a room, so peaceful and sweet,
He almost forgot what had brought him there;
And looking around in a dream-like maze,
His errand forgot, his hunger and care,
Until they came back at sight of his face
So haggard and grim, in the mirror there.

Curled up on the rug lay the maid, asleep,
And he, hid away in the drapery there,
Saw a bright form come when the house grew still,
And fill all the room with her presence fair:
Her laces were rich and her jewels rare;
His children were crying at home for bread;
He hated her then, when he thought of them,
And thought of the one that was already dead:

And counted the cost of the gems in bread,
As watching the maid, in her sleepy way,
Handling the diamonds as if they were nought,
Take off the jewels and put them away;
Till sending the girl away to her bed,
She gave her the dove from its downy nest
In the snowy lace that her bosom prest,
The lily-white dove with the golden crest.

And then she knelt down, in her snow-white gown,
No ornament now, save her golden hair,
And he heard each word as it floated up
Away from the world with its sin and care;
And he trembled then, for it seemed so near,
As the lips moved soft in her whispered prayer,
From the ear that heard, to the chamber there;
From the world above, to the robber's lair.

The dear ones at home, she prayed God to bless,
And all of her friends, and him she loved best,
But her voice sank low when she came to that;
And when she had prayed for all of the rest,
“God pity the poor all around our doors,
Send ravens each day from his boundless store,
With bread in their mouths for the hungry poor,
As the prophet was fed in the days of yore.”

The robber stole out from the house that night
As poor as he came, for silver or gold,
But richer by far in a something else
He could not have bought and would not have sold.
And he sat him down by his fireless hearth,
Yet not in despair as he'd done before,
But trusting the morn would bring to his door
Some message of life for the starving poor.

And the children stopped in their hungry cry
To stare at the maid with her strange behest;
But the father saw on the maiden's breast
The lily-white dove with the golden crest —
One of the ravens. “I knew she would come,
She is sent from God,” he solemnly said,
As with reverent hands he received the bread,
And Mary rose up from her precious dead.

MISS KATE C. WAKELEE.

MISS WAKELEE is one of those talented women who have yet to make a literary career. A friend of hers says: "Of all shrinking and modest women, Miss Wakelee is most so." For twelve years she has written constantly, but, mimosa-like, has shrunk from the ordeal of publication. A story from her pen appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post," Philadelphia, and one in the "American Union," Boston. In 1863, the novelette of "India Morgan; or, The Lost Will," was a successful competitor for a prize offered by the "Southern Field and Fireside" newspaper. A novelette entitled, "The Forest City Bride," a tale of life in Savannah and Augusta during the war, furnished to "Scott's Magazine," was a lifelike narrative. Miss Wakelee is very natural indeed in her delineations of life and manners. She needs a friendly, encouraging hand, and I honestly believe is destined, at no distant day, to take a front rank among the writers of our land.

Before the war, Miss Wakelee wrote only to please her friends. The following tribute to the brave commander of the ill-fated steamship "Central America," printed in Godey's "Lady Book," December, 1858, was from her pen:

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HERNDON.

A song for the brave—let it roll like the sea
From every red lip that has pillowed a prayer,
From every warm heart gush boundless and free,
Re-echoed by angels through viewless air,
Wide spreading in beauty, and swelling with might,
From the east to the west, on the wings of the light.

An anthem of praise for the hero who stood,
Undaunted and firm, in the battle of death—
Below him, deep thund'ring, the boiling flood,
Above him, in fury, the wild tempest's breath;
No thought of himself, despair, or the grave,
While there was a woman his mercy could save.

A single thought stirred his heart's quivering strings—
 He heard, for a moment, the music of home;
 His brain madly reeled, while his straining eyes gazed
 Unblenched on his fate—a swift-speeding doom.
 His livid lips set, and his white brow grew pale;
 But his hand nobly wrought, his soul did not quail.

Down, down in the depths of the deep he may lie,
 The spot all unmarked to the swift passer o'er,
 But his name, like a star, shall be set in the sky,
 And *woman* forever his mem'ry adore:
 Bright angels descend to his pillow at even,
 There keep watch until Earth shall melt into Heaven.

Now, like most of our Southern women, Miss Wakelee is comparatively impoverished, and her pen must become a "mighty instrument."

Miss Wakelee was born in Connecticut, a great-granddaughter of Governor Law, of that State; but she has lived so long in Georgia, has so thoroughly identified herself with the interests of that State and the South, that no one ever remembers she was not to the "manor born."

Miss Wakelee is elegantly educated, polished in manners, of a cheerful and sympathizing temperament, making her, as a gentleman remarks, the friend and favorite of everybody. She is charming in conversation, and her manuscript is the neatest and most legible of any of the "Southland writers."

Her home is in Richmond County, Georgia—a county that is noted for the intellect of the fair daughters thereof.

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH.*

Gather to-day—the blue-bird is ringing
 Over the aisles of the forest his singing,
 Sunshine with roses and music is wed;
 Every light breeze is an anthem of pleasure,
 Perfume and brightness, measure for measure;
 This is the day we give to the dead.

* The day the graves of the "Confederate" dead are dressed with flowers.

Give to the soldiers who nobly have perished;
 Give with the burden of love we have cherished;
 Give with spring blossoms to garland each grave;
 Fill up the ranks, an unbroken column
 March with bowed heads in reverence solemn,
 Ever recounting the deeds of the brave.

Gather the old, with locks silver-sprinkled;
 Gather the youth, with fair brows unwrinkled;
 Even the lambs of the flock should be there;
 Maidenhood crowned with blossoming beauty,
 Manhood perfected by crosses of duty,
 All of the brave, the noble and fair.

Roll back the years to the dark days of battle,
 Echoing still with musketry's rattle,
 Learn what we are to the brave hearts who stood
 Serried like steel with the foemen contending,
 Marching to death like heroes unbending,
 Only surrendering with their heart's blood.

Reverent hearts the death-roll should number,
 Loving hands crown the spot where they slumber
 With roses all red, like goblets of wine,
 Ready to pour a perfumed libation,
 Worthy the dust, for this sweet consecration,
 Holier trust, never hallowed a shrine.

NOT AT HOME.

"Not at home!"
 'T was a night when the sky seemed to wear
 With glorious effulgence the light of each star,
 Some clustering together like Eastern pearls strewn,
 And some like a diamond burning alone.
 The air, clear and cold, like a sabre was keen,
 While icicled spears, in their glittering sheen,
 Were pointing a roof with frost-moss overspread—
 Moss purely white, as the brow of the dead.
 The roof of a mansion that loomed to the sky,
 Of pure Doric marble, with pillars so high,
 With groining and arches, with turrets and towers,
 The broad entrance twined with white marble flowers.

Without, all was splendor and winter and night ;
 Within, there was summer and beauty and light ;
 For sunshine streamed down from the bright lamps, that swung
 Like radiant stars, in each silver scone hung.
 Through rich damask curtains, with roseate glow
 Like warm crimson clouds, the light flitted through.
 Here ruby-lipped roses and red coral-flowers,
 With snow-flaked japonicas, blossomed in showers.
 And here, well befitting the glory around,
 Bloomed Melanie Maxwell, sceptred and crowned
 With such sovereign beauty -- an eye like a star,
 Rare wealth of luxuriant, golden-brown hair,
 That rippled like threads of spun gold, when unbound,
 Or braided all glossily, circled around
 Her well-moulded head : her small pearl-cut ear,
 Her rosy-tipped fingers, and cheeks seemed to wear
 The softest rose flush of the pink-hearted shell ;
 Her forehead and throat like a lily's white bell
 Were dazzlingly white ; her mouth, like a bow,
 Well threaded with pearls, in its ripe crimson glow.
 And every outline of her well-rounded form
 Was curving with loveliness, graceful and warm.

Here would we might pause. Strange that aught should mar
 Creation so faultless, so dazzlingly fair.
 Woe, woe, that the mandates of fashion should rule !
 Let an angel be sent to a French boarding-school,
 Its feet placed in stocks, its wings laced in stays,
 Its tongue trained to twirr the "*Français parlez*,"
 Trained by Madame at morn, and Monsieur at even,
 It cannot but sully the livery of Heaven.

Poor Melanie's mother and she were twin-born,
 Both woke into life on the same golden morn ;
 One baptism of sorrow to each brow was given,
 But one grew on earth, and the other in heaven.

For ten pleasant years, the child scarce had known
 Which one of the twain had been angel-born,
 With a father's fond love, and a beautiful home
 Where the world was shut out, no ill dared to come.
 She woke with the flowers at earliest dawn,
 She sang like the birds, she leaped like a fawn,
 She laughed loud and clear, she shed real tears,
 She trusted and loved without doubting fears.

Ten years of her girlhood, and then what a sin !
 The bars were torn down, the world was let in —
 Or she was let out ; like a wild mountain-rose
 Transplanted and torn from the soil where it grows
 To a stifling hot-bed. She was sent off to school,
 To breathe, think, and act exactly by rule ;
 She had the credentials, six towels, a spoon,
 A fork of pure metal dug from the moon,
 And so could be numbered among the elect,
 The few all so fortunate, “ very select.”

The first year was spent in training her feet —
 A step for the parlor, a step for the street,
 A step keeping time to waltz, dance, and march,
 A step *à religieuse*, in coming from church.
 No step toward the right, no stepping-stone laid
 For the temple of truth, in grandeur arrayed.

First her heels, then her head : the bow for a friend,
 The nod for acquaintanceship destined to end,
 The bow of emprossement, when favor would win,
 The bow going out, the bow coming in.
 No bowing to God, no kneeling in prayer
 To Him who had made her young life his fond care.

The heels, and the head — and then the poor heart,
 With its pure aspirations, was fashioned by art.
 The gushing affections were thoroughly pruned —
 Those wonderful harp-strings with new music tuned ;
 All pictures of memory hid from the light,
 Love impulses murdered and buried from sight ;
 And so one by one they wore all away,
 And carved out a statue from warm, breathing clay.

Six long, moulding years, and one finishing term,
 That crushed from her heart the last child-like germ,
 And then she went home : a triumph of art,
 Accomplished, and dazzling, but minus a heart.

She could sing cavatinas with opera trill,
 Make music to C, and screech higher still,
 Burlesquing the skylark who warbles so high,
 And turns silvery somersaults up in the sky.
 She could dance the Cachuca and waltz the Sylphide,
 Italian, French, Spanish could speak, write, and read,

Could paint and embroider, powder and crochet,
 Review the last romance, rehearse the last play,
 Match colors and ribbons with exquisite taste,
 Tell false lace from real, and diamonds from paste.
 She knew the full value of charms when well set,
 The key-note of fashion and folly, and yet
 Of all the rich teachings that fit us for life,
 (To the favored, at best, with weariness rife,
 To that outward-bound heart no word had been given.
 That flower of mortality, blooming for heaven,
 Had not learned one lesson meet for the sky —
 Not taught how to live, nor taught how to die.

And thus she returned to her proud peerless home,
 Where many a heart breathed a hearty welcome;
 Established herself, in her beauty and pride,
 With servants, and horses, and carriage to ride,
 With sculpture and painting, and regal-piled rooms,
 With jewels and velvets, and snow-waving plumes.
 She passed in and out, courted and caressed;
 She ne'er thought of blessing, just lived to be blessed;
 She seemed like a butterfly gayly to roam;
 To all of life's crosses and cares "Not at home."

"Not at home" to the sorrow that needed her aid;
 "Not at home" to the stricken, with blood-crosses weighed;
 "Not at home" to the poor, whose blessings would braid
 Fresh stars for her crown in heaven inlaid,
 Fresh notes for the harp that each god-child sweeps
 In time to the music that leaps from his lips.

"Not at home" to her friends, save she thought it worth while
 To curve a fresh dimple, or light a fresh smile;
 "Not at home," "not at home," there's no flush on her cheek,
 No scar on her red lip at telling a lie;
 For habit makes conscience both careless and weak,
 And custom has sanctioned this unblushingly.
 And many another than Belle Melanie
 Is at home or not, as the case well may be,
 To one that she may, or may not wish to see,
 If well robed or ill robed, or *en dishabille*,
 In close-curtained rooms whose walls cannot tell.

O maiden to whom all things pure are given,
 Thou angelic earth-type of seraphs in heaven,

Why barter thy birthright, life's lease of bright hours,
In frittering and marring those godlike soul-powers?
Why turn from the truth, in its sunshine, away,
To worship an idol with feet made of clay —
When, though thorns and roses are pressing our feet,
Each heart-beat is weaving its own winding-sheet?

Who would not far rather, in careless undress,
Perhaps all awry, and dishevelled tress,
Come forth to the light — ay, brave the whole world —
Than to hear, when in ruins earth's fragments are hurled,
When red flame has wrapped the round earth like a scroll,
And lake, sea, and mountain together are rolled,
The accusing angel read sorrowingly:
“She has bartered her soul for a fashionable lie;
Depart, nevermore with the blessed to roam;
I called, but no answer; ye were not at home.”

CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR.

A CHARLESTON journal calls Miss Sinclair "one of the sweetest muses that ever warbled the simple history of a nation's dead." By her many patriotic poems she is best known, although she possesses the qualities requisite for a superior novel-writer.

Miss Sinclair has passed nearly all of her life in Georgia, which is her native State, having been born in Milledgeville, the capital of the State. Her father, the Rev. Elijah Sinclair, a Methodist minister, was a native of South Carolina, as was her mother, and had just entered upon his ministerial labors as a member of the Georgia Conference when Carrie was born. The Rev. Mr. Sinclair was of Scotch descent, his mother being a sister of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the first steamboat. He labored faithfully as a minister of the gospel until within a few years of his death, when failing health compelled him to leave the pulpit. At the time of his death, the Rev. Mr. Sinclair was teaching a school for young ladies in Georgetown, S. C. He left his widow and eight daughters—the eldest only married. Carrie Bell was a child at this time, and felt this great sorrow as only one who is possessed of a poetic temperament can feel. Some three years after the death of her father, a younger sister died, and his grave was opened that the child's dust might mingle with his. It was upon this occasion that Carrie Bell penned her first rhymes, telling her childish sorrow in song. Soon after, her mother removed to Augusta, and then she commenced her literary career, writing because she could not resist the spell that lingered around her, and not that she had any desire to venture upon the road to fame. Her first appearance in print was in a weekly literary paper published in Augusta, "The Georgia Gazette," under signature of "Clara."

In 1860, she published a volume of poems in Augusta, of which says a reviewer: "Here and there the poetical element glitters through like the sunlight between fresh green leaves, and shows that she possesses some of the elements necessary for success.

"If the mind with clear conceptions glow,
The willing words in just expression flow."

If the *débutante* has not given us a tree capable of sheltering us beneath its branches, she has at least presented us with some modest flowers, which we may gracefully wear on our breasts."

Shortly after the publication of this volume, she went to Savannah to reside, and, although not entirely abandoning the field of letters, yet she felt that new duties claimed her attention, and she could not be content to tread only the flowery fields of poetry and romance while war waged its wild desolation around her; and she turned her attention to the wants of the soldiers, and, when she wielded the pen, it was that she might in some way aid in the cause of her bleeding country, or record the deeds of her brave heroes in song and story. Of one of Miss Sinclair's poems, "The Southern Girl's Homespun Dress," the following remarks were made in "Frank Moore's Anecdotes and Incidents of the War, North and South":

"The accompanying song was taken from a letter of a Southern girl to her lover in Lee's army, which letter was obtained from a mail captured in Sherman's march through Northern Alabama. The materials of which the dress alluded to is made are cotton and wool, and woven on the hand-loom, so commonly seen in the houses at the South. The scrap of a dress, enclosed in the letter as a sample, was of a gray color, with a stripe of crimson and green, quite pretty, and creditable to the lady who made it."

Since the close of the war, Miss Sinclair has been busy with the pen, and has contributed to most of the leading journals of the South and many in the North and West. For over two years she has been a regular contributor to the "Boston Pilot," from which widely circulated journal many of her poems have been copied into English and Irish papers.

The kind welcome extended to Miss Sinclair's first volume of poems served not only to lay the foundation of a literary life, but it has been the stepping-stone to the success that has crowned her later efforts, for had the harsh sentence of the critic fallen upon her earlier productions, a naturally timid and sensitive nature would have shrunk from the ordeal of again facing the public.

A second volume from Miss Sinclair will shortly appear, entitled, "Heart Whispers; or, Echoes of Song." A journal, noticing the advent of this volume, thus alludes to the poems and the poet:

"Miss Sinclair's poems abound with vigor, pathos, and the current of genuine poetic sentiment, united with almost faultless versification, breathing

the ardor of true affection, and those deep-thrilling touches of patriotic sentiment that make the tendrils of the warm Southern heart to cling with redoubled fondness around the once happy and prosperous sunny South. What, for instance, could be more touching than the following little incident, which gained her so many commendations and so much silent admiration. Strewing flowers over the graves of the Confederate dead in the cemetery near Augusta, she came upon one with a head-board bearing the simple inscription, 'Unknown.' Then and there she wrote the beautiful poem ('Unknown'). This she framed, wreathed with a chaplet of flowers, and placed on the grave of the unknown defender of the Southern cross."

* "UNKNOWN."

Written upon visiting the Graves of the Confederate Dead, in the Cemetery, Augusta, Ga.

I stood beside a little mound,
 Marked by ~~an~~ humble stone,
 And read the soldier's epitaph,
 In the one word — "Unknown!"
 Not e'en a name to tell of him
 Who slept so sweetly there —
 No name o'er which loved one could bend
 To drop affection's tear.

The only one who sleeps "unknown"
 Among the many brave;
"Somebody's darling," though, I know,
 Sleeps in that soldier-grave!
 Perchance to some poor mother's heart
 He was the only joy!
 Perhaps that mother waited long
 To welcome home her boy!

Perhaps a gentle sister, too,
 Prayed for him night and day,
 And watched with anxious heart to greet
 The loved one from the fray;
 Or it may be, some maid, whose love
 To him was yet more dear,
 Is weeping now with grief for him
 Who sleeps so sweetly here!

Upon each little white slab here
 Is traced some soldier's name,

And proudly do we love to tell
 Their glorious deeds to Fame!
 But ah! 'tis sad indeed to stand
 Beside this humble stone,
 And read *no name* — and know that one
 Is sleeping all "*unknown*!"

To know that there are loving hearts
 Who'd give their all to-day
 To stand beside this grave, where sleeps
 Their soldier-boy in gray!
 But 'tis enough to know that he
 For our dear country died;
 And stranger hands can twine fair flowers
 Above this spot in pride.

Ah! here are many soldier-graves —
 He does not sleep alone!
 And though *no name* of him is traced
 Upon this simple stone,
 There is a spotless scroll above!
 And on that snowy page
 Hath angel-hands for the "*unknown*"
 Recorded name and age!

AUGUSTA, GA., Feb. 2, 1867.

Miss Sinclair has wooed the Muses amid many of the toils and perplexing cares of every-day life, and often the harp has been tuned to song when the soul echoed only to notes of sorrow. With the stern duties of life around us, and all its bitter trials to meet, not even the poet's heart can always be tuned to sweet melody; but the "Psalm of Life" must be sung in sad as well as sweet numbers. But God has willed that the child of *genius* should be the child of sorrow too; for suffering and song go linked hand in hand as twin sisters.

Miss Sinclair's present address is Milledgeville, Georgia.

THE OLD REBEL GRAY COAT.

A STORY OF THE LAST BATTLE UNDER LEE.

'T is five years ago since this old coat was fashioned,
 And the stripes and the buttons upon it were bright,
 And it folded within it the heart of a soldier,
 Who went forth to battle for country and right!

For two years and more, now, our darling's been sleeping
The sleep from which he will wake nevermore,
And folded away as the dearest of treasures;
I've kept the old gray coat our soldier-boy wore!

Would you hear all the story? Well, draw your chair nearer,
And sit, while you listen, close — close to my side;
And I'll tell you about them — this old rebel gray coat,
And soldier-boy Willie — our darling and pride!
I'm sure you'll be weeping ere I have repeated
The whole — ah! the half of this sad story o'er;
Perchance, as a treasure, you too may be keeping
The old faded gray coat some soldier-boy wore.

I remember how eager he watched while I finished
The coat I was making — stripes, buttons, and all —
And, to see how he'd look in the garb of a soldier,
He put on his gray coat, and marched through the hall.
Oh! his step was so proud, and his eye shone so bright,
As he said he would march in the ranks the next day;
For in the brave army — our own Southern army —
We had a young soldier-boy there in the gray.

The pants were half done — and he smiled as he said:
“You'll finish the vest and pants both to-day,
And then I'll be dressed out and out for the battle;
A soldier all clad in a full suit of gray!”
And soon we looked out on the proud-floating banner,
And heard the low tramp of slow-marching feet;
While anxious hearts followed, with tears sadly falling,
For the boys in the gray marching on through the street.

We had but a moment to give them a blessing,
And pray God to send them all back from the fray,
When the music was heard, and the banner kept moving,
And Willie marched off with the “*ordered away!*”
One day, when the battle was raging the hardest,
Lee's army — God bless him! — the bravest of all!
Marched up to the front, where the muskets were gleaming,
And thickly around fell each loud-hissing ball.

The boys were all weary with marching that day;
And as they were going just then in the fight,
Willie pulled off this gray coat from over his jacket,
And gave to a soldier who passed on the right,

"Here, Henry," he said, "you'll not be in the battle,
 So keep this for me till the fighting is o'er."
 And this is the gray coat — the dear, faded gray coat,
 That Willie, our darling young soldier-boy, wore!

'T was scarcely a moment, he said, when he saw them
 Together rush on in the midst of the fray;
 'Mid the smoke of the battle he saw them all falling,
 And Willie was there in the ranks of the gray.
 With his hand on his musket, his face to the foe,
 A comrade close by our soldier saw fall;
 And after the battle they found him all bleeding,
 His heart rudely pierced by a sharp rifle-ball.

And over his forehead the soft locks were parted —
 Those beautiful golden locks dripping with gore.
 O Willie! no wonder my heart's almost breaking
 Above the old gray coat our soldier-boy wore!
 They moved him away from the spot where they found him,
 A blanket wrapped round the young soldier in gray,
 And left him to sleep on the red field of glory,
 Where he in the battle had fallen that day.

The guns ceased their fire; the banners were folded;
 They said that the fighting at last was all o'er,
 And our boys were all coming back home from the army,
 To answer the call of the war-drum no more.
 The day of *surrender!* oh! well might each soldier,
 The bravest, the strongest, be weeping to see
The muskets all falling! the dear, conquered banner
Drooping round the sheathed sword of our own gallant Lee!

They had followed him long — braved many a danger —
 And now with their leader they all turned away;
No spot on the bright swords! no stain on our banner!
And none on the soldiers who fought in the gray!
 Once more the crowd pressed through the streets of the city,
 To welcome the boys coming back on the boat;
 There were no marching footsteps — no drums beating music —
 And there was no proud flag above them to float.

But, weary and worn from the heat of the battle,
 We welcomed them back to our sad hearts once more;
 But many were missing — and Willie among them,
 And this is the gray coat our brave soldier wore.

One came with a form and step like his brother's,
And told us that Willie would come back no more;
Then he gave me this token — this dear, tattered gray coat,
That Willie, our darling young soldier-boy, wore.

I folded it up, while my tears were fast falling,
And carefully put the dear relic away;
For Willie, our darling young soldier, had worn it,
This old faded treasure — this dear coat of gray.
The stripes are all gone from the sleeves where I put them,
The buttons are tarnished — the collar is worn;
One pocket is gone — the color is faded;
And see how the lining inside is all torn!

And here is a patch where his hand tried to mend it,
A stitch like a soldier's — one here and one there;
To keep on the binding — or tack on a button;
Oh! the trace of our darling's hand still lingers here.
How oft, when the winter winds whistled above him,
He'd fold this old coat snugly over his breast;
Then, wrapping his blanket as closely around him,
Would lay him adown on the cold ground to rest!

Now open this case, and you'll see a sweet picture,
With gold on the hair, and blue in the eye!
One as bright as the tints of the beautiful sunset,
One fair as the light of a clear summer sky.
Ah! darling, the flush from the fair cheek has vanished;
It died when you left us, to come *nevermore*!
And yet in this picture he's smiling out from it —
The very same gray coat our soldier-boy wore.

And this little banner — I'll tell you about it,
How well I have kept it — unspotted each fold;
Not a stain on the crimson — and how the stars glitter,
All set in their bright-shining spangles of gold.
Well, when our Willie first went as a soldier,
I gave him this banner to cherish with care,
And told him to guard it, and keep his own honor
As bright as its folds, and as spotless and fair.

One night, when the soldiers were posted for duty,
The long-roll was heard while the drum slowly beat;
The ranks were soon filled — each one in their places,
All ready to march — and not one to retreat!

And laying this little flag next to his bosom,
 That he might defend it, and guard it that night,
 Willie buttoned his coat up, and shouldered his musket,
 All ready to go with the boys in the fight.

But when he was going the *last time* to battle,
 He gave me to keep till he came back once more —
 And now they are both lying folded together —
 This flag and the gray coat our dear Willie wore;
 And here in this casket's another sweet treasure —
 A soft shining tress of our soldier-boy's hair;
 He smiled while I clipped it one day from his forehead,
 And tied the bright curl with the blue ribbon here.

And by it another — all tangled and red
 With the crimson that stained his fair cheek and his brow
 For the life-blood he gave to his country in battle,
 Oh, see, it is over this little lock now!
 I still have another — But see, you are weeping;
 Yet listen, the story will all be told soon:
 One night, out on picket, while waiting for duty,
 He carved, with a dull knife, this rough wooden spoon.

He was going to throw it away, when I told him
 I'd keep it, and treasure it up too with care;
 'Tis but a relic; but, oh! you'll believe me,
 No pearl from the ocean could be half so dear;
 And not all the wealth of the Indies could tempt me
 To part with one treasure, though I might be poor,
 And millions of money to-day could not purchase
 This old faded gray coat our soldier-boy wore.

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 The bells in the city were tolling to welcome
 The boys that had gone with the "ordered away;"
 And oh! there was weeping, for sadness and sorrow
 Was filling the hearts of the people that day;
 They were bearing them back — the brave that had fallen —
 With only pine coffins to cover them o'er;
 And many a sad heart I know is still weeping
 Above the old gray coat some soldier-boy wore.

We laid them to rest near the homes they loved dearest,
 And twined them green laurels above every sod;
 We gave them to earth — the loved forms we had cherished —
 Their spirits we gave to the bosom of God!

Now fold up these treasures, and put them away;
 'T is useless to sigh — it is vain to deplore;
 For Willie's in heaven; why should we be weeping
 Above the old gray coat our soldier-boy wore?

LIFE'S LABORS.

"I'll draw my hand from Love's warm clasp,
 And grasp the sword of truth,
 And lay on Labor's noble shrine
 The energies of youth:
 I'll say to Memory and Regret,
 I have no time for tears;
 There is earnest work for hand and brain
 Through all the coming years."
 MARY E. BRYAN.

Life's labor — ah! what is it?
 'T is to battle for the good,
 "And let the human heart unfold
 Its human brotherhood;"
 To struggle with an honest heart
 And ever-willing hand,
 To scatter gentle deeds abroad
 Throughout a suffering land:

To feel for others' woes as we
 Would have them feel for ours,
 And strew along the rugged path
 A few bright fadeless flowers;
 To smooth the furrows from the brow,
 To dry the mourner's tear,
 And suffer patiently what God
 Sees fit to send us here.

There are blessings to be scattered
 In the thorny pathway here;
 There are gentle words, to soften
 Every sorrow — every care;
 And I would never falter,
 Though I met misfortune's frown;
 For they who bear the greatest cross,
 Will wear the brightest crown!

I would meet the conflict bravely,
I would battle in the strife,
And pray to Him who willeth
This stern duty of my life.
Oh! strengthen me, my Father;
Let me bow at thy command,
And labor in the world for good
With earnest heart and hand.

If I murmur when the burden
Grows too great for me to bear;
Should I waste one little moment
In a useless sigh or tear;
When I feel too keenly pressing
In my heart the bitter thorn,
Or waste regret on hope and joys
That are forever gone:

Oh! thou that pitiest human woe,
And human weakness too,
Grant me new strength and courage still
Bravely to dare and do;
To look around me in this world
Of sorrow and of care,
And feel for those who suffer too,
And shed the mourner's tear.

Life's labors nobly done at last
Will bring a rich reward,
And blessings crown the heart that seeks
To scatter good abroad:
Each has a holy mission here,
And happy is the one
Who at life's weary close can see
Its labor nobly done.

Then, Father! only let me bow
In meekness to thy will,
And teach me with unfaltering soul
For truth to battle still:
And when in Death my eye shall turn
Upon Life's setting sun,
Oh! let me fold my hands to rest
With all Life's labors done!

GIVE A KIND WORD TO THE ERRING.

Give a kind word to the erring —
It may raise a fallen brother;
And the law of Heaven teaches
We should kindly treat each other.
Ah! the paths of vice are many;
And when tempted and when tried,
Then remember thou art mortal,
And thy feet may turn aside.

Give a kind word to the erring,
Who have trod the path of sin,
For the tempter, too, may woo thee,
And thy feet may turn therein.
All along life's rugged pathway
Stones are bruising weary feet:
Thistles spring among the flowers —
Tares are growing with the wheat.

And the Master in his vineyard
Hath work for you to do,
For the harvest there is plenteous,
But the laborers — they are few.
Tarry not — the day is waning,
And the night is coming on,
And the Master will reward you
For the work thy hand hath done.

If from out one bleeding bosom
You have plucked the bitter thorn;
If you've cheered the drooping spirit,
When its every hope was gone;
If you've stretched the hand in kindness
To lead erring, straying feet,
There's a rich reward awaits you —
And love's labor, too, is sweet.

If along life's rugged highway
You have raised a drooping flower;
If thy smile hath ever gladdened
For one heart a gloomy hour,—

It hath placed a star to glitter,
In the angel-crown above!
Ah! life's mission here is holy,
When we make it one of love.

Oh, remember, then, the erring!
Thou mayst lift the soul again,
And from some poor, bleeding bosom
Wipe away the guilty stain.
All the world is one broad vineyard,
Where there's work for each to do;
For the harvest there is plenteous,
But the laborers are few!
Work, then! for Life's sun is setting,
And the night of Death comes on,
And the Master, at his coming,
Will expect thy work well done.

THE SONG OF THE FACTORY GIRL.

"Oh! for one hour—just one short hour,
From the busy, noisy loom,
To breathe the breath of the summer air,
And the flowers' sweet perfume;
My brain throbs so—my heart is sick,
I am weary for want of rest,
And the ceaseless din in these factory walls
No quiet brings my breast.

"I long to ramble a little while
Out in the balmy air,
And rest on the green of some mossy bank,
Where a bright stream ripples near;
To bathe my brow in the cooling fount,
And soothe its fever-pain;
And under the calm of the fair blue sky
My heart would be light again.

"But I am poor, and I murmur not,
For mine is honest toil,
And, as I move by each busy loom,
I've no rich robes to soil!

And I thank the Father who gives me strength
To earn my daily bread—
But I cannot still this throbbing heart,
Or ease my aching head.

“I wonder if those who idly pass
Within these busy walls,
Can hear, 'mid the ceaseless, ceaseless hum,
The whisper that sadly falls,—
If there's one who sees the slender hands
The shining spindle grasp,
Who pities the weary, working girl,
At her never-ending task!

“Oh, me! could I only step aside,
Away from this noise and din,
And pass outside, unseen by all,
While the crowd comes pressing in!
These walls are not so drear to them,
There's something here to see;
And the song of the loom is new to some,
But the sound is old to me!”

'T was not the lips of the girl that spoke,
But the cheek was thin and pale!
And I knew if her soul but dared to breathe,
It would tell the same sad tale:
And the shining wheels and moving bands
Kept up a ceaseless roar;
But their music could not still the voice
That plead for the honest poor!

O God! I thought, if those whose feet
Tread only the halls of mirth,
Would sometimes turn from pleasure's paths
To the suffering ones of earth,—
To dry the tear and comfort give
The stricken, suffering one,—
The Father above would bless, I know,
The good that they had done.

Oh! not alone in factory walls
May you find the honest poor;
The busy loom would make music sweet
At many a cottage-door;

There are idle hands that would gladly toil,
Had they only work to do;
And starving ones who'd welcome a crust,
O child of wealth, from you!

I turned my steps from the toiling throng
Once more to the crowded street,
The smiles of the heartless ones outside
Again in the world to meet—
And I saw no pale and hollow cheek,
Nor languid, drooping eye!
But each form was fair, and footstep free,
As the gay throng passed me by!
And I met them all—the light of heart,
Bright eye, and floating curl!
But the mirth of the merry laugh was hushed
By the song of the factory girl!

MRS. BETTIE M. ZIMMERMAN.

THE "Southern Illustrated News," published at the capital of the "Confederate States," was an excellent "*war* literary journal," though not much of the "illustrated!" In this paper many excellent articles appeared from writers hitherto unknown to the public, and many writers made their *début* therein. As some one has remarked, "many ladies turned to writing as a refuge from anxiety." Several of the writers of the "News," whose first effusions appeared in its columns, are now "high" on the steps of "fame's ladder," and are not only welcome, but *well-paid* contributors to Northern literary journals.

It was in 1863 that the "News" contained creditable poems by "Mrs. B. M. Z——" and the following year, the "Southern Field and Fireside" (Augusta) published some poems from the same pen.

Mrs. Zimmerman is by birth a North-Carolinian, and daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Meredith, an eminent divine of the Baptist denomination. Some years since she was married to R. P. Zimmerman, of Georgia, since which time she has resided in that State. For several years she made the beautiful city of Augusta her home, but the shadow of death there fell upon her life, clouding its brightness; for in its lovely, peaceful "city of the dead" sleeps her boy, to whom she alludes in the beautiful poems, "Three Years in Heaven" and "Christmas Tears."

During and since the close of the war she has lived in Atlanta — "that monument of a conqueror's wrath," which is now, phoenix-like, rising from the ashes of desolation in renewed youth and beauty.

Mrs. Zimmerman possesses a taste and talent for literature, and writing, with her, has been a pleasing pastime merely, she only lacking the study and application to make a name in the "book of Southern literature."

CHRISTMAS TEARS.

But one little stocking hangs to-night
Upon my chimney wall,
Swinging its little, nerveless foot,
Where the fitful shadows fall.

But one to-night! Seven years gone by,
Another hung in the light—
Another heart throbbed by my side
On each happy Christmas-night.

But one little sock for Santa Claus
To fill with his bright gifts rare—
One pair of hands at early dawn
Now searching for treasure there!

The mated socks lie folded away,
And the darling feet are cold;
The little hands, like lily-leaves,
Lie hid in the grave-yard old.

The radiant eyes, and warm, red lips,
To dust have mouldered away:
The glad, young heart will greet no more
The light of a Christmas-day.

Then, is it strange that my heart will turn,
With its weight of unwept tears,
And yearn with a ceaseless longing
For the light of by-gone years?

That a shadow comes with the dawning
Of each happy Christmas-time,
Marring the perfect melody
Of this age-resounding chime?

Alas! my heart must ever be sad,
And the blinding tear-drops fall,
When I miss the little stocking
Once hung on the Christmas-wall.

SECOND LOVE.

Suggested by reading a poem entitled, "First Love."

Oh! tell me not that hope is vain,
And life forever blighted,
When once the star of love has set
In passion unrequited;
That like a simoom o'er the soul,
Or fierce, volcanic river,

It sweeps away the joys of life,
To bloom no more forever.

They tell me that in hopeless love
The tender heart is broken;
That, one by one, the strings are rent
By cruel, light words spoken,
Till, like a lute with riven cords,
By master-hand forsaken,
Its voice is hushed, and melody
It ne'er again shall waken.

God never made that mystic flame,
The purest e'er was lighted,
To glow but as a meteor-flash,
So soon to be benighted.
'T was made to kindle up through life
The sparks of hope and pleasure,
And not to live in hidden gloom,
Like miser's golden treasure.

'T is true, some ruthless hand may sweep
The strings, till, torn and bleeding,
They give back but a wailing voice
Of vain and tearful pleading,
And day will lose its purest charm,
And life its sweetest pleasure;
But time will teach them to forget,
And wake again love's measure.

They say not true who tell that hearts
Love only once can cherish,—
That, should the first sweet dream of hope
In disappointment perish,
No other love can e'er relight
The dying, tear-stained embers,
No second worship fill the soul,
Where first love still remembers.

Ah, no! the heart may thrill and throb
With first love's fondest dreaming;
The eyes may wear that tender light
Which speaks love's warmest beaming;
But yet that heart can love again,
Another idol enter
These flowery niches of the soul,
Where earth and heaven centre.

MRS. SALLIE M. MARTIN.

THE following extracts from an article on "American Novels," published in the first number of "Scott's Monthly Magazine," (Atlanta, 1865,) by Mrs. Martin, under the pseudonym of "Sibyl," is an error as regards "American writers" at large, but very true of "Southern writers":

"Tupper says: 'To think rightly is of knowledge; to speak fluently is of nature; to read with profit is of care; but to *write aptly* is of *practice*.' And this is the great drawback to American progress in literature — want of practice."

"Everybody writes, but nobody makes a business of writing. That is wherein the error lies; not for want of capacity to ennoble, elevate, purify, and refine our style of novel literature. Most of our best authors write merely for pastime or recreation — often amid the press of other business — because urged to do so — nearly always in the true American style of doing everything hurriedly; and hence the brilliant coruscations of wit and talent that flash out and sparkle amid their effusions are more the offspring of native genius than of cultivation.

"All other professions are studied, practised, and perfected. But who sits down patiently, untiringly, and perseveringly, to make a lifetime business of writing books, especially of that fascinating order which are always readily devoured?"

Again she says, very truly:

"Many of our female authors write a great deal and write well; yet, they do not do so so much from a desire to excel in writing as with the desire and hope to win fame. Hence they crowd their productions one after another upon the public, until they surfeit it and exhaust themselves, and sink by the way, from a waste of energies, which, if rightly husbanded, controlled, and directed, might, in time, have procured for them the highly coveted boon. Fame, to be real, must be lasting; must stand the test of time, going down from one generation to another; must be strong enough and lively enough to bear comparison with the master-spirits of each.

"Another essential requisite is ability and willingness to bear criticism.

Those who shrink from the critic's pen as they would from the probe or knife, may not hope or expect to attain any superior degree of material excellence."

Many writers of our "Southland" are very averse to criticism, and seem to act on the principle, that, because their work is Southern, it should be praised indiscriminately; and this is why "Southern books" are called "feeble, trashy," by Northern critics, before they open the same.

What can be worse than undeserved praise?

Sallie M. Martin is a native of South Carolina, the first and only child of Elnathan L. and Jane Wallace Davis. Her father died when she was an infant, leaving her to the care of his early bereaved and youthful widow. To the careful and loving training of her mother is due whatever she may accomplish in the future, whether of literary fame, or the successful practising of domestic virtues.

After the death of Mr. Davis, his widow and daughter resided with her grandfather, Rev. William Holmes, a gentleman of means and influence, not only in Fairfield District, his home, but throughout many portions of the State.

"Sallie" was instructed nearly entirely by her mother at home, for it was only at intervals and for short periods at a time that she was sent to school. When she was ten years of age, her grandfather became unfortunate in business, so as to cause an almost entire loss of property, and removed to Georgia, accompanied by Mrs. Davis and her daughter. Having resided in Georgia the larger part of her life, she is as much devoted to her adopted as to her native State.

In 1860, she was affianced to Mr. George W. Martin, a gentleman of talent, connected with the press of Atlanta, and then, for the first time, turned her attention to literature; at his solicitation, publishing short articles in 1861. In 1863, she was married—a youthful bride—for she is very young, and has, we hope, a long and brilliant future before her.

She contributed to various journals of the "Confederacy," over the signature of "Sibyl." Her most ambitious effort was a novelette, entitled, "Lalla De Vere," written in 1864.

When exiled from Atlanta by General Sherman, the effects of Mrs. Martin were scattered, and they literally lost everything in the shape of property; for not only did they find on their return to Atlanta all they had left there demolished, but were so unfortunate as to be

relieved of everything they carried with them to Montgomery and Selma — Mr. Martin being at the latter place, and Mrs. Martin at the former, when they fell into the possession of Federal troops. Mr. Martin, having been in the Confederate service for three years, was in Selma with the "Chattanooga Rebel,"* designing to bring out the novellette of "Lalla De Vere" in book-form. His paper, binding, etc., and his person, were captured, and for many weeks his wife was ignorant of his fate. "Lalla De Vere" was published in the "Ladies, Home Gazette," a journal published in Atlanta, (1867.)

As a writer, Mrs. Martin's style is chaste and elegant, never flip-pant. Her essays are superior to her narratives; but as she is yet very young, we anticipate something brilliant, true, and of lasting merit, from her pen.

A series of articles, entitled, "The Women of France," composed of sketches of "Madame Roland and the Empress Josephine," "Joan d'Arc and Charlotte Corday," "Héloise and Marie Antoinette," that appeared in "Scott's Magazine," are, we think, the best articles that have appeared from the pen of "Sibyl."

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

In Charlotte Corday we find none of the religious enthusiasm which supported Joan d'Arc. If she believed in God at all, it was a sentiment wholly separated in her mind from any connection with her earthly mission. She did not feel herself called by any superior power to lay down her life for her country. The mighty power to do so lay in her own individual strength. Think what stern resolve must have gathered day by day in her mind, as she sat with her father in the assembly of the exiled deputies, where, without one thought that her striking beauty was calling forth admiration, she was slowly but surely nerving her heart and hand to strike the blow which should rid France of a tyrannical monster!

So little did she value her life in comparison to the welfare of her country that, after she had sheathed her blade in the cruel and wicked heart of the hideous Marat, rather than lose the opportunity of witnessing with her own eyes the effect this deed would have upon the people for whose good it was executed, she made no attempt whatever to escape, though she might readily have done so. It was a grand, a noble sight, to see a beautiful woman of twenty-five selling her own life that she might take that of an old and loath-

* A daily journal of considerable reputation and ability.

some wretch whose race was wellnigh run. There was no fire, no impulse in the cool, deliberate act for which she had calmly made every preparation, as well as for the consequences. There was no battle-cry of "On to victory and glory," to lead her on; but only the "still small voice" within her own heart, of "Liberty to France!" Ah! little did she dream that her apt reply to the president of the tribunal before which she was tried, would be handed down from one generation to another! He asked how it was that *her* first blow reached the heart of Marat—if she had been practising beforehand. "Indignation," she calmly said, "had roused my heart, and it showed me the way to his." It was so quietly, so simply expressed, yet spoke such volumes. So absorbed was she in her own patriotic devotion to the cause of liberty, that she was not even aware of the deep and glowing passion which her beauty and valor awakened in the breast of the unfortunate Adam Lux, who deemed no life so sweet as the death which his beloved had suffered, and so prayed that he might but perish as she did, which happiness to him was granted.

The scaffold, the cord, the block, had no terror for the heroic Charlotte. Only her womanly delicacy suffered at the exposure of her person to the vulgar gaze of the crowd. Even when her beautiful head, with its wealth of matchless hair, was severed from the body, the still soul-lit eyes opened and cast a look of indignation upon the ruthless executioner who dared to buffet her now lifeless cheek. Well did she win the name of heroine. Justly is she entitled to rank among the illustrious women of her country.

CLARA LE CLERC.

THIS young lady is favorably known in a limited circle as a "charming writer of tales." She is an Alabamian by birth, although the early years of her childhood were passed in Mississippi. Several months after her ninth birthday, her parents moved to the "Empire State," (Georgia,) and in one of the many pleasant little towns of the noble old State has she ever since resided.

Entering school at the age of eleven, she remained a close student until she graduated, a few days before her eighteenth birthday. During her scholastic life, every spare moment was devoted to her pen, and oftentimes her vacations were passed in *scribbling*.

Her first story was entitled, "Popie Weston." Very few of her writings have ever found their way into print. When she was fifteen years of age, Dabney Jones, the great temperance lecturer, begged a short story, which appeared in "The Temperance Crusader," then edited by Mrs. Mary E. Bryan.

In 1865, she wrote a series of "Reveries" for the "Southern Literary Companion," under the signature of "Harry Holt;" also replies, "Old Maid Reveries," by "Polly Holt." Since that time she has contributed to "Scott's Magazine," "Miss Barber's Weekly," "Child's Delight," and "Burke's Weekly for Boys and Girls." Some of her friends affirm that she possesses the faculty of pleasing children to a greater extent than almost any one of the present day.

Miss Le Clerc has been, as assistant teacher, sheltered beneath the wing of her *alma mater* since her graduation, which *alma mater* is "College Temple," at Newnan, Georgia.

MEMORIES.

"They come! those memories of the buried Past,
And in my solitude they seem to cast
A shadow o'er me."

I do but lift the curtain that shrouds the Then from the Now, and they come thronging about me, peering into my face with their wistful eyes of

the "long ago"—those memories of childhood, of hope, of love, and buried joys. Back! back to your homes, O ye weird spirits of the past! Your presence casts a shadow o'er me, your mournful gaze fills my soul with sadness. Away, away! I would not dream of the past. Alas! it may not be. Their forms still haunt my mourning heart; and here, in the dimness of the summer twilight, while the great heart of the world throbs quietly after the weary toils of the day; while aching hearts soothe their sorrow in the calmness of nature's repose; with the vista of the past—that shadow-land of the heart—opening to my view, and with its multiplicity of memories pleading for place in my wearied heart, tired hands are folded listlessly, an aching head reclines upon the window-sill; and with the tiny stars—heralds of night's glowing train—peering from the twilight clouds upon me, I dream of the past.

DREAM OF THE BABY.

The cold, chilly November winds of 18— had carpeted the ground, and filled every little rut and crevice with withered flowers and brown forest-leaves. The squirrel had ensconced himself in his snug little burrow for the winter, and the tiny brown bird hopped from leafless boughs to the one small spot of green before a "wee cottage-door" of a Southern home. The winter was unusually severe, and the honeysuckle and star-jasmine—which *had* decked the piazza during the summer months—now, like the rest of fair nature's flowers, slept their winter's sleep, leaving only the bare, brown vines as marks of their former beauty. Within the cottage, all was cheerful and warm. Bright crimson curtains shaded the windows; a brown carpet, with crimson berries scattered temptingly over it, covered the floor, and a bright fire burned upon the neat hearth; upon the rug before the fire lay a large white cat—a perfect "Kittie White;" and a little French clock ticked merrily upon the mantel. Upon a snowy bed in one corner of the pleasant room was a young and beautiful woman. Near by stood a crib—a dainty affair; and amid ruffles, and muslins, and soft, silky blankets could be seen a *baby-face*—a tiny baby-face.

Presently the door opened softly, and a lady in the prime of life entered the room. "Has *baby* wakened since I left you, daughter?" What measureless love there was in the voice! And as the young mother replied in the negative, "grandmother" approached, and bent lovingly over the crib. By-and-by the door opened again, and two gentlemen entered on tiptoe. One asked, "How are you now, my daughter?" The other, "How are you and *baby*, dear Addie?" In the next breath, "What shall we call her? Do help me decide upon a name for baby. She is now a *week* old, and yet without a name!" And a look of distress, quite amusing to behold, settled upon the young father's brow. "Let us call her *Carrie*," suggested the grandfather. "C, for constant, candid, and careful; A, for amiable, attractive,

and artless; R, for respectful, right, and religious; I, for industrious, ingenious, and irresistible; E, for earnest, eagle-eyed, and endearing. What think you of *Carrie* for the '*wee ladie's*' name?" And the grandfather bent lovingly over the rosewood crib. "Bravo, father!" exclaimed the younger of the gentlemen, clapping his hands softly together. "*Carrie* let it be—that is, if Addie agrees," and he passed his hand caressingly over the bands of shining hair. A willing assent was given, and little "*Carrie*" was set apart as something pure, sacred, and beloved by that devoted household band.

A MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD.

A soft, hazy light of a June sunset; a cool, open piazza, with honeysuckle and star-eyed jasmine wreathing the pillars; a small table, with a snowy cover, in the centre of the floor; upon the table, a miniature tea-set, candy, a large orange, a tiny sponge-cake, and a small pitcher of lemonade. . . .

"Oh, yes, Roland dear! come on, and drink tea, or rather *lemonade*, with your little *Carrie*!" and a wee sprite of ten years comes down the length of the piazza, leading by the hand a handsome youth of eighteen. The child is plain—no marks of beauty about her; yet a peculiar charm rests upon her open face and in her gray eyes. The young man—for such he is in *form*, if not in years—is a true type of young manly beauty; with his tall, elegant form, dark, silky hair, and deep blue eyes, wherein lurked a world of fun, wit, and *love*. "Yes, *ma petite*, Cousin Roland will drink tea with your little ladyship." And he very gallantly placed her in the chair at the head of the table, and seated himself opposite.

The little lady proceeded, with all due dignity and decorum, to fill the miniature cups with the delicious beverage, and passed one to the young gentleman opposite. He meanwhile cut the orange and cake, and, in his turn, waited upon *Carrie*. "How cosy we are, *Carrie* dear! Don't you think it is nice?" And the youth fixed his beautiful eyes upon the tiny figure of the little girl. "*Certainly*, it's nice, Roland. Grandma never makes any cakes but nice ones!" And the little maiden folded her hands and raised her heavy eyebrows as she looked with astonishment upon the young gentleman. "Oh, fie, *Carrie* darling! I did not mean the cake; I had reference to our being here alone, with this nice little table, and everything so neat and nice. When I get to be a man, and you a young lady, we will have a home all our own, where I shall be lord and you '*ladie-faire*,' and you shall be with me *always*, won't you, *ma belle*?" And a look came into the beautiful eyes of the boy which seemed to say that he very much wished *that* future and its pleasures. "Yes, Cousin Roland, won't that be nice? I can be your little housekeeper, and fix up things ever so nice for you!" "But, *Carrie* darling, I'll want you for my little *wife*. Promise me now that you will be my little wife!" And, in his eagerness, Roland left his chair, came to the little girl's side, and placed his arm caressingly over her shoulder.

"Promise me, darling!" The great gray eyes looked up innocently into the pleading blue ones, and Carrie, in her queer, childish way, answered, "*Certainly*, Roland; I'll do *anything* on earth for you!" "Kiss me now as a pledge!" and he placed his bright red lips to hers. Two little arms went up and twined about his neck; a pair of scarlet lips met *his* fearlessly and frankly, while the *boy* pressed a real *lover's* kiss upon the *child's* lips.

This was the betrothal of their childhood.

A DREAM OF MAIDENHOOD.

"Good-bye, my darling, *good-bye*; you will not forget Cousin Roland while he is away?" No answer. The girl sat upon the door-step, her face buried in her hands. 'Twas the gray dawn of a chilly April morning, and a heavy dampness filled the air, and cast a gloom and nameless sadness over awakening nature.

Seating himself by the drooping figure, Roland placed one arm tenderly about the slender waist, and, with the other hand, lifted the bowed head. "Look up, darling!" But when she *did* look up, the despair and misery written upon her face startled him. The eyes were heavy with unshed tears, and the sweet mouth quivered convulsively, while the cheeks seemed to have lost their bloom forever. With a low exclamation of astonishment, he caught the small form to his breast and pressed kiss after kiss upon the cold lips. "Carrie, Carrie! speak to me! 'T will not be for long — only a year — and then Cousin Roland will come back to you." "*A year!* Oh, Roland! how can I let you go? dear, *dear* Roland!" And the little arms clung convulsively to the loved form. "Only one year, and my Carrie will be through school and be quite a young lady. I have but one fear — that she will forget poor Cousin Roland while he is in the far West, making himself a name. But, darling, I have only time to bid you good-bye, as the train will soon be here." He stood up as he spoke, and tenderly raised the girl from her lowly seat.

Both arms were placed lovingly, caressingly about her, and one last, long kiss pressed upon the quivering lips. He was gone. With her small hands clasped over the wildly beating heart, and her eyes, those deep windows of her soul, gazing, oh! so mournfully, after the retreating form, the girl, with her *first* great sorrow, leaned faint and trembling against the balustrade, and prayed fervently, entreatingly, in her wild, impulsive way, that God would protect the idol of her young heart.

THE BETROTHAL.

Summer, with bright flowers and glowing heats, moonlight nights and dewy mornings; winter, with bitter winds and biting frosts, shuddering rains

and heavy snows, had come and gone, until three times had the old pear-tree at the garden-gate borne its crown of golden bells; three times had the Christmas-tree been made in the cosy parlor, and each time a beautiful gift hung thereon for the absent one: and yet Cousin Roland, the loved, the never-forgotten, absented himself from the loving hearts of that little household band. One heart had hoped and prayed, and yet hoped *on*. One pair of lips had syllabled those daily, hourly prayers which had birth in the heart.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and oftentimes the body. 'T was such a June sunset as had flooded the earth ten years before, when Roland had won the child's promise to be his little wife. The child was now a woman, a weak, suffering woman, and her pallid face rivalled the snowy pillow upon which the aching head reclined. "Roland! Roland! will you *never* come?" The thin hands were clasped, the feeble lips murmured words of entreaty: "O my Father, send him to me ere I die! To look upon his face, to hear the sound of his loved voice, would bring life and health to this languishing spirit. Roland! Roland! save me! I would not die! Not yet; oh, not yet!" Loving hearts and willing hands ministered to the sufferer, but the one cry of her heart could not be stilled. "Raise me higher; I pray you let me see the dying day, and the birth of the summer moon and stars."

The billowy clouds were heaped in the west; the golden arrows faded one by one; the dusk of twilight veiled the earth, and by and by the pure, silver light of the moon stole over the earth, wrapping shrub, tree, and flower in a misty veil of lambent light. A deep hush brooded over the sleeping earth, and Carrie begged to be left alone with the night and deep silence.

The click of the gate-latch broke the stillness. A firm, quick tread came up the neat white walk, and a tall, manly form stepped upon the piazza and leaned for a moment against the vine-wreathed column. The sufferer's breath came thick and fast; the weak fingers laced and interlaced themselves convulsively. "Roland! Roland!" But for one moment the form stood thus; for that cry, feeble as it was, reached the *heart*, if not the ears of the strong man, and, with swift steps, he reached the window and sprang into the room.

No words were spoken—none were needed; and the curious moon, looking in at the window, saw a man holding closely to his breast the white-robed figure of a woman—a woman who smiled through her tears—*that was all*. They had renewed their betrothal.

SHATTERED HOPES.

"There, fasten that spray of orange-buds to the veil with this pearl pin: how exquisite! Carrie, those great gray eyes are full of splendor this morning!" and the merry bridesmaid stepped back to admire her work. A tiny form, robed in purest white, a soft, fleecy white; a wreath of orange-buds

graced the dark silky bands of hair; and the veil, a perfect web from the looms of fairy-land, fell in misty folds to the hem of the robe.

'T was an autumn morning — a beautiful morning, replete with all the soft hazy splendors of the Indian summer, and on this day Carrie and Roland were to be made one.

“Break the news gently — do not agitate her; tell her he is necessarily detained; *anything* but the truth!” Those words came to the bride and her attendants as they awaited Roland's coming, in the pretty south chamber with its bridal adornings. A white, ghostly face looked out from the door, and a voice, from which the musical ring had departed forever, exclaimed, “Let me know the worst! Tell, oh, tell me! take me to him!” Loving arms were placed about her, and kind voices, with smothered anguish in their tones, endeavored to soften the dreadful tidings.

“He is injured, my darling — seriously hurt by the train. In his eagerness to reach you this morning, he sprang from the car while it was still moving — and —” “But *where*, oh! where is Roland? Take me to my darling!” How could they refuse that pleading cry?

The crowd of sorrowing friends, with their tear-stained faces, drew away from the bedside as the pale, trembling form of the bride approached, supported by the arms of the loving grandmother. “Roland! Roland!” and, as in their childhood days, two little arms were twined about the cold, still form, and a pair of cold lips were pressed wildly, lovingly, upon lips yet colder.

“Open those blue eyes, my love, my darling! You *must* not die! Roland! Roland!” *No answer*; no parting of the long silken lashes; no glance from those love-beaming, bewildering eyes; no smile from those beautiful lips.

“*Hush!* he sleeps!” And with one little hand beneath the regal head, and the other stroking the dark, glossy beard, Carrie sat watching the sleep of her beloved. Yes, he *slept* in calm and quiet; *slept* to wake on earth no more!

“And still she lived! her heart beat on:
A beating, but a broken heart!”

THE PRESENT.

“And I have lived! and still I live
To learn from every troubled breath
That I have suffered, and survive
A something worse than human death.”

Here, in the lonely and loveless Present, I feel that it would be mockery for me to wish for joys and happiness such as are willed to others, and form

a part and parcel of them. I have lived my life, brief though it was, and melancholy the close. I do not *live*; I only exist. A form, it is true, goes the accustomed rounds of duty; a voice, cold, unfaltering, speaks when necessity demands; a pale, motionless face, with dead, gray eyes, bends over any necessary form of labor; but the heart is dead and buried in the grave of my first, my only love—Roland! Roland!

“No other light has lighted up my heaven,
No second moon has ever shone for *me*;
All my life's bliss from *thy* dear life was given,
All my life's hopes sleep in the grave with *thee*.”

MRS. BESSIE W. WILLIAMS.

AMONG the Southern writers, there are many who never published a line until the disastrous state of affairs consequent upon the close of the war found them compelled to earn a living; and the pen, a delight in happier and prosperous days, was chosen by many as a means of livelihood. Articles written for the pleasure and amusement of a limited circle now saw light, that otherwise would never have been printed.

Mrs. Bessie W. Williams ("Constance") has not published a great deal, but in what she has published, in "Scott's Magazine" and "The Mobile Sunday Times," we think we see germs of great promise for future excellence. She may be now a "half-fledged birdling, but her wings will soon be sufficiently grown, and she will fly high."

Her real, breathing, moving life has been so full of stirring events, so made up of deepest sorrows and sweetest joys, that not until recently has she felt she could quietly sit down and write her thoughts.

Mrs. Williams is a native of the town of Beaufort, State of South Carolina. She is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, of "Hampton's Legion," who nobly yielded up his life on the field of the "First Manassas." The three names, Bee, Bartow, Johnson, were among the first which became immortal in the Confederate struggle for independence. Her husband was Henry S. Williams, of Marietta, Georgia, where she now resides. At the youthful age of twenty-one, Mrs. Williams was a widow. If it were possible for her to devote her time to reading and studying, we think, candidly, that as a writer she would take a high place among the literati of our country.

The following extract is from the concluding chapter of "Ciaromski and his Daughter," published in the "Mobile Sunday Times."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Oh! what words can describe, what language can depict the horrors of a battle-field? Fearful it is when the booming of the cannon, the clash of

arms, the shouts of commanders, the cheering of the men, and the wild neighing of steeds, in a horrible medley, rend the skies; but when these sounds have passed away, when the bloody work is finished, and we are left alone with the dying and the dead — then the human tongue fails, and language is powerless to portray.

On such a scene as this the setting sun now casts his last, lingering rays. The snow-covered plain, which in its spotless purity his early beams had gilded, now lies crimson and reeking with the blood of the slain. The battle is over — the cries of victory have died away in murmuring echoes among the hills; and here, resting from their toils, lie the weary laborers in this bloody field.

All gory and mangled they lie. Some, whose hearts are beating still, though the tide of life is fast ebbing away; and others with the moisture of death upon their brows, his stiffening hand upon their limbs.

Oh, fond mother! here you will find your darling, the pride of your heart, him whom you have borne in your arms and pressed to your bosom. Come, look upon him now! Is this cold, lifeless form, with matted locks and distorted features, your gallant, fair-haired boy?

Loving wife! here too is your husband, the father of your children, the strong arm upon which you leaned, the true heart where you ever found love and sympathy; the lips are cold now — they return not your kiss.

Devoted daughter! come, seek thy father, for he too, lies here! See, the gray locks are stained with blood, and the eyes are dim and sightless. Place thy hand upon his heart — it beats no more! Then he is dead, and from thy life hath passed away one of its greatest blessings. Long, long wilt thou mourn the loss of his protecting love — that love which was born in thy birth, and grew with thy growth, unselfish, untiring.

Yes; husbands, sons, fathers, lovers, brothers — all lie upon the red plain, weltering in their blood. My heart grows sick within me as I gaze upon the scene of carnage. O sun! withdraw thy lingering rays; and do thou, O night! envelop with thy sable mantle and shut out from my sight the horrid spectacle!

LOUISE MANHIEM.

(*Mrs. Herbert.*)

MISS MANHIEM was born in Augusta, Georgia, in 1830. Her mother, whose maiden name was De Pass, was born in France, and emigrated to America when a child. She was a woman of fine endowments, and possessed great strength of character, which she constantly displayed in the judicious training of a large family of children amid the severest struggles of poverty. All of her children are men and women of eminent virtues and genius. Her five daughters are known in their social home-circle as writers: the two elder employ the pen merely as a means of pleasing recreation; the three younger have made it a means of pecuniary benefit. Their two brothers, the Hon. Judge S. and Elcan Heydenfeldt, are men whose eminence is too well known to the world to require notice from us otherwise than as the talented brothers of five gifted sisters.

The father of the three younger daughters (their mother having married the second time) was of Scotch and Irish descent; and though far more proud of his American birth, he often asserted with chivalric pride that the "blood of the Bruces" flowed in his veins. He was a man of quick, nervous temperament, and, though not having leisure to enter into "authorship," genius often rose superior, and the "poet" triumphed over the laborer. He died in his forty-fifth year. His talents were transmitted to his eldest child, Louise Manhiem, the subject of this sketch.

Miss Manhiem became Mrs. Herbert in 1853, but her husband dying immediately after his marriage, (three days,) she sought consolation in her studies. A few years after, she accompanied her brother to Europe, where he wished to educate his children, and where she remained for two years, visiting the principal cities of the Old World.

During the "war," Mrs. Herbert was a kind and efficient nurse to sick and wounded soldiers, and more than one "soldier in gray" owes his life to her gentle care. She is now in California, and urges in her pleasant, forcible letters emigration to that "grand and splendid country." Although separated by oceans, we hope and expect many pungent and pleasing articles will cross the Atlantic to brighten and gladden our firesides.

Mrs. Herbert possesses a lively, genial disposition, is a fluent talker, and fond of cheerful company, preferring the more congenial mind of learned men to the more versatile and light companionship of her own sex. Under all circumstances, she is an agreeable companion.

In person, she is of medium height, well formed, and peculiarly graceful. She has a little spice of temper, (as, by-the-by, all the sisters have, but one;) but she possesses a noble nature and kind heart, which we hope will beat long enough to add much to the general happiness and the wisdom of mankind.

Mrs. Herbert has never published a volume, her contributions being to the magazines and literary journals of the day. She is a splendid French scholar, translating that language with ease and fine diction.

ON DRESS.

Finished at last—sealed, directed, post-stamped! Very well—tie on your bonnet—fling on your shawl. Oh, never mind! don't stop to coax on those tedious gloves, pray! You have a long way to go, and you can put them on as you walk along. You are not the Countess of Blessington, you know; and now you have no tedious brothers to preach and tyrannize.

It is true that the race of slovenly blue-stockings is fast dying out, and I, for one, certainly do admire to see a woman who "goes in thoroughly for dress." Not, indeed, the order of painted popinjays or peacock tribe, who, bedecked in all the ornament for which she can find space, and brilliant in every coloring of the rainbow, spends her time in strutting from one mirror to another, admiring the effect of its charming *tout ensemble*—keeping the white hands constantly busy brushing off specks, arranging a stray ringlet or rebellious lock, (sometimes too with the *pomatum* which happens to be most handy, and not particularly odorous or perfumed should the digestion be impaired or the dentist's rooms unfrequented,) pulling out a puffing, a crumpled frill, a tumbled flounce, a creased ribbon, a crushed collarette or undersleeve; re-fastening a brooch, re-adjusting a bracelet, or re-arranging belt or buckle:—one of those "*gentle creatures*," who, upon an accident in the crowded street, where her trailing skirts are out of place and out of taste, deserving any amount of ill luck—if not ill treatment—from some awkward boot or spur, cannot forbear an expression of peevish regret, or a flash of malignant anger from beneath the "fringed lashes" at the miserable, luckless offender. No! not one of these worshippers at the feet of fashion, but one of those majestic and queenly or graceful and delicate creatures whom you involuntarily turn to look upon again—those who, once robed with due regard to delicacy of texture, to harmonious blendings of color, and an

exquisite adaptation of form and propriety of contrast—above all, the suitability of the color and costume to the peculiar style of personal adornment—never think again of their dress except as a common accessory to their general appearance, which, being persons of intelligence and refinement generally, they are too highly bred to allow a spectator to perceive occupies them unduly. Supposed to be wealthy, they are all the more assiduous, when not so in reality, to suppress all those little demonstrations that might give rise to the suspicion of an excess of personal vanity, or the presumption that the coarser and more material features of existence occupy the greater part of their time or concern. And nothing is more grateful to the feelings, nor more delightful to the eye, even to a woman—and how much more must it be to a man! than to witness, upon many of those little, and sometimes annoying and irremediable misfortunes to the *toilette* of a lady that are so frequent upon the street or in the crowded “party-room”—what is more admirable and soothing than to notice the gracious bend, the charming deprecatory shake of the gracefully set head, protesting against your self-reproach and excuses—the brilliant bit of jest, if proximity permit, in the sweet and gentle smile that assures you, better than words, that “it is not of the least consequence, and can be easily remedied!” I can fancy such a woman exciting a tender reverence, and being the one any man would feel “delighted to honor”—or a woman either.

Yes; I am much inclined to say, with the vast majority, such important and ferocious personages as *Dr. Johnson*, *Dean Swift*, *Christina of Sweden*, and *Lady Mary Wortley*, notwithstanding—“*Vive la mode!*” but I might add, with double enthusiasm, “*Vive le bon gout!*” The world would, indeed, be an ugly place, if *all* the women wore tumbled or limp skirts, soiled collars pinned awry, shoes unlaced, and fingers stained with ink; for, in this age of educational advancement, two-thirds at least of our charming, clever women may very justly lay claim to “blue-stockings,” or the more attractive title of *littérateur*. Or it would be a very monotonous world if *every* face, oval, or round, or long—if *all* brows, high or low, prominent or receding, square or round, massive or delicate—were adorned with hair worn in long, rich ringlets, like *Madame Roland*, or short, charming *frieze*, like pretty *Nell Gwynn*, or à *l’Impératrice* or à *la Grec*—very carelessly done too; the end trailing behind, no matter whether the neck upon which it rests be wrinkled and yellow and freckled, or whether it be à *la Eugenie* or à *Marie Antoinette*, the loveliest necks ever possessed by mortal woman, except, perhaps, poor *Anne Boleyn*—the two last food for the axe! Alas! what may yet be the fate of the third?

There is one singular fact, however, with regard to careless women, which, being paradoxical, will have its objectors, I know, but which long experience and close observation has taught me is correct beyond a doubt, or with few exceptions. It is this: that many of those women who are the most seemingly indifferent to personal appearance, are the very ones whom

attention to the rules and taste in the arrangement of costume would vastly improve, and who, after all, are the most inordinately vain of all women!

I have said above, the order of slovenly "blue stockings" had become almost extinct. There is, however, a remnant of the school who act upon a new principle. I suppose it used to be that carelessness saved time, and dirt, trouble. Ablution has certainly become a universal and imperative necessity of the age. But carelessness is now viewed from a new stand-point by the disciples of the reformed school. They have taken their cue from such poetical licenses as "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most!" "Sweet simplicity!" "Charming negligé!" "Delightful indifference to personal appearance!" "Entrancing abandon!" and the like hackneyed hyperboles.

And the phrases are well enough after all, time, place, and circumstances corresponding or considered. The careless simplicity—even the extreme approach to negligence and abandon, or recklessness, and rebellion against all accepted rules of propriety in costume, pose, and style that certainly became the "fairest *Adelaide*"—gave a bewitching air of *espèglerie* to that loveliest hoyden, *Laura*—or that enhanced the divine grace of the proud, silent, beautiful *Myra*—heightened the dazzling attractions of the brilliant and haughty *Semiramis*, or the daring, passionate, bewilderingly entrancing *Cleopatra*, are all well enough. *These* trespassers may carry it off grandly triumphant in the very face of rules of art or propriety, but woe to the miserable, mistaken mediocrity, personal or mental, that ventures to follow where these daring, self-confident guerillas and pioneers undertake to lead!

It is a pity their imitators could not "see themselves," etc., etc. And yet, there are moments when verily, in spite of their intense silliness, I could not help but pity their discomfiture and crushing disappointment.

I once knew a beauty who used to take half an hour extra at her *toilette* to arrange a curl upon her forehead so as to give it the appearance of accident. Chance did first reveal to her keen, artistic perceptions that it enhanced her charms. Her lover admired it, too; and she availed herself of the hint. She was much complimented upon the "sweet" pet straggler, and it received all sorts of caresses and encouragements from every slender hand that dared the familiar approach to that queenly brow; and when, with an enchanting little *moue* of impatience, and a still more enchanting blush and smile, accompanying an *espègle* glance at me, who was in the secret, she would attempt to push back the intruding lock, she was immediately besieged with intercessions to permit the pretty trespasser to remain.

It came about, then, that shortly after that, when spending some weeks at a gay country-place, I chanced to be cognizant—unwillingly—of an attempt to imitate this illustrious "renegade curl," on the part of one of these *indifferents*—these lovers of "interesting simplicity," who "did n't care the least in the world *how* they looked!" and whose broad, majestic brow and quiet face, that was almost plain in its grave repose, and which *did* look far

more interesting, and decidedly more soft and feminine, crowned by her smooth, glossy wealth of braids, than in artificially tumbled locks.

It followed naturally enough, then, that the poor thing was most desperately, but unconsciously teased by her artless companions' constant attempts to force the deserter back to his proper quarters, and fasten it all the more securely for fear of new attempts at insubordination, for "Hermine looks hideous with that strand always in her eyes. How on earth came your hair so uneven, Hermine?" "To make that set for your sister Claudia?" "But you should have taken it from the back hair, dear!" They were also lavish in their condolences concerning the "stiff" quality of the little "twist," or, as the more irreverent termed it, "pig-tail," and positive in their assurances that it would become pliable as soon as it "grew out" again. I pitied the poor girl's flushes of impatience and pallors of suppressed anger, annoyance, and disappointment, though sometimes the by-play was comic enough. But the innocent gravity of my face then and there was a *chef-d'œuvre* of self-restraint — a fitting and commendable holocaust to — charity!

TROUBLES OF A "POETICAL WOMAN."

I have a great passion for looking at the stars at night, in consequence of which, I found it absolutely necessary to learn by heart the following exquisite lines:

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven,
 If in your bright leaves we could read the fate
 Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven
 If, in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with ye; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such longings from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life have named themselves a star."

Yet this *penchant* for star-gazing and apostrophizing entails *ennuis* and mortifications extreme. It so happens, sometimes, that one finds one's self in one of those assemblages of houses called a town, not so extensive as to prevent nearly all the inhabitants from knowing you almost personally, and your affairs quite intimately; at the same time, you may find therein some of those very agreeable streets in which your opposite neighbor can easily distinguish the color of your eyes.

In such a situation, you find yourself a prey to this celestial emotion — you abandon yourself to it; and if, by chance, one of the neighbors opposite, more nocturnal than the rest, happens to see you at the window at midnight

star-gazing, tranquilly, perchance mournfully, she rises a full hour earlier next morning, hurries through her domestic duties, takes her embroidery, and goes round to tell all the other neighbors the extraordinary occurrence; whereupon they make their comments and form their conclusions that "no doubt you are a little unsettled in your mind—you never *did* behave like other people;" "perhaps a love-disappointment;" or perhaps it's "them queer books your 'pa' allows you to read—works on astrology—which have turned your young head, poor thing!"

Now, it happens that, despite your poetical temperament, you like a little gossip occasionally, as well as any one; and toward evening, fatigued with the day's occupations, whatever they may be, you throw on your bonnet, and go out to make a few social visits to the old ladies around, with whom you fancy you are a favorite. In the street, to your extreme annoyance and surprise, you find yourself more than usually an object of attention and interest. The little children, who listen to everything and do not entirely comprehend anything, on seeing you, collect in a group on the walk, and regard you with innocent, wide-open eyes of fear, as if they imagined you a sorceress. You approach them, smiling as usual, and say "good evening" in your way, which children like generally; but, instead of replying, they dash off at full speed, and tumble headlong one over the other, into the first open door which appears, in a tumultuous terror which resembles the whirring of a flock of partridges which one surprises sometimes under a bush in the woods. This circumstance shocks and bewilders you inexpressibly at first, but the air and exercise somewhat dissipate your painful emotions; you regain your good-humor, and enter gayly the house of Mrs. —. Strange! You find her cold also—constrained in her manners, usually so free and gossipy. After the ordinary compliments of the day, she asks you: "When is the next comet expected? Is there any talk of an approaching astronomical phenomenon? Are the Millerites again creating an excitement?" As you know absolutely nothing of astronomy, not even to tell Jupiter from Venus, except by the beatings of your heart—and as you do not take the least interest in the scientific journals of the day which cumber papa's table, except to wish them to the mischief when a whole pile of the "horrid things" hide away such journals as you wish to read—you are overwhelmed with mortification at your ignorance, and endeavor to excuse yourself. But you find yourself arrested in your first sentence by a dolorous shake of the head, and a look, which says as plain as a look can say, "Ah, poor child, don't deny it—it's useless; I know, alas, I know!"

As you are *not* a philosopher, you begin to lose your patience, and you ask her, with the least touch of asperity in your manner:

"What do you mean?"

But in spite of your persistence you can get nothing from her but sighs of commiseration and ominously wise shakes of her head. You bid "good evening" brusquely, and resolve to go home. In the street, however, you

stand undecided. You had counted on making three visits — you have little philosophy in your composition, but great force of will. Notwithstanding that you are almost crying from vexation, you turn with an air of determination toward Mrs. —'s, instead of home. There, your agitation is in no wise soothed, for almost the first thing she remarks, is, "How badly you are looking! — are you *sure* you are quite well? — if you are not troubled with extreme nervousness and sleeplessness?" and insists on putting into your reticule a recipe for a very calming tea, and a parcel of dried rose-leaves and violets. As before leaving home you remarked, with a slight blush of satisfaction, whilst tying on your bonnet, that you were looking fresher than ordinary, you gaze at her in perfect bewilderment; then, as all the incidents of the past hour rush to mind, they begin to wear a ridiculous aspect, and, in spite of your indignation at so much undesired and needless sympathy, you burst out laughing.

This gayety, *mal-à-propos*, makes matters worse. You receive another glance of intense commiseration, and a sigh so profound that you shudder in spite of yourself. It is clear you don't stay "to tea." As you turn homeward, your step is unequal, your gait irregular — now slow, now rapid; sometimes you stop altogether, as you ask yourself, in trouble and amaze, "But what in the world can all this mean?"

You reach home in a horrible humor, go straight to your room and look at yourself in the glass. Decidedly you are pale and looking ill. So, the consequence of this agreeable promenade is that you have an intense longing to look at *the stars* again that night; a most unusual occurrence that, of being sentimental two succeeding nights. But as in these narrow streets the sky is visible only immediately overhead, and it is impossible to look long without breaking your neck, moments of repose are necessary. There is certainly but "one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." During one of these resting-spells your attention is vividly attracted to the houses opposite by a most singular appearance. At several of the windows the curtains are pulled lightly aside by an invisible hand, and in the aperture appears a human head, ornamented with the *coiffure* which ladies, in small towns, usually wear after ten o'clock at night. At first sight you are stupefied; then you recoil — the mystery of the afternoon is revealed. Your first impulse is to dash yourself headlong from the window; but as there are very few persons gifted with firmness of head and will to execute this extravagant desire, it is soon superseded by that of throwing a book at the window opposite. A third reflection, however, shows the inexpediency of this proceeding also. Even should you succeed in breaking the window, (and, by good luck, the head thereat visible,) there are plenty others besides — and — *to-morrow* will certainly come. This thought makes you shudder! It is worse than being dashed to pieces on the pavements. Oh, misery! At last your only resort is to close your window; and as you are not a philosopher, you shut it with a *little* noise. Then your rage, (as is the case with many another in this world,) not having

the opportunity of venting itself on the true malefactors, breaks forth on the first object (often the most innocent and best loved) that finds itself in your path. To-night it is possibly "Childe Harold," which happens to be on the window-border, and which you send whirling to the other end of the room. Or you go and waken your maid, who, ignorant of the miseries and delights of the "poetical temperament," is sleeping tranquilly, to ask her for something you could very well find yourself, or to repeat some trivial order for to-morrow.

Whenever I happen to find myself in similar circumstances, I am really most unhappy. And now, in choosing my own room, I sacrifice every other comfort to that of having no window with a *vis-à-vis*.

MRS. REBECCA JACOBUS

WAS born at Cambridge, S. C., February 22, 1832. She is younger sister of Louise Manhiem. During her infancy, her parents removed to Augusta, Ga., where they remained until she reached her eleventh year, when her father, dissatisfied with his vocation, and craving that sphere of life which his poetic imagination pictured in the wilds of Florida, emigrated to that lovely land. The versatile beauty, sombre gloom, and grandeur of its scenery, awoke the talent of his second daughter, and threw into her after-life an impassioned love of solitude and nature.

Mrs. Jacobus was educated by her eldest brother, Judge Heydenfeldt, and graduated at the principal seminary in Montgomery, Ala., with credit.

She married, in 1852, J. Julien Jacobus, a good and talented man, who, contrary to the general rule, was proud of his young wife's literary ability, and who now and then took pleasure in inditing poems complimentary to her genius. The reverent affection with which he regarded her to the end of his short life is the noblest panegyric we can offer her in the character of wife and mother—the hearth of home being the truest means by which to test the higher attributes of a good and gifted woman. In her home circle, her virtues shine pre-eminent, and sanctify the genius which they adorn. Death, however, soon entered this happy home, and gathered two lovely children to his breast, casting a deep gloom over the young mother's life, which a few years later was deepened by the death of her husband, who fell while defending his home and his country on the bloody plain of Shiloh. Death claimed few nobler victims than this young and talented man, who had already given bright promise of future pre-eminence in his profession as a member of the Georgia bar.

The deep devotion which Mrs. Jacobus pays to the education of her three promising children elicits our especial admiration. She is a woman of medium height, is slight and well formed, has regular features; she is habitually pale, and her face wears a thoughtful expression when in repose; her manner is quiet and retiring, and there is an atmosphere of marked refinement pervading her every movement.

Mrs. Jacobus is a Jewess by birth, (as are all the five sisters,) and, with that native pride so inherent in the Hebrew people, she brings up her children in accordance with the Jewish faith. (Her father was a Presbyterian.)

Mrs. Jacobus is still young, and though her life has been early clouded with sorrow, we hope she will yet emerge from her voluntary seclusion, and we confidently expect much that is good, true, and beautiful from her pen.

Her home is in Augusta, and she promises a book to the world at a not distant day.

THE FLORAL DAY.

I.

Bend low, let the blood on your cheek flush high,
As the belle and the beauty of earth sweeps by;
Take off your hat, and with gallant mien
Salute her there, 'midst the sad refrain.
Brightly she glides thro' the motley throng,
Gayly she smiles as she floats along;
Join the proud pageant with courtly bend,
Welcome *her* there as the soldier's friend.

II.

Matchless in beauty, not brighter the skies
Than the gold of her hair, the blue of her eyes;
Not richer the damask that crimsons the rose
Than her cheek, as it flushes and smiles in repose.
Not whiter the lily, that fairy-like rides
In her emerald boat on the breast of the tides,
Than her brow, or more graceful the willow's bow wave
Than her form, as it glides o'er our brave soldier's grave.

III.

Softly she treads thro' the aisles of the dead,
Graceful she bends o'er the sleeper's brave head,
Gently she nestles a floweret there,
And flings from her lashes her tribute — a tear.
Go, follow her; *she* is all beautiful, bright
As the starry-eyed flowers, all radiant and light
As her queen-sister Morn; both as bright, *ay, as cold*
As the soldier's clay corpse that lies under the mould.

IV.

Go, follow her; glance not behind at the form
Clad in black — bending sadly, alone, and forlorn
 O'er the mound of *her* dead. Ah! *she* cannot forget:
 The eyes of the sleeper seem watching her yet;
 As she kneels, all oblivious of beauty and pride,
 A brave manly form fondly stands by her side,
 And dreaming she smiles — till the grass as it sighs
 Parts over the spot where *her* brave soldier lies.

V.

Ah! it all rushes back, she remembers it now,
 And presses in anguish her pained, burning brow,
 And stifles the sob that is bursting to break
 The bonds of her heart. *O God!* could it take
 Her on high; could her *life* with her prayer
 Rise up from his grave — up, upward in air,
 All perfect and pure unto heaven? No — *no!*
 She must *live on*, and *learn* how to struggle with woe.

VI.

Yet 't was sweet once to hear, in her desolate grief,
 The world call him "gallant," "brave," "fearless" — al
 Is such praise. When the gallant young hero is slain,
 The world stands aghast; but time in his train
 Grasps up the reft cord where *he* left it, and on,
 On it flies thro' the woof, and midnight and morn
 Break alike on the world: *her* weary young heart
 Has the honor to break. *She has played well her part.*

VII.

And now as the "*floral day*" * dawns on the world,
 She has come, like the rest, on his grave to unfurl
 Her banner of blooms, fit emblems to wave
 O'er that sanctified spot — a Confederate's grave.
 As she bends, in her coarse sable dress, o'er his mound,
 A fairy, light step treads on the loose ground,
 And glancing unbidden, beholds at her side
 The beautiful belle — once her maid when a bride.

VIII.

Oh! can it be? *can* such a dreary change fall
 On a home once so bright? now draped in the pall
 Of death and starvation. She glances again,
 And there in the gay and glittering train

* 26th April.

Are *her* friends — *friends*? the cold scorn of her eye
Breaks like the flash o'er a storm-riven sky,
And her ashen lips cry, as she kneels o'er his sod,
“Where is earth's justice? Oh! *is there a God?*”

IX.

Ay, glance not behind at the pallid young face,
And yearning eyes raised to pierce the blue space
That curtains her God: her home, and his life —
Tho' but atoms borne on in the mass and the strife —
Were bartered to make *you* a freeman; and now
Pass her by — there is gloom on her young bride-like brow.
Let her weep, let her starve, let her weary young life
Live out the decree of a *patriot's wife*.

X.

Pass her by — tarry not to soothe the mad pain
That throbs at her heart, and burns in her brain.
Seek not to lift the dark pall of her woes;
How she toils, how she starves, how the day comes and goes.
What has she now to do with the world —
A serf to the haughty, a slave to the churl?
Pass her by — shun the bride of the soldier, but save
All your smiles, all your honors to brighten his grave.

XI.

Oh! flowers, bright blooms, lift your beautiful heads,
And speak to the living in tones of the dead;
Tell them *kind acts* to their desolate love
Are graven on hearts that are watching above;
That a word to the weary, a mite to the poor,
May scatter the clouds, chase the “wolf from their door;”
That but for his country his ragged child now
Might smile in her beauty as radiant as thou.

XII.

But, alas! to the winds, as the favored of earth,
Tell the story of woe; what have they with the dearth
Of desolate homes? Ah! mourners, not here
Is the soldier's reward; hope, patience, and prayer
Are your respite from pain, till God in his love
Shall call you to join your brave martyrs above.
Until then, oh! remember the pride that yet waves
Its flower-starred flags o'er CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

MRS. MARY A. McCRIMMON.

MRS. McCRIMMON has done much for Southern letters ; has been editress of several literary journals ; in 1859, edited the "Children's Department," in the "Georgia Temperance Crusader," and during the war, edited an "Educational Monthly" at Lumpkin, Georgia, her then residence. She was also among the prominent contributors to the "Southern Illustrated News," her sketches and poems being much admired by the readers of that journal, which had an extensive circulation in camp as well as at the firesides of the readers of the "Southern Confederacy."

Since the close of the war, Mrs. McCrimmon, we are informed, has married a Mr. Dawson, and removed to Arkansas.

As one of the constant "workers in the mine of literature," we could not well omit the name of this lady, although obliged to furnish such an incomplete notice as this.

FLORIDA.

Land of beauty—blooming ever
In the golden summer sun ;
Land of perfume—blighted never
By the borean blast ; where one
Unfading, dreamy spring-time still
Lies like a veil on plain and hill.

Soft the shadows slowly creeping
Through thy dim and spectral pines ;
Pure thy lakelets, calmly sleeping,
Save a few light, rippling lines,
When the white water-lilies move,
And fairies chant their early love.

Far in ether, stars above thee
Ever beam with purest light ;

Birds of richest music love thee;
Flowers than Eden's hues more bright;
And love — young love, so fresh and fair,
Fills with his breath thy gentle air.

Oh, land of beauty — clime of flowers —
Scenes of precious memory!
Thine are the happy "by-gone hours"
Which made all of life to me;
When every moment was, in joy, an age —
A volume concentrated in a page.

But, land of beauty, blooming ever
'Neath the fairest summer-sky,
I may see thee more — ah! never --
Never hear thy soft wind's sigh;
Yet in my heart thou evermore must dwell;
Then land — dear land of beauty, fare thee well!

1860.

MRS. AGNES JEAN STIBBES.

RUTH FAIRFAX, a favorite contributor of novelettes, poems, and sketches to Father Ryan's paper, the "Banner of the South," published in Augusta, is known by a few friends to be Mrs. Stibbes, at the present time residing in Savannah. Mrs. Stibbes was born in South Carolina. She commenced writing for publication when about sixteen years of age, and was married at seventeen years to a gentleman of Georgia.

Until the late war, her life was one bright scene; but, in common with her Southern sisters, all of her property was swept away, her home desolated, and wanting the "necessaries of life," she wrote the first chapters of the "Earls of Sutherland" (afterward published in the "Banner of the South") to pass away in pleasant thoughts the hours that were otherwise so frightfully real. During the war, she contributed novelettes and sketches to the "Field and Fireside," under the *nom de plume* of "Emma Carra."

REV. A. J. RYAN,

THE GOLDEN-TONGUED ORATOR.

I have seen him, the poet, priest, and scholar! I have seen him — yea, and not only sat with hundreds of others listening to the holy words of love that fell from his lips, not only made one of many to whom his words were addressed, but I have listened to words of kindness and admonition, addressed to *me alone*; and this is not all. I have clasped his hand, gazed into the unfathomable depths of those clear blue eyes, seeing there a blending of the tenderest pity and almost superhuman love with the shadow of a deep sorrow.

The majesty of his holy office loses nought of its mysterious grandeur when explained by his lips. As he cries, "Ours is the royal priesthood!" behold that radiant smile! It illumines his pale face as does a sunbeam the pure and graceful lily, and the glorious thoughts, fresh from his soul, breathe sweet incense to our hearts! Would that mine were the privilege of daily

kneeling at his feet, and, while his hand rests on my bowed head, have him invoke God's blessing upon me.

I listened lingeringly to the last words that fell from his lips, treasuring them up in my heart, and then turned away, grieving that I could see him, hear him no longer; and yet I bore away with me, fresh from his lips, a fervent "God bless you!" that has hovered round me like a halo of glory, brightening my pathway through the weary world.

The earth has seemed greener, the sky bluer, the sun brighter since my interview with him; and still, in imagination, I can see his delicate pale face, the beautiful brown, waving hair, and glowing, soul-lit eyes — eyes that look down into one's heart, seeking the real feelings of the soul — eyes that tell of holy thought, of tender love for all mankind — eyes that speak of a strong soul struggling with the frail tenement of clay, beating her wings, longing to be free!

I can even now see him before me, as he stood then, his hands clasped, his head thrown back, and a smile of rare beauty brightening his pure face as he exclaimed, with a ring of holy exultation in his voice; "And upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall *never* prevail against it."

This is no fancy-sketch, but a bright reality, and yet I have not done justice to him of whom I speak.

MISS FANNY ANDREWS.

(*Elzey Hay.*)

THIS record of "Southland Writers" would be incomplete without mention of a young lady, the daughter of an able legal gentleman of Washington, Georgia, and herself born and educated in the State, who has, since the close of the war, been a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the country, under the pseudonym of "Elzey Hay."

Until recently, "Elzey Hay" was "Elzey Hay" merely.

Miss Andrews believes that "the great beauty of anonymous writing is to protect one against bores and the other annoyances of a small reputation, till one can claim the advantages of a great one."

Her identity was published to the world without her knowledge, and she feels diffident in appearing among "Southland Writers" with that mask which separated her from the public thrown aside.

As she expresses the matter in a recent article, we prefer to use her words:

"Under all circumstances, it is wisest to feel one's ground first, before advancing boldly upon it, and for a timid or reserved person there is nothing like a pseudonym, which throws a veil over one's identity, and stands like a tower of defence to shield one's private life from the invasions of public curiosity. If by the public were meant merely that vague assembly of individuals which makes up the world at large, one would care very little about it, save in so far as one's interest was concerned in pleasing its taste; but each one of us has a little world of his own, bounded by the circle of his personal acquaintance, and it is the criticism of this public that literary novices dread. Within this circle there is always some one individual who, to young female writers in particular, is the embodiment of public opinion. One could not write a line without wondering what this person would think of it, if the blessed anonymous did not come to one's aid. Safe behind this shield the most timid writer may express himself with boldness and independence."

From my first acquaintance with the articles of "Elzey Hay," I felt the identity of such a sparkling, piquant writer could not long remain concealed.

Sometimes I am almost tempted to call her the "Southern Fanny Fern," but "Elzey" is a woman, and "Fanny" a bloomer, perhaps! Both excel in a peculiar style—so bright, witty, caustic; but the wit of "Elzey Hay" is as keen as a Damascus blade and as polished. Fanny Fern's wit reminds one of a dull, spiteful, little pen-knife. The former "holds the mirror up to nature;" the latter caricatures it. The one laughs merrily and good-naturedly at the faults and follies of mankind; the other sneers at them. "Elzey Hay" is a great favorite with her own sex; Fanny Fern is not. In one, we recognize the champion of *the* sex, in the other a "Woman's Rights lecturer." But both are a terror to the "lords of creation." They deal stinging blows to domestic tyrants, would-be exquisites, and pretence generally; the small weaknesses and foibles of the "lords of creation" are not dealt with tenderly. Satire is a powerful weapon in cutting off the excrescences of society. Juvenal and Pope and Thackeray effected some good in their day. So will "Elzey Hay." "Elzey Hay" has been a frequent contributor to Godey's "Lady's Book," and "Scott's Magazine," (Atlanta.) "Dress under Difficulties," a paper concerning the "fashions in Dixie during the war," which appeared in Godey's "Lady's Book," for July, 1866, is "Elzey Hay's" most widely read article.

Her first *début* as a writer was in the "New York World," shortly after the close of the war, in an article entitled "A Romance of Robbery," exposing some infamous proceedings of the Bureautes at a village in Georgia. She assumed the character of a Federal officer in this instance. She has also been correspondent for other New York papers under "masculine signatures." We venture to predict that, if she lives, Miss Andrews will be widely known, and "sparkling Elzey Hay" be as familiar as a household word in the homes of our land. A book that will "live" is what we have a right to expect from "Elzey Hay."

Her home is in the charming town of Washington, where Miss Andrews is one of the attractions, entertaining with her delightful conversations, for she converses as well as she writes.

The selections we make give only a slight idea of her talents.

A PLEA FOR RED HAIR.

BY A RED-HAIRED WOMAN.

There has always existed an unconquerable, and it seems to me unreasonable prejudice against red hair among the nations of Northern Europe and America. In vain do physiognomists, phrenologists, physiologists, or any other *ologists*, declare that the pure old Saxon family, distinguished by red heads and freckled faces, is highest in the scale of human existence, being farthest removed from the woolly heads and black faces of the African or lowest race; the world positively refuses to admire red heads and freckled faces, or to regard them as marks of either physical or intellectual superiority. In vain are nymphs, fairies, angels, and the good little children in Sunday-school books, always pictured with sunny tresses; the world is so perverse that it scorns in real life what it pronounces enchanting in books and pictures. Now this inconsistency is the main cause of quarrel that we red-heads have against the rest of the world. Little does it advantage us that our hair is thought bewitching on the angels in picture-books, while it is sneered at on our own heads in drawing-rooms. Willingly would we resign the ideal glories of sylphs and angels to our dark-haired sisters, if we could in return share some of the substantial glories they enjoy in real life. The world is too inconsistent: while our *crowning* feature seems to be acknowledged as the highest type of ideal beauty, it is at the same time regarded as a trait of positive ugliness in real life. No painter ever made a black-haired angel. Men's ideas of celestial beauty seem to be inseparable from the sunny ringlets that dance round azure eyes like golden clouds floating over the blue canopy of heaven. I challenge any of my readers to name a single poet or painter who has ventured to represent angel or glorified spirit with black hair. Even the pictures and images of our Saviour—with reverence I speak it—are generally represented with some shade of yellow hair, and surely all that relates to Him must come up to our highest ideas of perfect loveliness. If red hair were really such a bad thing, why should the inhabitants of heaven be always painted with it? Who would think of representing even the lowest of the angels with a red nose? And yet in real life red heads meet with little more favor than red noses.

Poets are as friendly to red hair as painters. Milton describes his Adam and Eve—

“The loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam, the godliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve” —

both as red-haired.

"His fair large front, and eyes sublime, declared
 Absolute rule; and *hyacinthine locks*
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore."

Milton's admirers will doubtless be shocked at the idea of a red-headed Adam and Eve, and consider the accusation a slander on the poet; but substitute the epithet auburn, golden, or *hyacinthine*, and nobody's taste is offended. Poets always take care to observe this nice distinction, and their readers are satisfied, few ever stopping to consider that *auburn* is only a polite name for one kind of very red hair. The difference is simply this: what is golden or auburn hair on a pretty woman, is blazing red on an ugly one; and people are apt to like or dislike it, according as they see it connected with pretty faces or plain ones. After gazing at a portrait of the beautiful Queen of Scots, one is enraptured with auburn ringlets; after beholding a picture of her ill-favored rival, Elizabeth, one is equally out of humor with *carrotty hair*. The force of prejudice in this matter is strikingly illustrated in the case of two sisters—the one very pretty, the other very plain, who once spent some time in the house where I was boarding. Though the hair of both was precisely the same color, that of the younger, or handsome one, was always called *auburn*, the other *red*. A lady one day had the kindness—some people are very fond of making such pleasant little remarks—to tell the ugly one that her hair was not near so pretty a color as that of her sister. The person addressed made no reply; but, when the polite lady had departed, told me that she was wearing frizettes made of her pretty sister's curls, which had been cut off during an attack of fever.

On first thoughts, it may seem strange that red hair is nowhere held in such contempt as among those races of whom it is most characteristic; but this results from the general disposition of mankind to depreciate what they have, and overrate what they do not possess. In France, Spain, Italy, all the nations of Southern Europe, nothing is so much admired as the most fiery red hair—called by a more poetical name, of course; while a dark-browed Mexican, whose stiff, wiry locks bear greater resemblance to the tail of a black horse than anything else in nature, will all but fall down and worship the beauty of any happy possessor of sunflower tresses. "*Coma Bella, Coma Blanca*," are the pleasing sounds which greet the ear of a red-headed woman on landing in Mexico, as she finds herself surrounded by an admiring group of natives; doubly pleasing by contrast to the less flattering remarks which she has been accustomed to hear from Americans or Englishmen. Châteaubriand seems to have found it impossible to reconcile his ideas of the beautiful and poetical with the presence of sable tresses, for he describes the hair of his Indian heroine, Atala, as a *golden* cloud floating before the eyes of her lover!

If poets and painters are the friends of red hair, novelists are its mortal foes. It is the business of these latter to make the ideal approach the real, and their highest excellence consists in making the one so like the other that one can scarcely tell them apart. They take advantage of the prevailing prejudice against red hair to paint their worst characters with it. Tittlebat Titmouse and Uriah Heep are a perpetual slander upon red-headed people. The character usually ascribed to these last, and with much truth, is entirely out of keeping with that ascribed by the great romancers to their villains. Red-haired people are generally high-tempered, impulsive, warm-hearted; and, though it may not become a red-headed woman to say so, I do not think I have ever known one to be either a fool or a coward. Such characteristics are entirely at variance with the low, sneaking craftiness of Uriah, or the sottish imbecility of Titmouse. It always seemed to me that the latter ought to have been drawn with a certain pale, sickly shade of sandy hair, which looks as if it might once have been red, but had got faded, like a piece of bad calico, from constant using. Uriah, on the other hand, should have stiff, straight, puritanical locks, with a dark, sallow complexion, and green eyes. There are some people who look as if they had lain in the grave until they had become mouldy, and then risen to wander about the world without ever getting dry or warm again. Uriah Heep belongs to this class, and should have nothing about him so warm and bright as a sunny head.

One reason for the common dislike of red hair may be found in the fact that it is often accompanied by a red or freckled face, neither of which is exactly consistent with our ideas of the most refined and delicate beauty. But is it not unfair to lay the faults of the face and complexion upon the hair? Nobody objects to black hair because it sometimes accompanies a dark, muddy complexion; and, upon the whole, I think brunettes oftener have bad complexions than blondes. After all, there are as many pretty faces framed in gold as in jet. There are three golden threads from the head of Lucretia Borgia preserved in the British Museum on account of their rare beauty. It is said that Cleopatra had red hair; the beautiful Mary of Scotland certainly had it, and the present Empress of France is crowned with something which is cousin-german to it; and this seems to be the secret of the present triumph of blondes. Whenever a reigning beauty happens to be crowned with the obnoxious color, prejudice dies out for a time, and light hair becomes the fashion, as at present. Brunettes are in despair, and red-headed women have their revenge. *Modes* are invented, such as frizzing and crimping, which do not at all become raven tresses, but render golden locks bewitching. There are started all manner of devices for giving dark hair a golden tinge. Gilt and silver powders are used without stint, while some devoted worshippers of fashion submit to the ordeal of lying with their hair in dye for thirty-six hours, and then run the risk of making it blue, green, or purple, as did their worthy prototype, Tittlebat

Titmouse, in his famous attempt at the reverse and more common operation.

But these wayward freaks of fashion never last long. So soon as the belle, whose beauty in spite of red hair cheated people into the belief that she was beautiful because of it, becomes *passé*, or out of fashion, and some sable-tressed rival succeeds to her triumphs, the old prejudice revives. The pretty names of auburn, golden, sunny are dropped, and red hair falls into such disrepute that any charity schoolboy will fly to arms if the odious epithet is applied to his pate. Men and women are unconscious of the power there is in a pretty face; they are influenced by it involuntarily. Many an ugly fashion gains ground just because pretty women will look so pretty in spite of it, that others are deluded into the belief that the fashion is itself graceful and becoming. Thus it is with red hair; some of the reigning belles of Europe having been supplied with it by nature, and making a virtue of necessity, have brought it in fashion. Let the rest of us make the most of the triumph they have won, and pray that a dark-haired empress may not ascend the throne of France till we are too gray to care what our hair was in the beginning. The ascendancy we enjoy at present cannot endure forever, that is certain; for though the world may submit to the dictates of fashion for a season, she has a spite against red hair at the bottom, and will make war on it to the end of time. When eternity begins, as it seems pretty generally conceded that angels have — well, I won't offend the reader by saying *red* hair, but certainly something very like it, if poets and painters are to be credited — it is to be hoped that our triumph may then prove more lasting.

PAPER-COLLAR GENTILITY.

"Ward's patent reversible, perspiration-proof paper collar, warranted, by the chemicals used in its composition, to equal in polish the finest linen finish, and to rival in durability the best," etc., etc.

What a commentary on the age in which we live! What a catalogue of shams and vulgarities! "Fine linen finish," a sham upon raw material; "reversible," a slander on personal neatness; "perspiration-proof," an insult to friendly soap and water, the only honest means that nature has provided for making a man thoroughly "perspiration-proof." The present has often been called an age of shams, and who can question the justice of the accusation, when we see a "patent, reversible," many-sided sham, boldly asserting itself as such, and obtaining public favor through the very hollowness of its pretensions?

Considered merely in themselves, without reference to their usual accompaniments, paper collars are comparatively small affairs, scarcely worth singling

